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FRANCE, RUSSIA, AND THE ENGLAND OF THE JUBILEE.

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THAT popular feasts may have a political, national, even international import, every one knows who has not got so pedantically frivolous a soul as to deny even to street rejoicings their deep meaning. Just now the Jubilee has put it once more out of doubt. *Jubilatum est.* The great cycle of matchless celebrations is closed. For my own part, I should sincerely pity the man with mind narrow or sight short enough not to have discerned in this great spectacle, besides the picturesqueness, the state and splendor, the inmost sense of a people's festival. How much more should I not pity a man with a heart too low, with a fancy too mean, to be attuned to noble sensibilities, and to feel what in this Jubilee has appealed to generous natures and moved them to their depths. A great people have celebrated worthily the great reign of a justly beloved Queen. It has been the glorification of a sovereign. It has been, chiefly, the self-glorification of a people. First, as to its splendid past. Then, as to its intoxicating present. Finally, as to its unique future.

Of course Victoria has been the rightful addressee and the lawful receiver of all this service and of all this incense. Her loyal subjects have been right in extolling the private and public virtues which have so much altered popular feeling that there is some risk of forgetting how shaky was the throne

when she ascended it. After the small-mindedness, the narrow obstinacy, the foolish prejudices and the grasping selfishness of a George the Third, for whom even the heart-rending melancholy of a life closing behind the double-barred wall of blindness and of lunacy was not able to command our sympathy; after the craven profligacy of the fat, bald-headed Adonis, the betrayer of Mrs. Fitzherbert and of all the private and political friends of his youth, the only man able to make Queen Caroline interesting; after the bluff, coarse good-nature of an old Jack-tar; it wanted the girlish innocence, the maidenly graces of a seventeen-year Queen to cleanse and freshen and sweeten the Court atmosphere. Englishmen have not been slow in thankfully acknowledging how much the last half-century has owed of its prosperity and glory to what Victoria has done and yet more to what she has been.

Truly, an enviable praise! Yes, by what she has done and by what she has left undone Victoria has been the perfect constitutional Queen. She has never been by an inch below her duties or above her rights. She has known how to be a loving, obedient, dutiful wife at home, in the circle of her domestic duties, and a sovereign lady by her own birthright in her kingdom. Sometimes she has let appear her inmost feelings—either in youth when, under the faithful guardianship of Lord

Melbourne, she was become at heart more than half a Whig and she resented bitterly the stiff, uncourtierlike peremptoriness of Sir Robert Peel in the Bedchamber-Women's business or the deliberate, insulting niggardliness of the Tories in the vote of the Prince Consort's annuity—or, later, in her old age, when, under the fostering care of that Semite of genius, Lord Beaconsfield, she developed, as to persons and policy, the natural Conservative prepossessions of her kingly trade. What influence has she not discreetly exercised on the external relations of her kingdom, either on account of the unparalleled experience of sixty years in the thick of the plot, or because of the unique position of the mother and grandmother of the heads of nearly all the great Western dynasties!

Certes, such a life is worthy of all honor, and even those of us who do not fancy it possible for people, when they have outgrown the anthropomorphic monarchical phasis, to turn back and to raise anew what at the best would be a Brummagem counterfeit of true royalty, cannot but look with some envy on the spontaneous, unanimous enthusiastic manifestation of loyalism Great Britain has just witnessed. However, it would be mere shallowness to rest satisfied with this personal aspect of the spectacle. After all, what people most willingly glorify is themselves. They are the true heroes of all sincerely popular feasts. So it was the other day. They have solemnized in London a kind of semicircular retrospect. They have passed with a proud contentment the review of sixty years of change—of radical, organic, thoroughgoing change—of revolution, political, social and moral, which have been also sixty years of perfect internal order, peace and prosperity. They have, above all, taken possession of a new fact: the Empire in all its greatness; and of a new feeling, Imperialism in all its intoxicating freshness.

Such has been the special originality of this Jubilee. Everywhere, among the pomp and the state of the gala functions, among the splendor of the Court dresses and the military uniforms, the cynosure of all eyes has been the small group, modestly and som-

brously attired in broadcloth, of the *Premiers* of the self-governing colonies. These men have been the lions of the season where so many lions of the first order have roared. They have been breakfasted, lunched, dined to death. They have been put to every sauce. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the French Canadian, who was their spokesman as the Prime Minister of the Dominion—that is to say, of the first federation of autonomous colonies—has been put on his mettle to do honor to all the calls on his time, his strength, and his eloquence.

In fact, what remains of the Jubilee, in the public mind, in the everyday preoccupations of the man in the street, is the advent of the Empire as a portent of the first order, as an immense force to be put to use, as a brand-new ideal to be gradually realized. It was natural, even legitimate between certain bounds, that the revelation of the Empire should be followed by the birth of Imperialism. It is already some time since some far-seeing, keen-smelling men have foreseen the new departure of public opinion, and have tried to get betimes a good footing on the new platform. Lord Rosebery has been one of the prophets of Imperialism. Sir Charles Dilke was if not the discoverer, at any rate the godfather, of Greater Britain. Mr. Chamberlain, now so very far off from his salad days of Radicalism and vestry politics, has, for good or evil, put his venture on board the good ship *Empire*. Everybody now has always been on the winning side, except the unfortunate Little-Englanders.

There is something very amusing in the strange perversion of facts with which parties or individuals try to make out they have never been shaken in the true faith. For instance, it is now accepted as Gospel truth that Disraeli was the maker, if not of the Empire, at any rate of Imperialism. On the other side, the Manchester men, those doctors of a school now utterly repudiated, the Cobdens and the Brights, are reproached for their utter want of intelligence and sympathy for this great thing; they are accused of having looked with equanimity, nay, with pleasure, to a time not very far off

when, by the accomplishment of a law of fate, the colonies would have conquered their independence and broken the Empire one and indivisible. A pleasant manner, truly, to write history! These severe critics forget two things: the first, that everybody—Disraeli and the Tories as well as the others, or rather much more than anybody—partook of this feeling of diffidence about the future of the Empire, and predicted its unpreventable dissolution. Secondly, who, though unable to believe in the perpetuity of so artificial an agglomeration, has made possible the consolidation of its parts, and the birth of a new imperial feeling? Who, if not precisely these selfsame Radicals of Manchester, these Cobdens and Brights, who were instrumental in obtaining for the colonies the beneficent institution of self-government—that birthright of every Anglo-Saxon, without which there is no order and under which the utmost degree of freedom is perfectly compatible with the unity of the Empire? It is necessary to recall these facts, because nothing would be more dangerous—I mean for the Empire itself—than the constitution of a false feeling about the conditions of its existence. After all, the sincere friends of Greater Britain as she is and as she may become ought not to forget that Imperialism is not empire, that the Empire has been created, not by Imperialists, neither in a fit of absence of mind, but by those healthy, vigorous, liberal-minded generations who took for their first duty the conquest and the preservation of freedom at home and abroad; that perhaps the worst foes to this great fabric would be so-called Imperialists, trying to tighten purely ideal bonds which cannot be shortened or materialized without becoming shackles.

Some colonial statesmen have given timely advice about this point. Mr. Reid, of the parent and model colony of New South Wales, has spoken some weighty words. It is to be sincerely hoped that they will be taken to heart by the destined leaders of a great movement, and that the dissociation of the Empire—perhaps a contingency not to be prevented, but at a very long distance—shall not be precipitated by the

clumsy and self-seeking promoters of Imperial Federation. I have purposely confined my remarks thus far on this all-important subject to the internal point of view. It seems to me that, if it is true, as I am quite disposed to believe, that the advent of the imperial factor is the accession of a new force and is perhaps to inaugurate a well-timed renovation of party and parliamentary politics, now in full decay and weighed down with the burden of antiquated dead questions, the first necessity is to prevent a wrong departure, and the perverted use, at home, in British policy of this new great power.

I do not mean that this upheaval of the imperial feeling has nothing to do with external politics. On the contrary, I hope to show in the second part of these rapid considerations that it is possible to find there a kind of indication of the true orientation of British diplomacy, and that this new fact, so brightly put in evidence in the Jubilee feasts, so eagerly taken to heart by the public, is perfectly consonant with the most harmonious development of international relations. That is what I have now to try to point out after having taken a short account of this great historical event: the rising above the horizon in its full-orbed majesty of the British Empire and the simultaneous advent in the popular soul of the imperial feeling.

II.

It would be rather too bad a joke to compare what is going to take place in St. Petersburg with what was done last June in London. The Neva has no mind at all to compete with the Thames. It was last year, at the crowning in Moscow, that the whole Russian people gave out the inmost feelings of their soul, and took the sacrament of loyalism. Nothing—not even one of those dreadful catastrophes which live forever in the memory of a nation—was wanting to consecrate this feast. This time it is not to be the public betrothal of a sovereign and a nation which embodies the thought and the will of one hundred and twenty millions of subjects, and of a people

conscious of having but one head. Petersburg will see something of a Cronstadt on a grander scale, a repetition of the never-to-be-forgotten days of the Parisian week. Truly, quite enough : first, because after all there is something heart-moving in the meeting of the representatives of two great States ; and then because some things, when they are deliberately reiterated, gain a new significance and a larger import.

However, it is not my purpose to expatiate here once more on the Franco-Russian friendship. Let it be sufficient for me to point out that the mere efflux of time is giving the lie to the prophets of misfortune, that years go by and that the *unnatural coupling* does not seem to slacken, and that, even among the upheaval and the earth-shakings of an Eastern crisis, that alliance has kept solidly enough its ground. We may foresee with some degree of confidence that the personal intercourse of the heads of the two States will yet more strengthen it, and that the mob, always easy to be moved and *enthused*, on the banks of the Neva as well as of the Thames or the Seine, will give to the President of the French Republic a reception nearly as warm as that the Tsar had last year in Paris.

All that is very well, but what I want to show is how this tightening closer of the bonds of the Franco-Russian *entente* offers a new occasion for the drawing nearer of England. Assuredly it is not a mere fancy to find some analogy between the feelings recently ripened and brought to a head in England by the Jubilee and those Russia is accustomed to entertain. The two States are two, or rather are *the* two, great world-empires. While Britain has got her possessions disseminated over the whole surface of the globe, a magnificent estate on which the sun never sets, Russia, herself disproportionately distended, holds in a lump, attached to her side, her immense Siberian domain. England is queen of the seas, and has scattered down her colonies on the whole extent of the ocean. Russia is wedded to the land, continental to the core, and hems only the fringe of her garment with the foam of billows. England is the free mother,

or perhaps only the eldest-born sister, of free daughters or of equal sisters ; Russia, herself held in the hollow of the hand of an all-powerful autocrat, has no liberal institutions, no self-government for her most distant dependencies.

With all these differences, who does not feel the strange similarity of circumstances ? Empire is Fate, and England as well as Russia is more and more every day urged on, led away, carried away by the weight of dependencies. For both countries the problems of international politics are more and more stated in terms of empire. For both the great question is to live up to a great future without compromising the present or repudiating the conquests of the past. Both are struggling with this new power, Imperialism in England, Panslavism in Russia, which threatens to enslave or to embroil them. It would be foolish to close the eyes to the dangerous consequences involved in the advent of these new forces. They make undoubtedly, to some extent, for discord and war.

However, one thing is reassuring. There is no fatal antagonism, no pre-ordained hostility between the two world-empires. On the contrary, each one of them has its appointed sphere and element. A rivalry between them would be madness. Long ago, a clear-minded statesman ridiculed the very idea of a duel between the Whale and the Bear. In fact, there is only one ground—I do not say where such a struggle is natural, but where it is possible. India has always been looked on, either at Petersburg or at London, as the appointed theatre of a great Russo-English war. It remains to be seen if really it would be so very easy to gain access to this mountain-encircled peninsula. In any case India is, at the utmost, the possible ground ; it will never become the legitimate cause of a war. There is no germ of a conflict in the possession of those three hundred millions of subjects. But then, where are, just now, these latent antagonisms, these causes of mutual suspicions, which have so long embittered the relations of the two countries, and which yet prevent their cordial understanding ?

III.

Everybody—the first man in the street—will tell you. 'Tis all in this blessed word—not Mesopotamia—but the *Eastern question*. Not to go farther off, since the Crimean war there has been a settled attitude of diffidence and hostility between the two nations. What is strangest of all is that the two countries have accomplished a complete reversal of their Eastern politics, they have made a true *chassé croisé*, they are now occupying each one just the position the other occupied twenty years ago, and was denounced roundly for occupying it—and yet they do not seem any the nearer a sincere reconciliation!

There was a time when the *shibboleth* of English diplomacy, the Alpha and Omega of wisdom and statesmanship in Eastern matters, was that old, battered formula, the integrity and the independence of the Ottoman Empire. This was the time when Russia, always on the alert, always wide awake in order to fall upon Turkey, favored by all means, foul and fair, the progress of the dismemberment of the Empire, promoted the formation and the emancipation of new vassal States, and looked fixedly on the dome of St. Sophia as on the landmark of her forward march. To-day we see England indignant because Lord Salisbury has not gone out alone to war with Turkey, and because he makes to the other Powers, in the first rank of which is Russia, the sacrifice of postponing the liquidation of the estate of the Sick Man. Russia, who has made at Bucharest, Belgrade, Sofia, Athens too, the experiment of that freedom of heart which is the only form of thankfulness practised between nations, is become the guardian, the friend, perhaps the residuary legatee, of the Padishah. So it has come to pass that in this queer exchange of policies, the two Governments have literally taken one the place of the other, and, none the less, they continue to look on each other with a supreme, incurable diffidence.

Such a misunderstanding is not to remain forever, even if the present healthy habit of working in some kind of concert does not make away in the

long run with such prepossessions. It is impossible for right-minded people to keep things upside down forever. After all, England has no sufficient reason to suspect Russia because Russia is gradually coming to something like the point of view of England ten years ago, and *vice versa*. And what is more, both countries, if you look under the surface, are not so very distant the one from the other. Granted that England feels herself more or less coerced by her conscience to try to hasten the liberation of the Christian nationalities in Turkey, she does not at all want the immediate disruption of the Ottoman Empire with all it involves. Suppose Russia as very much wedded as you can fancy to the new method of guardianship and supremacy in Turkey: you are not authorized to impute to her the wicked resolution to prevent the gradual emancipation of the vassal races in the East.

In fact, when you look to the results of a half-century of history, what do you see? That famous conversation between the Tsar Nicolas and Sir Hamilton Seymour is almost completely realized by events. We could easily fancy the Crimean war a figment of Mr. Kinglake. It has not changed an iota in the state of the world—I mean of the Eastern world. If the allied armies had not fought and bled and suffered the horrors of the great winter before Sebastopol, things would be exactly the same—except for the unhappy victims who fell on the battle-fields of the Crimea with the proud illusion that they kept back the grandsons of Peter the Great on their way to the Bosphorus! Such a lesson must be taken to heart. What a warning, too, in the memory of 1877, when Lord Beaconsfield was nearly letting loose a great war in order to maintain the integrity of Turkey, snatched away from victorious Russia a part of her spoils, and put back under the yoke of the Sultan Eastern Roumelia, fated to be freed eight years later with the concurrence of Great Britain, and a part of Armenia, condemned to become the cockpit of Turkish homicidal fury!

When a nation—a just, generous, conscientious nation—has such a record, when she remembers years and

years of unhallowed quarrels against Russia on behalf of the unspeakable Turk, she may very well pause before throwing herself into a new struggle with her ancient rival on account of a total reversal of sides. A little thought, a little sincerity, a little disinterestedness are amply sufficient to show that, within bounds, England and Russia are getting on the same ground; that the one has forsworn her foolish Turcomania and the prejudices of Stratford de Redcliffe, while the other has given up the brutal simplicity of the method of conquest and dismemberment; and that both have never been more ready for an agreement. It would be superfluous to lay stress on the supreme gravity of the moment; everybody knows that, now or never, the Concert of Europe is to solve peacefully the Eastern Question, and that, if it fails, as seems too possible, it will have tolled the knell of many things besides the peace of Eastern Europe. Everybody feels more or less darkly that England and Russia have perhaps more than any other two Powers the ball at their feet, and that it rests chiefly with them to make the European Concert a by-word and a mockery, or to initiate with its first work a fair era of good-will and progress among the nations.

IV.

It is a popular saying that empires, exactly the same as private individuals, are drawn close together by common ill-wills or enmities as much as or even more than by common friendships. Nothing is less in my mind than to lay a gross, misleading emphasis on facts of which the true import dwells chiefly in delicate shades. It would be a notorious exaggeration to speak of the antagonism of Russia and Germany just at the time when William the Second, notwithstanding the rope which so inopportunately whipped his eye, is going in state to return to Nicolas the Second his visit of last year. However, we have only to read the Bismarckian press in Germany to measure the extent of the cooling between the two nations since the time when the old Chancellor knew how to bind Russia to his system, while chaining Austria to the

wheels of his triumphal car. Between the two great neighboring Emperors there is a mutual diffidence, a growing coldness, a little tempered down by the long habit of dynastic intimacy, but ready to go down to the freezing point under the blighting influence of temper and psychological peculiarities. The relations of Russia and Germany have known hitherto three distinct phases: first, the honeymoon of the *Drei-Kaiser* alliance; then the scarcely less idyllic period of the *double ménage*, when Bismarck, that Don Juan, supplemented the lawful homely bonds of Austrian matrimony by a regular flirt with Petersburg; now the half-veiled bitterness of the Franco-Russian understanding.

During all this time, England, faithful to the Palmerstonian system, has remained—or, ought we to say has fancied she remained?—outside any international connection in her *splendid isolation*. The Cabinet of St. James's professes a perfect hate for Continental encumbrances and eventual engagements. Lord Derby as well as Lord Granville, Lord Rosebery or Lord Kimberley as well as Lord Salisbury, have remained shy before the seductions of the Western States. They have seen the Triple Alliance rise, grow, become the all-spreading upas-tree of Europe, lose something of its glory and begin to scatter some of its leaves. They have seen France and Russia, conscious of their loneliness, stretch out their hands and mutually seize them. It was a very flattering prospect to remain free, equally distant from both systems, with a perfect right to consort, according to the wants of the day, with the one or the other. Only it was—it is a dream.

At first, perhaps, England was able to keep aloof, to drive back successfully the advances of the leading partners in the other firms. Just now things have altered. Germany, or rather, since Germany is bodily in a man, William the Second, seems to pursue toward England the policy of a disappointed lover. Nobody has forgotten the sudden flash of his telegram to President Kruger. Since that time there have been hot and cold fits. The official and officious dress of the Fa-

therland has been sometimes unduly hostile, sometimes threateningly friendly, nearly always coarse and uncourteous. It has been more and more obvious that Germany—or at any rate her imperial master—feels that the drift of the fates, between both countries, makes more and more for a rivalry, evidently not to be decided without the arbitrament of arms. The greatness of the British Empire, as set off by the Jubilee, importunes and plagues to death the soul of the modern Cæsar. He, too, wants a world-wide empire. He, too, wants a navy such as that which made such a splendid appearance in the roads of Portsmouth. He wants colonies. He wants a Germany beyond the sea as there is a Britain beyond the sea. Such day-dreams fill his mind. Even his internal policy is for the largest part determined by those loose, grand projects. When a statesman agrees to help or to pretend to help these undertakings, he may have been in his youth a Social Democrat, and in his ripeness that more hateful politician, a Liberal; he becomes, as Herr von Miquel, the favorite coadjutor, the chosen minister of William the Second. When, on the contrary, he shows some coldness, some diffidence, he is immediately out of favor, as the Prince of Hohenlohe.

All that must give some food for reflection to the minds of English statesmen or publicists. If it is true that between Germany and Britain the final struggle is but a matter of time; if between the two countries, notwithstanding the relations of blood and the dynastical bonds, good observers discern something not very different from the state of mind in France and Prussia during the four years which separated Sadowa from Sedan, it is evident that every lover of his country will look with new eyes on the question, no longer a merely theoretical one, of the alliances of England. Where is the man who, following with some care the slow development of the Eastern crisis, and the cumbrous working of that heavy machine, the European Concert, has not noted that the two poles were occupied by Germany and England; that, notwithstanding sweet words and polite forms, there was no love lost be-

tween their public men and their diplomats; no agreement—not even always the agreement to differ peaceably—between their leading statesmen, ministers, or sovereigns, and that, in fact, without the constant, well-meaning mediation of third parties, they would have left the common ground and taken each her own path? If such is the case when Europe is resolved to remain at one and to astonish the world by her unanimity, it is easy to guess what will be the state of things at the first encounter of a new difficulty.

My readers have perhaps noted with some surprise that, hitherto, I have carefully abstained from mixing up France with that question of the English alliances. In truth, as I have already had occasion to speak my mind in this Review on the relations of France and England, I have purposely tried to look at this problem on every side but the French one. It seems to me that if the suitableness and, much more, the necessity of a Russo-English *entente* were made good to the satisfaction of the public mind, there would be much less difficulty in trying the same demonstration with France. After all, in this case, 'the movement has been proved by walking;' a *cordiale entente* between Waterloo and Sedan has been one of the facts of modern history. Such a precedent is not wholly to be disdained.

I know it is the custom to look down upon the period when the Peels, the Aberdeens, the Russells, the Derbys and the Palmerstons held out their hands loyally and had them locked in the peaceful grasp of the Molé, the Thiers, the Guizot, the Drouyn de Lhuys and the Walewski themselves. However, we must not forget that it was the time when our fathers did great things without boasting, knew how to unite freedom and empire without attitudinizing imperially, and how to lead Europe in the path of progress.

Doubtless, the thing is no more, and there must have been a cause for the change. But let us for the present only remember that a Franco-English friendship has been possible and that both countries have not exactly had to lament its fostering. If there is nothing to prevent a mutual understanding

between Russia and England, what should hinder France from making a third in the arrangement? It is only necessary for those who in England dream such perfectly reasonable dreams not to forget that it is absolutely of no avail to try a flirtation with Russia without France. The coupling of France and Russia is one of the few steady, fixed points of the present state of things. Subject to this there is nothing at all against the attempt of an *entente à trois*. In fact, I dare to say the true inwardness of the Franco-Russian friendship makes such a completion necessary.

At first, perhaps, it was possible to mistake more or less unwillingly the real character of that understanding, and to see in it a kind of war-engine. One of the weaknesses of this contrivance was that, even among its best friends, it was erroneously taken for an instrument of revenge. Time and experience have made away with this mistake. It has been more and more obviously proved that the Franco-Russian alliance is an alliance, not of war, but of peace; not of revenge, but of equilibrium; that its end is to make Europe again a reality, to give a counterpoise to the too preponderating power of Germany and her confederates; to put the security of the world on a broader and steadier basis than the goodwill of a leading potentate. That such is the object of the Franco-Russian alliance has been sufficiently removed from doubt by its results. It is a fact that, during the last three years, while the Eastern crisis unfolded its interminable coils, France and Russia have been by their mutual understanding, by their spirit of conciliation, the true *honest brokers* of the European Concert. France, after all, in so doing, is acting in strict conformity to her genius, to her interests, and to her history. In the East, she has always known how to be the friend of the Turk and the guardian of the Christians. She wants the maintenance of the integrity of the Ottoman Empire, insomuch as it means the absolute exclusion of all egoistical and untimely attempts on the estate of the Sick Man, something like a *self-denying ordinance*. At the same time, she has no other wish than the gradual

enfranchisement of the Christian nationalities, the constitution of native States subject only to the preservation of the peace. Everywhere she is animated by such feelings.

Truly, it cannot be very difficult to find a way to the goodwill of a nation so chastened by the lessons of misfortune. Of course there are on the broad surface of the earth many points where the interests of England and France may clash. I make bold, however, to say that not even in Egypt are these divergencies above the reach of a well-meaning diplomacy. The hour is come to look in the face all these small difficulties and to make a choice between two ways. I have tried to show the drift of events between Germany and England, the gradual estrangement, the nearly unavoidable conflict of the future. I must not pass in silence over the counterpart of this antagonism; I mean the so striking, so oft-renewed, so newly emphasized advances and offers of goodwill the German Emperor is making all the while to France.

Nobody ignores the immense, the nearly insuperable difficulty which prevents the prompt acceptance of these flattering attentions. Between France and Germany there is not only the memory of the war, a ditch full of blood: there is the cry, the bitter cry of children brutally taken from their mother; there is the unconquerable protest of Alsace and Lorraine, that flesh of our flesh, that bone of our bone, against the cruel abuse of the law of the stronger. I believe from the bottom of my heart that, for a long time yet, a statesman in France who should deliberately accept the friendship of Germany and make gratuitous love to the Emperor would be buried under public contempt. However time flows; the years go by; the generations come and go. Circumstances may arise where France, where the Franco-Russian couple, would feel obliged to strike a bargain with the German tempter. For England this prospect is worthy of a moment of reflection. It is useless to entertain self-deception. Just now England has or seems to have three ways open to her. She may either remain as she is, an

erratic body, wandering through the paths of other constellations; or she may make a fourth in the Triple Alliance and follow suit to Germany, the leading State in this league; or she may contract with France and Russia one of those *mariages de raison* which are perhaps never perfectly delightful, according to La Rochefoucauld, but

to which diplomacy, in allowing the happy consorts to be three, gives a kind of additional zest. Only she must choose quickly. It is already too easy to see that the Sibyl does not intend to leave her offers a long time open or to renew them without some reduction.—*Nineteenth Century*.

THE USES OF HUMOR.

BY JAMES SULLY.

To suggest that humor has its uses may well seem a gratuitous paradox. Serious persons, such as parents and schoolmasters who have to wage continual war against the frivolity and wastefulness of mirth, will probably scout any such suggestion as opposed to eternal distinctions of thought. On the other hand, the laughter-loving themselves may not unnaturally ridicule the supposition as seeming to imply that humorous enjoyment stands in need of a justification.

Yet we cannot escape from the conditions of our age, and it is the scientific fashion to explain things by demonstrating their utility. Since, moreover, the humorous are known to be a good-natured easy people, they may as well, perhaps, fall in with the vogue, so far at least as to allow, by way of an *argumentum ad hominem*, that their favorite recreation might, *if it chose*, defend itself on the ground of its beneficial results. Supposing, as has been suggested more than once of late, that laughter is on the decline, that solemnity or "intensity" grows apace and threatens to muffle our mirth, could we put in a plea for liberty by arguing that humor has its uses, and is likely to grow more serviceable as poor humanity goes shambling along the road which it thinks is leading to perfectibility.

I do not propose to enter here on the perplexing question of the origin of human laughter. It may be enough to say that if we study its ruder primitive forms in the child and the savage it seems to be commonly excited by the following—(a) what is odd and opposed to custom, as unconventional dress,

foreign spirit, and so forth; (b) by what is undignified, even when it involves pain, as a deformity, a fall, a chastisement; and (c) by anything which relieves from a constrained attitude, more especially when this includes fear. Laughter over a conquered foe who has set the heart beating is one of the oldest and simplest varieties of mirth. It forms the root of the special tendency to laugh during solemn ceremonies.

Now, what seems common to these elementary forms of jocosity is relief from mental tension. Sometimes the tension thus relaxed is intellectual, the focusing of attention and expectation, as in seeing through make-believe, and less obviously in encountering something odd and opposed to rule. Sometimes, again, it seems rather to be a moral strain which is relieved, as in all liberation from the attitude of fear and deferential self-compression. To this it may be added that in most cases a certain malignant edge seems to be given to laughter by a sense of personal elation at the spectacle of another's indignity.

We may now inquire whether it is possible to make out any utility in these simple and primitive types of laughter. The first and most obvious effect of laughter is the reflex influence on the person who indulges in it. Common language suggests that laughter is good for the laugher. All enjoyment when not carried to foolish excess seems to quicken the pulse of life, and to promote at once the vigorous action of body and of mind. It has been suggested, too, that there is some special

effect in the muscular movements of laughter in accelerating the general circulation and correcting anything like cerebral congestion which is the accompaniment of mental strain. However this be, one may safely say that in the mirthful rebound from a serious mental attitude there is something of the salutary recreative effect of play, to which, indeed, the enjoyment of the ludicrous is so closely allied.

But this is only one aspect of the case. Laughter pounces on something in another which may in general be described as an unworthiness. As such it has never been greatly enjoyed by its recipient. The unsightly unfortunate who excites the street boy's mirth is apt to punish his tormentor if he gets the chance. Laughter may in this way become eminently unbeneficial to the subject of it. If, however, the laughter is the choral outburst of a band it assumes another aspect. The fear of being laughed at is one of the sensibilities on which the compelling action of numbers and of authority directly works. Here it is evident there comes in a new utility, viz., to the community.

It is not easy to say how far these beneficial results would have helped to develop the laughing propensity in the earliest stages of human culture. No doubt a savage might get a hygienic benefit from a quiet chuckle after release from the oppressive solemnities of tribal ceremony, yet one cannot but suspect that the experiment would be exceedingly dangerous in circumstances where, so far as one can conjecture, ritual is so terribly exacting. It is easier to conceive of primitive human laughter taking a choral form, as where a tribe jeers at a common foe; and very likely in the first unpleasant days of human history, when individual liberty was presumably an unknown luxury, laughter may have been in the main confined to a common act of deriding what is foreign. It must, one imagines, have taken ages to produce a savage clever enough and brave enough to attempt, say, a caricature of some august tribal personage, such as we perhaps find in those rude drawings of the monkey.

The palpable utilities of laughter

only begin to appear when we have the movement of social evolution, with its differentiation of classes, its toleration of a certain range of diversity of manners, and the acknowledged right of the individual to criticise his surroundings. There is reason to suppose that the risibility which logicians tell us is an "accident" of our species, may have played a by no means contemptible part in the making of human communities. Is it not probable that stability of manners and beliefs has been, to a considerable extent, maintained by a lively instinct for the ludicrous aspect of all sudden introduction of what is new and foreign? On the other hand, when a community is advancing and casting its skin in the shape of some effete custom, this same feeling of the ludicrous might aid the progressive impulse by branding with the mark of absurdity what is old-fashioned and surmounted.

In like manner it appears to be at least a plausible hypothesis that the instincts of laughter have had a good deal to do with the maintenance and the improvement of class distinctions. For one thing, it is supposable that the humors of the lower classes—and there is some reason to think that these have had a good share of this quality—have had a most wholesome effect, not only on the inferiors themselves, by tempering the cringing attitude of deference, but also on their betters. The early jocular literature of modern Europe suggests that the common folk were very much like schoolboys in their capacity for making merry over the foibles of their superiors, secular and spiritual; and this must, one conceives, have furnished the classes concerned with a salutary kind of popular censorship. As soon, too, as the rigidity of caste gave way to a certain mobility, and people began to look wistfully at the next higher rung of the social ladder, laughter must have desecrated another opening for his merry gambols. For pushing one's way out of one's native rank and familiar surroundings is always more or less of a comical spectacle, not only to those who are above, and are naturally disposed to ridicule the climber's assumption of airs which do not as yet sit quite easily, but also

to his *quondam* class-fellows, who just as naturally look on his craning of the neck in order to top his neighbor as a reflection on their own altitude, and greet the spectacle with a voluminous Olympian explosion.

We may now pass to a side of our subject which is nearer to us and so more distinct: Whatever the help our race may have got from its blessed endowment of risibility in the first stages of its long and fatiguing march, there is no doubt that at the point now reached it has become to many a quite invaluable source of gladness and strength.

In order to understand this we must glance for a moment at the distinctive characteristics of that particular variety of laughter to which we moderns specially refer when we talk of a sense of humor.

This sentiment, strangely dissimilar as it may seem, is undoubtedly the direct descendant of the spontaneous exuberant mirth of the boy and the savage. The nineteenth-century student of life laughs at the same sort of thing as his *naïf* progenitor, at the forbidden, at the mean, at the sudden collapse of dignity. But how differently he conceives of these mirth-provoking properties of things, and in what a different key is his laughter pitched.

Our humorous amusement at life is, it must be confessed, stamped with the characteristics of our sedate mundane years. Laughter still sits by man, like some cheerful and faithful spouse, ever ready to gladden his seriousness with her musical ripple; but it is no longer the blithe young bride whom we see, but the quiet matron with silver streaks in the hair, and folds about the eyes, folds which show all the more when the merry twinkle takes those softened orbs.

Perhaps the deepest characteristic of modern humor is its thoughtfulness. Once and again, as at Christmastide, when thrown among the explosive hilarity of that residuum of unsophisticated childhood which can still enjoy the frolics of pantomime, we may perhaps surprise ourselves laughing quite thoughtlessly; but for the most part our mirth is tinged with pensiveness. The loud laugh speaking the vacant mind has grown impossible for us. So

far, then, it is true that we laugh less than the bygone generations, less automatically, less cordially, without any lurking *arrière-pensée*. Yet, *en revanche*, how many new things we laugh at! The very "malady of thought" which eats into our age, while it might seem destined to kill rosy laughter, has given us a new and subtler vision, which detects traces of the ludicrous in every domain, one might almost add, every scene, of human life.

The genesis of this far-ranging contemplative humor in the modern world is a problem full of interest. It is interwoven with all the essential factors of our life, our political and social liberty, our assertion and maintenance of individuality, our press, and the publicity it has brought into all regions of life. Without attempting here the explanation of a phenomenon so many-sided and intricate, it may suffice to show that in spite of its new features it is essentially a development of that primitive instinctive sense of fun, which the savage shares with the boy.

To begin with, then, this large expansion of our feeling for the ludicrous is in part the result of that consciousness of escape from restraint which is so vital an element in the spirit of our age. In the past the merry tones of laughter have often been silenced by the presence of hideous fear, and the expulsion of this ill-shapen creature by advancing knowledge has left the modern world possessed of a whole museum of amusing old-world bogies.

Again, this finer responsiveness to the touch of the humorous illustrates the development of another constituent of primitive laughter, the sense of the irregular, the unfitting. Here, indeed, we may naturally expect to find the thoughtfulness of the age, adding range and penetration to humorous insight. To detect a *bizarre* juxtaposition of things, say a man's qualifications and the official post which it has pleased the destinies to bestow on him implies an eye for relations, and is indeed a mark of intellect. The quaint disparities which the world-spectacle is ever exhibiting, partly supplied by the dramatic inconsistencies of the actors themselves, partly by the whimsical hand which shifts the *mise en scène*,

require a trained perception of the contradictory not inferior to that of the logician.

It is to be noted that this larger detection of disparity or incongruity is due to the introduction of ideal points of reference. The savage and the child are content with custom as their standard, and things become "funny" to them merely through a departure from the customary, the accepted, as anything foreign in dress, speech, or manners. The thought of our time has substituted ideas for unexamined usage; we judge of fitness, of propriety, no longer by a bare reference to conventional rules, but by the application of some conception of the inherent worth of things.

It will be further evidenced that this introduction of ideal standards into our judgment of things allows of a large dilatation of that agreeable sense of uplifting and exultation which is found to be another ingredient in the earlier type of laughter. To be able to find wanting even great personages and much-praised exploits by the application of a more exact measure is to share for the moment in the proud downglance of the eagle. A considerable factor in the amusement of the not wholly idle observer of contemporary life comes from the enjoyment of the critic's vantage ground. The mediæval citizen's merriment at the foibles of his priest, the *sotto voce* chucklings of "Jeames" at the doings of the "gents" upstairs are modes of enjoyment narrowly circumscribed by the conventional and *borné* character of the standards implied. Our habits of reflection, of ideal criticism, enable us to play the censor of manners on a much larger scale, to subject the highest dignitaries themselves, whose names the devout are wont to whisper, to the painless process of a humorous dissection.

So far we have sought the secret of pensive humor in its matured thoughtfulness. Yet this does not wholly explain the transformation of pristine jovial laughter. Along with this result of growing thoughtfulness, and inseparably intertwined with it has come another element of change, which we may call the humanizing of mirth. I have conceded that even the most re-

fined humor retains a faint echo of the first rude note of derision, the shout of triumph at the spectacle of something—if only a hat—suddenly brought low. Yet the sense of superiority which we derive, say from the well-meant but luckless experiments of a new public body, or the little sensitivenesses of a person of great and assured reputation, is a long way removed from the brutal satisfaction with which a savage or a schoolboy sees his rival tripped up. It seems to be a necessary condition of a true sense of humor, that it be far from personal dislike and from everything in the shape of vindictiveness. Whether gratified by a play at the theatre, by a page of Heine, or merely by some unconsciously droll paragraph in a newspaper, our sense of the ludicrous has always something of the character of æsthetic feeling in so far as it is the outcome of a contemplative mood. It is the position of critical quizzier that gives all the delightful sense of uplifting to a genuinely humorous laugh; and this contemplative feeling, if less exciting than that of personal triumph, is a purer pleasure since all hostility has in it the bitter smack of malignity.

This æsthetic purification of laughter from the grossness of personal passion is due in no small measure to Art, its discipline and the mental habits which they set up.

Other influences serve to sweeten, to humanize, the feeling. What we specifically mean by "humor" is a sentiment not merely toned down by thought to the low pitch of sensitiveness, and freed from the harsh jarring element of a personal "Schadenfreude," but mellowed and enriched by a commingling of other and kindly tones of feeling. To the eyes of the true humorist, of a Goldsmith, of a Sterne, of a George Eliot, the mean, the debased, never appears merely in its drollness. The same swift glance which spies the quaint feature of character or circumstance detects also its concomitants. From the ideal point of view, to which every genial nature untainted by cynicism perforce adheres, there is always something regrettable in defect, something pitiful in failure and misfortune; whence the note of sadness that has stolen into our modern laughter. The

secret of a humorous interpretation of the life-spectacle is that while fixing its eye directly on the contrariety of fact to ideal requirement, on the laughable element in all the less serious upsets of humanity, it manages at the same time to keep in fairly distinct side-view the implicated pitifulness. Hence that large binocular view of things which we always find in the great literary humorists, the creators of Falstaff, of the Vicar, of Captain Costigan, and the rest, which embraces at once the drollness and the pathos, and by combining these, reaches the perception of that stereoscopic wholeness which we try to name when we talk of the tragic comedy of life.

The effect of this humanizing of primitive savage laughter by an infusion of kindly sentiment is illustrated in what, perhaps, is the most remarkable characteristic of our modern humor, viz., the universality of its scope, in which the ego itself finds its place. So long as laughter contains a distinct vibration of the old note of insult, so long must we resent being its objects. But when it grows mellow and kindly we withdraw our objection. There is nothing so terrible in having fun poked at our foibles, or our little discomfitures, so long as we know that there is the hypocrite love behind the laughing mask. One may go further and contend that a full development of the sense of the ludicrous will necessarily generate a good capacity of self-laughter. The man who never smiles at his own absurdities is but in the first form of the school of humor.

It has been suggested above that the chief function of humor in these days is individual rather than social. Its worth seems to be in the large quiet satisfaction which it brings to the subject himself. Yet, offspring as it is of primitive laughter, humor retains something of that social utility which seems so far as we can look back to have been its primal *raison d'être*. In current criticism of life and art, we see humor resorted to as a mild form of pressure by which the community seeks to keep its errant members in wholesome touch with itself.

A distinctive feature in this corrective function of modern humor is that

it is carried out to so large an extent indirectly by self-criticism. Humor is invaluable in the work of moral self-education, just because of its acute vision, its quickness in detecting the first flecks of dust on the bright surface of character. More particularly, perhaps, the rôle of humor here seems to be to compel us for the moment to abandon our habitual pose, and to look our most valued aims, our proudest enthusiasms, fearlessly in the face. Herein lies that moral value of comedy which Lessing so finely describes in a well-known passage. We often wake up to an unsuspected weakness by seeing this externalized and exaggerated. The moral effect of a comedy of Molière or of Mr. Meredith lies in the swift instinctive recoil from a pitch of moral absurdity which we half-consciously realize to be a possibility for ourselves.

That a sense of humor will in this way stand a man in good stead is, I think, certain. How often are we disposed to pray that the earnest worker in politics, in art, in letters, might be endowed, if only for an instant, with the capacity of seeing himself as others, that is to say the humorous crowd, see him. No personage, however exalted, is quite safe when wholly out of touch with the common instincts of seamliness, of moderation, of proportion.

While, however, our sense of humor thus carries on the primal function of keeping the individual in normal touch with the community, it has another and complementary function. As suggested above, the sentiment is largely the outcome of the development of individuality, of the free play of a man's own mind, untrammelled by the conventionalities in the midst of which he lives. It is the right to survey our surroundings from our own ideal point of view, which secures to us a full gratification of the feeling.

I have hinted that there is much in the social spectacle which lends itself to humorous contemplation, if only the ideal point of view is attained. And here I would say that I am not thinking merely of "Society" in the conventional sense of that term. That this has its own peculiar absurdities is known to every reader of our comic journals, and the comic journals by no

means exhaust the list of these absurdities. Indeed the record of the doings of what now gives itself out to be the fashionable world is a never-failing entertainment for one who has the quick eye for the manifold comicalities of human affairs. Yet fashion has no monopoly in the matter of the incongruities. To the attentive eye guided by ideal standards of fitness does there not reveal itself now and again the disproportionate, the inconsequent, in the graver departments of public life, where reason and the fitness of things might be expected to have undisputed empire? How much of the droll, for example, may we not discern in the labored oratory of the modern politician, its solemnities and its jocosities alike, as soon as one gets away from the troubled air of the heated partisan position, and anywhere near the commanding point of view of an ideal criticism! In literature, again, the man who cares to look for it will find no meagre entertainment, in the way in which reputations are nowadays manufactured, in the touching submissions of an opinionless public to the deliverances of the first self-appointed authority, is the frantic efforts of an age of many meagre mediocrities to puff itself out into imposing proportions! And may we not occasionally detect an amusing disparity between merit and position, between the obligations of office and actual performances, even in the high places of the Church and the University?

It is difficult, of course, to say how different ages may compare in respect to the drolleries of public life. We know that other periods and other patterns of society have had their ludicrous side which was duly appreciated by the few contemporary observers happily endowed with the requisite organ; yet there is much to suggest that the humorous observer of society to-day is at a considerable advantage as compared with his predecessors. The very bigness of our social scheme coupled with its instability, its incessant shiftings, seems to generate a fine crop of extravagances and *bizarre* juxtapositions. What a wealth of drollest incident is supplied, for example, by the restless discontent of our times, by the contor-

tions of the human figure as it tries to wriggle its way into a more central ring of the social circle! The very go-aheadness of our times, again, the haste to strike out new experiments in all directions, gives to contemporary life something of the amusing aspect of childish changefulness and caprice. Then, too, the overactivity of these days, the determination of people to secure the nod of public recognition somehow, leads to the whole entertaining gamut of perverse oddity and faddishness. The social changes of our times appear further to be particularly favorable to the production of what is perhaps the most amusing feature in the social spectacle, viz., make-believe. The very unwieldiness of the new court of public opinion, aided by its want of the requisite training, renders it singularly amenable to the convincing force of noisy self-advertisement, especially when supported by a little judicious puffing on the part of the aspirant's friends. Nothing is more agreeably satisfying to a humorous appetite than the scrutinizing of the reputations of the hour by a reference to the intrinsic worth of things. To all which one may add that the very craving for notoriety, aided by the general lack of humorous perception in those whose minds are weighted by the onerous business of achieving social success, guarantees to the spectator in these days a full unabridged report of all that is most enjoyable in the way of social vagary.

This humorous enjoyment of the absurdities of the social scene implies a certain measure of detachment. For, to begin with, if we are to live more and have our being in the social whirl, a certain respect for the gyrating figures about us will be forced from us, a generous indulgence in the joys of laughter being likely to bring our heads into unpleasant collision with the unyielding skulls round about us. And, further, a certain remoteness from the giddy dance is necessary for a full and clear perception of its laughable figures and of their laughable performances. One may say, indeed, the full measure of possible humorous enjoyment will come only to him who leads something of the life of a recluse, and so is able

to realize all the delightful sense of relief from the pitiless strain, and the wearisome boredom of society.

It must, however, be clearly understood that in order to extract a properly humorous enjoyment from the spectacle everything like personal chagrin should be excluded. It is not for the "social failure," who still smarts under his disappointment, to indulge in the contemplation of the human comedy. The purest enjoyment of the comic spectacle comes to one who has never keenly pursued society's favor.

But I am now concerned to show not merely that this partial retirement from the social scene may be highly agreeable, but that it has its real uses. It is surely one of the stupid errors of our day that a man belongs altogether to the community of which he is a member. This idea is, indeed, preposterous on its very face. We are in sooth very far from being the utterly social beings we like to think ourselves, and deeper than all the instincts of companionship and brotherhood lies the impulse of the tough energetic little ego to maintain and to develop itself in its own way. The extravagant demands of the community on the individual in these days lead now and again to an outbreak of the spirit of revolt; and such uprisings of the rebel in us are honorable.

Now, I am disposed to think that the surest preservative against a weak truckling to convention, a hypocritical hiding of our true self in order to curry favor with contemporaries, is a lively unslumbering sense of the drolleries of things. The same genial impulse of laughter which arms us against the excesses of self-assertion will most effectually aid us also in a proper maintenance of our individual integrity.

The contemplation of the absurdities of human life, enjoyable and useful as the occupation undoubtedly is, constitutes after all but a pastime. We are here, alas, as parents and teachers early taught us, not merely to play but to work. We must all make some acquaintance with the serious business of life, and with its painful struggles; and those of us who try to aim high must toil long and wearily before we realize our aims, and so need every fortifying

influence. Now, it so happens that the same humorous perception which can make retirement a prolonged entertainment will stand us in good stead in battling with obdurate circumstance. Indeed, one may say that it is in the comfort, the refreshment, which humor brings into the midst of our work-a-day life that we find its highest value, its indispensableness to the modern man and woman.

Suffering is real, and there are blows of adversity which strike us dumb for a long moment. Yet a good deal of human trouble is small enough when we can only reach the proper point of view. The gift of humor supplies a rebound from the oppression and strain of life's cares, enables a man to rise above the smarting and the chafing of his wounds by showing him the amusing lights that gild our very adversities. Thanks to a merciful Providence, most—perhaps all—troubles have their droll facets, so that we have only to turn them round a little in order to pass from tears to laughter. To the genuinely humorous soul there is something comical in the most irritating features of our life, in the very perverseness of its dispensations, in the provokingly ingenious way in which destiny is wont to contradict and baffle our wishes and anticipations. It was thus that Goldsmith's genial spirit faced its harsh destiny, giving back "in cheerful humor or whimsical warning what it received in mortification or grief." It was the same invaluable gift of seeing the whimsicalities of fate through its cruelties which carried the boy Charles Dickens through one of the hardest passages of youthful experience, a fact which is sufficiently attested perhaps by the frequency with which he combines in one of the most popular of his characters a genius at once for getting into scrapes and for extracting from them humorous consolation.*

Perhaps, however, the highest office

* A magnificent example of the turning of the sense of humor to consolatory purposes is to be found in the way in which Hans von Bülow behaved when Richard Wagner, his master, robbed him of his wife. The story is well told in *The National Observer*, Feb. 17th, 1894.

of humor in the struggle of life is to aid us in casting off our troubles as unreal, or, at least, as exaggerated. When the sensitive nerve is first lacerated, the very poignancy and insistence of the pain disables us for estimating the precise proportions of our misfortune. Exaggeration at this moment is natural and inevitable. The healthy nervous organism shows its vitality by the rapidity of recuperative process. The vigorous and manly spirit masters and puts aside its woes, the weakly and supine dwells on and so prolongs them. Now, one of the most effectual means of throwing off a chafing burden is a resolute contemplation of the humorous aspects of the situation. By bringing into view the relations of things which strong feeling obscures, what was a moment ago something utterly black and dismal takes on a bright, diverting aspect. In this way, for example, when a man is for a moment wounded by an affront from one concerned to emphasizing the fact of his social consequences, what a plenitude of balm lies ready to hand in humorous reflection, say, on the unseemliness of giving one's self airs of superiority in a world where we are all on one low level of inferiority to the real and sublime masters.

Again, in all keen pursuit of coveted things we seem through the very necessity of concentrating our energies to fall into a temporary exaggeration of values. The position, the fame, which we have sturdily set ourselves to win, assumes for the time a supreme and quite unique importance. Hence the stupefying shock of disappointed ambition. Here, too, a sense of humor may find its place as an aid to healthy self-adjustment. The onesidedness of view which springs out of the pertinacity of will is corrected by the calm reflection that brings in omitted factors, and so restores the wholesome sense of proportion. Such reflective correction of point of view is in the case of the genial laughter-prone man largely prompted and sustained by a sense of humor. It is the diverting aspect of his errors, the comical extravagances of his momentary anxieties and despondencies, which attract and fix the reflective eye. Hence it may be

said that such a person laughs *away* the worst part of his troubles by noting and correcting his first absurdly exaggerated estimate of their dimensions.

The humorous reflection on life's worries leads up to the correction of that habitual over-estimation of self and its concerns which grows out of all strong vital impulses. To see our absorbing concerns in their merely relative importance, as the Scotch professor may have done, who, after trying his hand at golf, drew from his disgusted caddie the observation: "Anybody can teach Greek, but gowf needs a heid," this is a most salutary form of self-correction. To muse on the dwarfed figure we cut in the vast assemblage of things, and how well it can carry itself out, whether we are on the scene or not, this, too, brings the corrective smile to the lips.

Here, however, it is evident we reach the point at which humorous sensibility ceases to be of any direct practical use and benefit to us. To view ourselves as part of the total system, as insignificant details in a measureless universe, is plainly to abandon the practical life-furthering point of view for the philosophic. This direction of humorous reflection is perfected in connection with that large sympathetic view of humanity and its destiny which fills so prominent a place in the best thought of to-day.

That this new comprehension of human life as a whole has its sombre hue is certain. Our wider modern sympathies resent the story of so much seemingly needless suffering. Hence the note of pessimistic despair which is audible in varying intensity and distinctness through the whole movement of modern literature. Yet the life-instinct within us will not suffer this mood of despondency. We are forced to find some *modus vivendi* with adverse destiny. We cannot go back to the *naïf* childish optimism of an earlier age which saw in the suffering of creation, in human degradation, nothing but the shadows of the world-picture artistically thrown in to emphasize the lights. How, then, are we to effect a readjustment with the order of things?

Here there suggests itself a last phil-

osophic use in kindly humor. It is certain that in the spectacle of the collective, as of the single life, there present themselves amusing ingredients. Harsh and irritating, as this opposition of fact and fate appears to human longing, it has its comical aspect too. How far-reaching and subtle an irony reveals itself in the scheme of Nature when we estimate it by our human standards! With a fair appearance of wise purpose she manages to combine just enough of bungling, of shortcoming, to give to her whole handiwork the look of a provoking determination to cross and to disappoint us. The spectacle of poor cheated humanity at once touches the tenderest heart-fibres and moves the risible muscles, and thus calls forth that new mingled sentiment of humorous pity which gives it its tragic-comic value. In this way the bitterness of mere pessimism is dissolved in the sweetness of a new and more genial feeling.

How far this half-pathetic, half-comic view of the world is from pessimistic denunciation may be seen in the fact that it is in a sense a return to an optimistic survey. For so quaintly are the rational and the irrational elements woven into the structure of the world, so rich and diversified are the incongruities of human life, that a keenly humorous man may construct a new subjective Theodicy, and say, "The world is at least the best possible for humorous contemplation." This seems to be half implied in the words of M. Scherer: "The temperament of the humorist is, on the whole, the happiest that a man can bring into this world, and the humorist's point of view the justest from which it can be judged."

A final philosophic use of humor may be found in the discovery and correction of exaggeration, the irrationality latent in all our feeble attempts to apply ideal conceptions to what is perversely and incurably unideal. A friend of Carlyle tells me that the gloomy sage, after breaking out into one of his long, almost savage attacks on the scheme of things, would suddenly stop and collapse in a good peal of laughter. All strongly emotional estimates, be they the wild pæan of optimism, or the ferocious attack of

pessimism, are felt in our calm moments to be out of place, to be a mere usurpation by sentiment of the throne of reason. To quarrel with our world, our one world, is, when calmly considered, an absurdity. Much of contemporary pessimism has all the comicality which belongs to sickly sentiment, to carefully nursed Weltschmerz, and, as I have elsewhere remarked, the lack of a sense of humor is one of the notes of the genuine pessimist. At the best, condemnation of the scheme of things is a piece of human impertinence. A large and fine vision for the ludicrous will thus serve to warn us against despair, will help us toward that calmer and more philosophic view of things, in which approval and disapproval are alike excluded as an immodest intrusion of incompetent sentiment. Here we have the final correction of extravagance, the elimination of the ancient and obstinate impulse to make man the measure of things, the perfecting of the process of self-adjustment to environment in the untroubled confronting of the inexpugnable realities.

I have tried to show that the sense of humor has its various uses. It not merely gives a pleasant seasoning to the dish of life; it is its conservative salt. It carries on in our later sadder days the sweet refreshing offices of childish laughter. It is at once the outcome and the sustainer of a healthy vitality, of that attitude of quite readiness which sentinels the wise man's life.

How much use this faculty of self-amusement may bring a man will depend on circumstances. There are light-hearted individuals, and races, too, born to good fortune, who get on very well without it. These have the boyish rollicking gayety which is perhaps better than reflective humor. Again, there are those whose special ambitions seem to require them to habitually bear about with them a weighty sense of their own consequence, such as august officials who have to keep up the imposing look, people with a mission, and so forth. These, too, equally incapable with the careless boy of seeing the humorous side of life, are for their own ends much better off without the endowment. On the other hand, those who are at once sensitive

in their feelings, and keen and penetrating in their perceptions, especially where called on to wrestle with adverse circumstances, ne'er-do-wells of the Goldsmith type, may be said to be in urgent need of it. Perhaps it is not too much to say that men and women who resolutely look below the surface of things, and whose hearts are many-chorded and resonant to all the notes in the music of life, must be humorous or they will faint through sheer excess of pain.

The supposition that humor has an exceptional utility for men of a sensitive and intellectual cast is supported by fact. It has been noted that the feeling is a common endowment of the reflective brooding mind, and that it frequently appears as a believing feature in a sombre temperament. It is noticeable, too, that humor often appears as a reaction from a narrow and oppressive religious creed. Puritan humor, of which Mr. Spurgeon was an excellent example, seems to me to illustrate this breath-taking or back-straightening function under an oppressive load. A good deal of American humor is the lineal descendant of this Puritan variety.

The same thing seems to be true of races. M. Taine writes of the "gloomy humor" of Englishmen, born of their climate. It seems certain that the more distinctively modern varieties of humor, its reflective and philosophic shades, flourish best in the *triste* North among the Teutonic races of Europe, and their vast colony in the Western World. One of my friends who knows the Irish in Ireland tells me that their brighter tones of humor, too, are organically connected with a specially

high degree of sensitiveness, and serve as a protective tegument to the moral nerve.

If humor has these special uses for those who think and so suffer more, it seems probable that it will be still further developed. Of late we have seen a considerable expansion of humorous literature. In Europe and in America new shades of the feeling have emerged through the growth of a new kind of thoughtfulness, through the turning of the humorous eye on such neglected and rich territories as childhood. It is worth noting, too, that at this moment special honor is paid to an English writer who, to one of the most different of styles, unites the gifts of a humorous insight which has at once the breadth of an Aristophanes and the pensive subtlety of a George Eliot. May one not surmise that this means, like the introduction of lawn-tennis and golf, the supply of new modes of recreation suited to our age and its special needs?

In the future, man having become still more humanized, at once more tenacious of his ideals, and more alive to the ludicrous consequences which they introduce, will perhaps become still less of a gay-hearted child than he now is. If so, he will have to brighten the chamber of life, as it loses its glad-some morn-given light, with the comforting glow of a kindly humor. The maintenance of the genial fire will be more specially the work of the humorist, and it may be expected that men will more and more recruit and fortify themselves for the battle of life by drinking at the stream of humorous literature.—*National Review*.

COLONIAL EMPIRES.

BY C. DE THIERRY.

THAT destiny has made England the colonizing Power of modern times is beyond dispute. The fact was presented and brought home to us the other day in terms of unparalleled magnificence and force; and the world itself has, at last, begun to resent it, and to

acknowledge that, on no other grounds, can her success be fully explained. Rivals, whose greatness is unquestioned as her own, try to run in the same race, but Aphrodite has denied her golden apples to them, and their supremest efforts end only in failure. Moreover,

their designs to check the growth of Anglo-Saxon dominion work by the rule of contrary ; while European enterprise, as if obeying an irresistible tendency, acts to the same end, so that the fruits of the daring of Portuguese navigators, the romantic courage of Spanish adventurers, the colonizing capacity of the Dutch, the magnificent plans of French soldiers and administrators, have all been poured into the lap of England. In the sweat of their brows other nations toil and strive to win what she accepts with the sovereign grace of one born in the purple. They sigh for it as the Jews in Egypt sighed for the Promised Land. All the energies of their greatest statesmen and diplomatists are exhausted in futile endeavors to attain even a sight of it. Yet their record consists but in the conquest of immense tracts of tropical territory, which offer no inducements to settlement, and are a constant drain on the exchequer of the parent State. England, on the other hand, moves on her Imperial way without effort. The glorious Empire, for the possession of which she is envied by the whole world, has been given to her by successive generations of adventurous sons. So easily has it come to her, indeed, that she has hitherto regarded it with the cool indifference of a man who wins the love of a handsome woman unsought. Never were Colonies brought into being of a Mother Country with less travail ; and, instead of admitting it with gratitude, she has merely grumbled that the effect is so great. Not a hair on the heads of her statesmen is gray with anxiety on behalf of the Empire, whether in whole or in part. The Colonial Secretary who passes harassed days and sleepless nights with the cares of office has yet to be. As for English diplomacy, it is thus far chiefly known for its generosity. It has done little to enlarge the limits of the Empire, but a great deal to make them less.

In these days Colonies are either exotic or a natural development. To the former class belong the Colonies of Continental Europe ; to the latter the Colonies of England. In the one case sickly dependencies are born of, and sustained by, the brilliant policy of

the Home Government. In the other States grow and flourish by means of forces generated within themselves. France and Germany have Colonies because they are resolved that Colonies they will have ; England has Colonies because she cannot help herself. That is to say, Continental statesmanship encourages the growth of Empire, Downing Street restrains it. The possessions of every other country represent years of patient diplomacy, the exercise of consummate skill in dealing with men and affairs, and a vast outlay of blood and treasure. Their feeble steps are guided with infinite care, and they are never self-supporting. Beside these pampered offshoots of Continental Europe the origin of British communities is somewhat rude. Their own Government has ever refused to recognize them until they have struggled into a position to demand recognition, and has received them very coldly then. They must pay their own way, or find themselves in disfavor ; and, at the best, they have been regarded by the great majority of the British public as new and inferior Englands. For the difference is that between national destiny working through the spontaneous efforts of individuals, and national vanity working through a Government.

In such circumstances it is passing strange how England comes by her almost universal reputation for selfishness. Surely no country ever deserved it less ! Yet no foreigner can be induced to profess faith in English disinterestedness. For over three hundred years this little Isle has been the sheet-anchor of Europe : the light of the moral, social, and intellectual world. Here, alone, was the beacon of liberty kept burning when all the Continental nations were groaning under a military despotism, and, by its steady glow, they were led to work out their own redemption. Since then England has been the foe of no country but Russia. On the contrary, she has showered benefits on every people except those luckless enough to be of her own flesh and blood. And herein lies the rock of her offence. An old saying warns one that the surest way to make an enemy is to do him a kindness, and

so it has come about that England has enemies by scores. Then, too, she has everything which her rivals desire. Moreover, she has been eminently successful where they have failed. That it can be due to force of character and physical vitality the vanity of these rivals will not allow them to believe. No, it must be the result of pure luck, or of perfidy, greed, and selfishness combined. Selfish England may be, but not any more than a nation must, and not any more than self-preservation requires. As for the charge of greed and perfidy, it comes with a bad grace from France and Germany in particular, as they, of all countries, have profited most by the exercise of these same qualities: the former in Tunis, the New Hebrides, and Madagascar, the latter in Samoa, Zanzibar, and Central Africa. Can one historical instance be adduced to show that England has profited to the same extent in a similar way? But so important are statecraft and diplomacy—chiefly statecraft—in laying the foundations of Continental Colonial Empires, that Germany and France cannot so much as conceive the conditions which render them unnecessary. Thus they clothe themselves with the delusion that, if their frankness, justice, and noble disinterestedness, could only be corrupted into the characteristics with which they associate England, a world-wide dominion would be theirs. Even so, Napoleon dreamed he might rival the achievements of Alexander!

That our reputation abroad is unmerited may be proved in a variety of ways. True once, perhaps, it is now a fiction of the imagination. To begin with, the British Government exists as much for the benefit of other countries as for its own. How it fulfils its dual responsibilities may be discovered in the history of the Empire during the past eighty years, and particularly since the death of Lord Palmerston. From practically giving territory away, as in the case of Delagoa Bay, to going fast asleep until just too late for decisive action, as in the case of the Cameroons, there is nothing it will not do to help our rivals to attain the summit of their ambition. It has even gone so far as to acquiesce in an outrage on Australia

by its action in the matter of the escaped convicts from New Caledonia, and to order an English official, whose whole career had been spent in strengthening British influence at the Court of Zanzibar, to face about and promote the interests of Germany. Whoever heard of a foreign Government doing its best to help England in any of *her* colonial or commercial schemes, or of giving *her* a solid advantage for which it did not receive ample compensation? Even more significant is the attitude of a large proportion of the Press. Not only does it almost invariably take the side of the foreigner in a dispute involving British interests, but it strenuously denies that there can be another. Indeed, so zealous is it on behalf of oppressed races, or nations at enmity with this country, as to entirely forget its duty nearer home. The responsible foreign journal which would advocate a policy favorable to England at the national expense does not exist, nor has one ever existed. The Liberal Party, too, plays its part in opposition by paralyzing the Government, and in power by sacrificing, for the sake of peace, the interests of the more distant portions of the Empire, which it regards as an encumbrance rather than a glorious heritage. Whoever heard of a political party in any country but our own deliberately adopting a creed whose principles tend to sap the foundations of the national strength and the national fame?

Yes, says the Intelligent Foreigner, but these are signs of England's growing impotence, not of her magnanimity. As successive British Cabinets have done their best to create such an impression abroad, its vitality is no matter for wonder. To France, Germany, and Russia, which have an interest in believing it, the very hint is enough. But if they are wise they will not rely on it too implicitly. In a contest with Great Britain an enemy has to reckon not only with her visible power as shown in her Army and Navy, and her commercial and Colonial supremacy, but with those latent forces, which are hidden now by the noxious mists of luxury and wealth. And even so, admitting that the generosity of England has of late years been the re-

sult of weakness, how about the past? The memories of our captious critics may be trusted to go as far back as the Seven Years' War at least. During that time Frederick the Great received enormous subsidies from the elder Pitt to aid him in his single-handed contest with the allied forces of France and Austria: since when there is not a single Continental country, with the exception of France and Russia, which has not been liberally subsidized at one time or another by British gold. To this the National Debt bears witness. Yet even here, though Europe as a whole has benefited to an incalculable extent, our generosity is not admitted. If we were generous, it was because it suited our interest to be so. No doubt, and this was the view of English statesmen. Not every people, however, can make present sacrifices for the sake of a great idea, whose fruit can only be plucked in the distant future; nor is every people endowed with the political insight and staying power to persist until the end. And since magnanimity and hysterics, reform and wisdom learned at the ballot-box, have become the order of the day, Englishmen have become even as others, and no expedient is too cheap, no abandonment of principle too complete, to purchase the ease of the moment. "Take no thought for the morrow"—that has been long the governing rule of British policy.

Again, after the Battle of Waterloo, which crowned her long and heroic struggle with Napoleon, England, alone of the nations, gained, practically, no territory by the Treaty of Paris. She was in a position to get anything she chose to ask, and she asked nothing. Is there so splendid an instance of self-abnegation in the whole domain of history? France, all broken and helpless as she was, regained Guadeloupe, Martinique, Senegal, Bourbon, Isle de France, Guiana, Pondicherry, and the minor settlements on the coast of India, all captured by Great Britain during the war. With the exception of Madagascar and Tunis—added to the French dominions in defiance of the most sacred treaty obligations—these to-day form the most considerable part of Colonial France.

Yet the French, though they have profited thus by England's generosity, are ever the first to accuse her of selfishness and perfidy. Suppose the conditions reversed, would France have treated Great Britain in the same magnanimous spirit? Neither she nor any other of the Great Powers has ever had the opportunity; but, judging by the general character of their diplomacy, the occasion would, certainly, find them wanting. England, however, has done thus splendidly not once, nor twice, but many times.

Unfortunately, our foreign censors belong to the difficult class of persons who decline to be convinced by evidence. Hence, our restraint during the negotiations which preceded the Treaty of Paris is attributed, not to the genius of Wellington, but to the vanity of Lord Castlereagh. No doubt there is something to be said for the point of view; but it is so restricted as to include nothing but the Congress of Vienna. The attitude of the English people is conveniently forgotten. It was as well known to them as it was to the Allies that British interests had been sacrificed, but the knowledge called forth no bitterness of feeling, no burst of popular resentment. The United States would, promptly, repudiate such a bargain. In France it would provoke the most violent irritation, and be magnified into a wrong, which would be aired in the Press every time the national passions were excited. In Germany the effect would be the same, with something less of effervescence. In both countries the resolution to recover the ground that had been lost would be equally intense, and, until that was done, all the patience and diplomatic ability of their statesmen would be taxed to the utmost. In England a bad treaty only serves to bring into relief the greatness of the national character. It may rouse a momentary outburst of indignation, but it soon subsides, and is entirely forgotten by the average man. It never awakens rancor, nor does it form a part of the stock-in-trade of the Jingo journalist. Not one Englishman in a thousand is acquainted with the details of the Treaty of Paris, nor could he name a single one of the

Colonies which Lord Castlereagh ceded by it to the French. He can give a fair idea of the Anglo-German Agreement, and has even a vague remembrance of the Geneva Award; but, as he is their contemporary, the reason is patent. It is just this spirit which, carried to excess, accounts for the anomalies in our treatment of Imperial affairs.

A sneer at British diplomacy, too, is not in the best taste. On its weakness the French and German Colonial Empires have been raised, and the Colonial Possessions of Spain and Holland preserved to them. The civilized world must indeed have studied England to little purpose if it is still in ignorance of the true function of English diplomacy. That function is to act as a check on the triumphant progress of Anglo-Saxon dominion. It is a merciful dispensation of Providence for the benefit of other nations less liberally endowed with the forces that make for pre-eminence. By its means England has lost an empire—perhaps the strongest evidence which can be advanced to prove her power and might. This sounds a paradox, but it is a truth. To Assyria, Persia, Rome, Spain, Holland, loss of territory meant loss of prestige. It was the unmistakable sign of decay. To England, alone, of the great Empires of the world, it bears no such sinister meaning. The possessions she has lost were given away by treaty, not wrested from her by war and rebellion. America is an exception. But, though the secession of the Thirteen Colonies was a great blow to the Mother Country, it left her as strong as she was before. So vast are the extent and resources of her world-wide dominion that the fair provinces she has lost have never cost her a pang. Has there ever been, since Time began, another Empire, whose glory and might and riches were on so magnificent a scale, that it could afford to part with territories equal in area to the whole of Europe, and hardly know it, much less feel it? Even Rome in her palmiest days never rivalled such an imperial away. Yet this is the same England, which is accused of unparalleled perfidy, selfishness, and greed.

Not a single British Colony of any importance has ever fallen into the

hands of an enemy in time of war, and the Empire has never sustained a loss of territory except through Downing Street. These should be curious and instructive facts to those who maintain that our scattered provinces are incapable of defence. Again, for the past two hundred years England has ever emerged from war, if not with glory, at any rate with honor. But from the dire consequences of this almost unbroken good fortune she has been saved by a diplomacy, which, so far as the Colonies are concerned, displayed ability, decision, and tenacity of purpose for the last time in the Treaty of Ryswick. The Eastern Question, for which our possession of India is largely responsible, has called forth the best energies of such able and subtle statesmen as Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, Lord Beaconsfield, Sir Robert Morier, and Lord Salisbury. But during the latter half of the eighteenth century, and the early years of the nineteenth, diplomacy made a shuttlecock of the Colonies in the game it played with France and Spain. By the Treaty of Paris, negotiated with a greater regard for peace than for honor, it restored to those countries the conquests England had made in 1762. On the renewal of war, in 1778, the French Colonies were all retaken, and, with the exception of St. Vincent and St. Lucia, were ceded again when peace was declared; so that France was given in Martinique an excellent base for offensive operations against British commerce, of which she availed herself during the American Revolutionary War. The same may be said of the two Islands, St. Pierre and Miquelon, on the coast of Newfoundland, the only possession left to France in North America by the terms of the Treaty of Utrecht. By the Treaty of Paris (1783), England gave to the United States the northern half of the Valley of the Mississippi, absolutely without compensation, together with those rights in the Fisheries, which the Americans and French have been exercising ever since to the great injury of Canada and Newfoundland. Well has it been said of English diplomacy that it gives what English soldiers and sailors take! During the Napoleonic Wars Bourbon and Isle de

France (Mauritius) were converted into naval stations for the purpose of harassing British trade in the East, and, so daring were the privateers, who issued from the ports of St. Louis and St. Denis that, in one year, they captured over five hundred British vessels. Before their depredations were closed by the vigorous expeditions organized by Lord Minto, they had cost the English Merchant seven millions sterling. But English diplomacy, true to the object of its existence, disdained to profit by the reverses of an enemy; and the Islands were restored to France by the Peace of 1815. If any reliance can be placed on results, Paris must be regarded as the Capua of the British diplomatist. At least five Treaties, involving Imperial interests, have now been negotiated in that gay city, and all are magnanimous on the same magnificent scale. From 1762 to 1815 the idea underlying the terms of every Treaty takes the form of what is practically a reproof to English soldiers and sailors for robbing Spain, France, and Holland of their Colonies. Promptly returned on the declaration of peace, those Colonies were as promptly retaken in war-time. In this way Senegal was captured and ceded three times; Guiana once; Guadeloupe three times; Pondicherry and the Minor East Indian Settlements four times; Martinique three times; and St. Pierre and Miquelon three times. In the event of another war these latter will no doubt play, with the same signal success, the part they have already played in history, and no doubt, when their privateers have done English commerce the necessary amount of damage, they will be captured by an English naval and military force. Possibly, also, they will be returned to France for the fourth time, in accordance with time-honored principles. Since 1832 English statesmanship has gradually developed a similar spirit, but not by a dispensation of Providence.

This England, then, whose perfidy and selfishness are so shocking to the high moral sense of the Continental Powers, being in the proud position of mistress of the seas, and the triumphant conqueror of the greatest military genius of modern times, did of her

own free will give back for the last time to the foe, whose efforts to ruin her had been unceasing for over a century and a half, the Colonies she had taken during the struggle, as fifty years earlier she had given back to Spain—which had wantonly taken part in the war with the certainty that England's day was done—Cuba and the Philippines. To Holland she restored Java, Celebes, the Moluccas, and part of Sumatra. Besides these, she has, at one time or another, ceded Tangier, Minorca, Corsica, the Ionian Islands, and Curaçao. To remember that at least half the present area of the British Empire is the result of peaceful occupation since 1815, is to form a certain idea of her generosity. To America she gave up the territory between the Ohio and the Mississippi, Washington Territory, and part of Maine. Since '70 she has declined to annex Hawaii, Samoa, the New Hebrides, New Guinea, and tracts of country in Africa too numerous for mention. Among her strayed possessions are the Orange Free State, the Transvaal, Monte Video, and Buenos Ayres. Furthermore, she has made quite desperate efforts to restrain her adventurous sons from extending her boundaries. Can it be said of any other country in the world that it has suffered, or is suffering, in a similar way?

English Colonies are neither monuments of national vanity, nor vents for national enmity: they are as much a part of Great Britain as Scotland before the Union. The surplus population of these Islands must find an outlet somewhere, and it is to be found in those regions in the Temperate Zone, which the genius of Chatham and Cook, Wolfe and Livingstone, opened up to the enterprise of the race. The Empire is not an accident, but the inevitable result of forces generated by centuries of effort. Unlike the great Empires of the Old World, it is not aggressive, nor is its glory nourished by the degradation of toiling and suffering millions. It exercises the most beneficent influence on mankind ever exercised by a temporal power. England civilizes, not with hide-whips and gunboats, but by means of peaceful settlers and traders. Her treatment of

aboriginal populations may not be all that Christianity demands, but it rarely falls so far short as to fail in common-sense humanity. In the long roll of soldiers and administrators, who have done their part in building up the Empire, not one has been found guilty of cruelty or rapacity. Never has race worked out its own political and social salvation so completely as the Anglo-Saxon, and never has race used its opportunities for promoting peace and good-will among the nations to such noble purpose.

True as the term "inevitableness" is in describing the British Empire, it is meaningless in connection with the Colonial Empires of Germany and France. The hopeless incapacity of the former is written in Central Africa, and in the records of Leist, Wehlan, Peters, Schroeder, and others of the same class. Emigrants are as little attracted to her Colonies as Englishmen to Sierra Leone, and she has the mortification of knowing that not one of the thousands of sturdy sons and buxom daughters, who yearly leave her shores, will seek a home under the German flag. It is another of England's many sins that she makes the great divisions of her Empire as agreeable to settlers from foreign countries as to children of her own. It cannot be denied that the motives, which have driven the Fatherland into rivalry in the Colonial field, are natural, and that her efforts are worthy of better success. Unfortunately, however, a thriving Colony is not built up on good intentions, nor by the methods of the bureaucrat and the martinet. And so, unless there is a miraculous change in the Official-German character, Australia and the United States will continue to benefit indefinitely by the influx of Teutonic aliens.

The Colonial policy of France, on the contrary, is largely actuated by hostility toward England. This has been recognized in Australia for many years, and has done more to advance Federation than any other political factor. In the English sense of the word France has no Colonies. Nor has she need of any, one of her most pressing problems being a decreasing population. Her settlements are a

standing menace to us—are strategic points destined, in the event of war, to play a most important part in crippling British trade and harassing British Colonies. With admirable skill the French flag has been planted directly in the path of all our great trade routes, and the French imagination sees us swept from the Mediterranean by the cruisers of Tunis and Algeria; the Red Sea closed to our commerce by Obock; our China Trade paralyzed by the fleets of Tonquin and Siam; the Indian Ocean, as at the end of the last century, dominated by the privateers of Réunion and Madagascar; the Colonies of the Pacific menaced from Tahiti and New Caledonia, and our West Indian Colonies and the North Atlantic Coast by Martinique and Guadeloupe; the African trade destroyed by gunboats from Gaboon. This is a dream, of course: but the dreams of Dupleix and Montcalm were far wilder and more magnificent, and they came to pass. Only it is England, and not France, that is profiting by them! In the same way the schemes of Admiral Aube, M. Hanotaux, and scores of other patriotic Frenchmen will all come to naught: £150,000,000 of treasure will have been sunk in Algeria in vain; half a million of money will have been spent on Obock only to give us two ports at the entrance of the Red Sea; and Madagascar will have proved itself a grave to the French soldier, and a drain on the French exchequer, for nothing more solid than the indulgence of an hereditary enemy. But before history repeats itself in the capture of every French Colony by British squadrons, incalculable damage will have been done to our mercantile marine. And for this we shall have to thank our diplomatists, the Foreign Office and the Colonial Office, whose supineness and whose lack of foresight will have made it possible.

In her commercial relations with the world, too, England is liberal to foolishness. At home she has abandoned all trade restrictions, except those imposed on her own people: elsewhere in the Empire she permits foreigners, without distinction, to enjoy the same privileges as herself. Her reward is a bristling wall of tariffs wherever she

sets her face. The two countries which owe most to her—Belgium and America—are hampering the operations of her merchants and manufacturers by bounties and high import duties, and so driving her out of her own markets. France and Germany go further, and not only favor a Protectionist policy at home, but make a strict monopoly of the trade with their Colonies and Protectorates abroad.

It will thus be seen how enormous are the benefits which England has conferred on those very countries, which never lose an opportunity of doing her an unfriendly turn, or of insulting her through the Press. The truth is, envy has distorted their mental vision to such an extent that they cannot think clearly, and so they have come to the conclusion that, as greed and a total disregard of international honor have been the chief agents in raising the shaky fabric of Continental Colonial power, so they must have been the chief agents in raising the solid fabric of Anglo-Saxon dominion. The difference in effect is to be accounted for by the difference between English callousness and Continental sensibility. That the British Empire is founded on character and not on the genius of statesmen or the sagacity of diplomats, is impossible for the Average Foreigner to conceive. Therefore it is only too likely that he will go on misunderstanding our Imperial policy until the end of Time, the obsequiousness of the English statesman notwithstanding. His temperament is a bar to the

just comprehension of the principles on which Britain's supremacy rests, and his vanity chooses to assume that it is the crown of her selfishness, rather than the proof of her superiority. The thinking minority, not having the wide sympathies essential to a fruitful study of a great question in a foreign country, ascribes it to her good luck: which is not an unnatural deduction for men who have watched the wobbling of the Colonial Office since the rise of the Manchester School. When science gave us the boon of cheap and easy communication, we were confidently told that it would lead to the removal of the chief cause of friction among the nations—ignorance, to wit. It was a cheap way of putting an end to the horrors of war; but a cheap theory is as unsatisfactory as a cheap article, and the nations are as widely sundered in thought and feeling as they were a hundred years ago. At no period of her history has England been so vilified and misrepresented abroad as now, and never with less reason. But if the inventions of Stephenson and Watt have not modified the attitude of the world toward us, they have considerably modified our attitude toward the world. The most marked individuality in Europe is toning down to insipidity, and to a cosmopolitanism as unhealthy as it is childish. A thousand years of aristocratic government placed England in the van of the nations: fifty years of middle-class rule have left her naked to her enemies.—*New Review*.

THE QUEEN'S OWN GUIDES.

To the travelling tourist who journeys comfortably by the North-Western Railway of India, across the five rivers of the Punjab, who drives in a four-in-hand up the Khaibar Pass to Ali Masjid, or who pauses to inspect the great military camp of Rawal Pindi, with its elaborate line of fortifications, it must be hard to realize that but fifty years ago our armies had scarcely established themselves in the province, and that the Lawrence brothers were engaged at Ranjit Singh's capital in working out

the details of that administration which has since become the boast of English rule in India, and has helped to immortalize its founders.

The task of tranquillizing the newly acquired dependency was no light one. Scattered through all the villages from the Sutlej to the Indus were the remnants of the armies of the Khalsa, which had measured their strength with ours so valiantly at Ferozshah, Aliwal, and Sobraon. And, more difficult perhaps than even the Sikh

soldiery to deal with, were the tribes of the wild hill country north of the Indus, who acknowledged allegiance neither to the rulers of Kabul nor to those of Lahore, and whose only fixed purpose was to plunder and ravage the fertile country in their vicinity whenever opportunity offered. Beyond them again were the mountains of Afghanistan, whose ruler, the redoubtable Dost Muhammad, did not fail to remember the fateful struggle of but seven years before; and though that struggle had ended in his final establishment on the throne of Kabul, yet it was but human nature that he should look with a lenient eye on conduct which might give trouble and perplexity to his sometime aggressors. Thus it was that no mandate from Kabul could be looked for, even supposing it would have availed, to hinder the Pathans of the border from periodical depredations into the plains of the Punjab.

Henry Lawrence was the first to recognize the fact that the best method of checking these border raids would be with the aid of levies drawn from the clansmen themselves, and it was in accordance with this view that on the 14th December, 1846, an order of Government was issued authorizing the raising of a troop, or, to use the old Indian term, a *ressalah*, of cavalry, and two companies of infantry, the whole to be termed the "Corps of Guides."

To the command of this corps was posted Lieutenant H. B. Lumsden, and for a year and more he labored unassisted at the rough task of making trained and loyal soldiery out of the wild warriors of the Peshawar border. Even at this early stage of their history the Guides soon won a foremost place among the troops of the frontier, and more than once in the year 1847 were detachments of the corps actively employed in quelling disturbances or avenging outrages. Meantime, therefore, there was little leisure for attention to details of drill or equipment, and the men were still but rough-and-ready soldiers in these respects when, in the spring of 1848, Lieutenant Lumsden brought his new formed corps to the Punjab capital. Here the

Guides received an important addition in the person of Lieutenant W. S. R. Hodson, of the 1st Bengal Fusiliers, who was appointed to do duty as adjutant and second in command. Hodson, whose name afterward became a household word as that of one of the bravest of the many daring spirits who upheld the British power in India in 1857, was at this time a subaltern of but two years' service; but he had already learned experience of hard fighting in the Sikh battles, and his energy and dash had attracted the notice of so keen an observer of men as Henry Lawrence. "Young Hodson has been appointed to do duty with our Punjab Guide Corps," wrote Herbert Edwardes—"I think he will do it justice. He is one of the finest young fellows I know, and a thorough soldier at heart."

Some time was now spared, in the midst of more stirring duties, for completing the organization and outfit of the Guides, and the Rev. George Hodson, in his brother's Memoirs,* gives an amusing picture of the perplexity of the quiet English clergyman confronted with requests to select helmets, uniform, and carbines for the frontier soldiers of India. At any rate, the equipment of his choice was approved of, for in the following year Hodson wrote: "Sir Charles Napier says they are the only properly dressed light troops he has seen in India." The drab uniform thus selected has since become famous wherever Indian soldiers have borne arms, and is indissolubly connected with the many gallant deeds of the Corps of Guides.

But it was not long before sterner work claimed the energies of the Guides and their leaders. Within a few weeks of their arrival at Lahore came the news of the tragedy at Multan, where Vans Agnew and Anderson were sacrificed by the treachery of the Diwan Mulraj, and the first blow was struck in that final struggle between Sikhs and British, which ended in the annexation of the Punjab. The story of how Herbert Edwardes, at the head of a few raw levies, hastened to the assistance of the British officers at Multan,

* Hodson of Hodson's Horse; or, Twelve Years of a Soldier's Life in India.

is famous among the "golden deeds" of the British in India. He arrived only to hear of the massacre in the Idgah, and to find the whole army of Mulraj arrayed against him. Nevertheless he held his ground with his little force, and by his firmness and determination did much to check the effects of the rising. With him was a party of twenty-five of the Guides, and at the end of June he was joined by Lieutenant Lumsden with the whole of the cavalry of the corps. In the siege of Multan which followed, the Guides again and again distinguished themselves, either individually or as a corps; but one instance must suffice of the fearlessness and dash which thus early made them remarkable, and for which they have ever since been famous. One August day news was brought hurriedly to the British camp that a party of Mulraj's cavalry had driven off a herd of Government camels which were grazing in the open country some miles away. Lieutenant Lumsden was absent at the moment, but those of the Guides who were in camp, less than seventy horsemen in all, turned out under a gallant frontier chief, Fateh Khan by name, and, within a few minutes of the first alarm, they were racing across country in the direction taken by the marauders. A gallop of three miles brought the troop suddenly within sight of the enemy, when, instead of a small party, as they had expected, they found themselves confronted with the whole force of Mulraj's cavalry. The apparition of so superior a force might well have checked the ardor of the pursuers; but no odds were so great as to appal the Guides. Without check or hesitation the gallant little band charged straight at the opposing mass of horsemen, and before the latter had time to face them, they had cut their way right through their midst. Rapidly rallying and wheeling about, they charged back, as they had come, through the ranks of the confused and astonished enemy, dealing destruction as they passed. Stupefied by the impetuosity of the attack, the Sikhs still stood irresolute, when, before they could decide whether to retreat or retaliate, once again their dauntless foes bore down upon them.

This settled the issue of the combat; before the whirling line of Guides horsemen could close with them a third time the enemy broke and fled, closely pursued by Fateh Khan and his victorious band, nor did either side draw rein till the walls of Multan gave shelter to the vanquished and checked the career of the pursuers.

Meanwhile the news of the revolt of Mulraj had kindled the flames of discontent, which had been smouldering throughout the Punjab. In the dying struggle of the Sikhs, which thus began, the Guide Corps had not the good fortune to be present at the principal battles of the beginning of the campaign; but the infantry under Hodson nevertheless distinguished themselves in the harassing guerilla warfare of the Jullundur Doab, and there they were joined shortly before the end of the war by Lieutenant Lumsden with the cavalry, relieved from their arduous work at Multan by the fall of that city. In February, 1849, the whole corps joined Lord Gough's "army of the Punjab" just in time to be present at the final battle of Gujrat, and to accompany Sir Walter Gilbert in his pursuit of the beaten foe to the northern frontier of the Punjab.

The services of the corps had been so conspicuous during the war that its strength was immediately afterward increased to three troops of cavalry and six companies of infantry.

For the next eight years the Guides were almost incessantly engaged with the frontier tribes of the Peshawar district, and the despatches relating to the numerous expeditions and raids of this period never fail to refer to the exploits of the men and the gallantry and judgment of their leaders. When, in May, 1857, the news of the Bengal mutiny reached Peshawar, the command of the Guides was in new hands. Only two months before, Lieutenant Lumsden had started on a political mission to Kandahar, escorted by a party of his own men, nor did he return thence till the war of the Mutiny was over. But though he was thus deprived of the distinction of commanding his men at one of the most famous periods of their history, yet his services during the previous ten years had al-

ready earned for him no common reputation. "A braver or a better soldier," wrote Sir Charles Napier and Sir Colin Campbell of Lumsden in 1851, "never drew a sword;" and Lord Dalhousie, the greatest of India's Governors-General, cordially endorsed their praises. Lieutenant Lumsden's after-career amply proved how well merited was this opinion; for years his name was a household word on the Peshawar border, and his death in September of last year brought grief home to many a gallant old Pathan soldier, as well as to the brother officers who had served and fought under him.

Worthy successors to Lumsden and Hodson were found in Captain Henry Daly and Lieutenant Quentin Battye, the first of whom, like the founder of his old corps, survived till last year, and passed away, full of years and honor, leaving a name which will be remembered among the foremost of Indian soldiers. Under these two, and three other officers, 150 cavalry and 350 infantry of the Guide Corps made one of the most remarkable marches in history, from Peshawar to Delhi, in May, 1857. The infantry were mounted on camels to enable them to keep up with the cavalry, but even with this assistance the whole of the marching had to be done by night, as the heat of the summer sun was insupportable. Leaving Peshawar at 6 P.M. on Wednesday, the 13th May, and covering a distance of some thirty miles between each sunset and sunrise, the corps marched into the British camp on the ridge before Delhi on the morning of the 9th June, having halted four days on the road, and having covered nearly 600 miles in the remaining twenty-two days. Kaye has described the welcome they received from the assembled force, and in a very few hours they had fully proved how well they deserved it. "The Guides," wrote Sir H. Barnard, in the orders of that day, "notwithstanding their long and rapid march, are in perfect order and ready for immediate service, and the major-general recommends these brave and loyal soldiers to the favorable notice of their comrades of the various regiments in camp." Immediate, indeed, was the service for which the corps was to

prove its readiness—so much so, that the men had scarcely had time to pitch their camp when they were turned out to meet the first of the many efforts of the mutineers in Delhi to drive the British force from the siege. Cavalry and infantry alike distinguished themselves, and behaved, as Hodson (now on the headquarter staff) wrote, "with their usual pluck;" but the corps had to mourn one loss of no ordinary nature. "The heroic Battye fell mortally wounded while leading and cheering on his men." Foremost in the fighting, he was shot through the body while struggling at close quarters with one of the mutineers, and died twenty-four hours later—the first to fall of those gallant brothers whose lives were devoted to the service of their country, and whose deaths ennobled their own name and the annals of the corps to which they belonged.

"It was close up to the walls," writes Lord Roberts in his Memoirs, "that Quentin Battye, the dashing commander of the Guides cavalry, received his mortal wound. He was the brightest and cheeriest of companions, and although only a subaltern of eight years' service, he was a great loss. . . . Proud of his regiment and beloved by his men, who, grand fellows themselves, were captivated by his many soldierly qualities, he had every prospect before him of a splendid career, but he was destined to fall in his first fight. He was curiously fond of quotations, and the last words he uttered were, '*Dulce et decorum est pro patriâ mori.*'"

In this first fight outside Delhi a very gallant deed was performed by a native officer, who had already gained a decoration for bravery in a frontier expedition against the Adam Khel Afridis. This was the subadar or senior native officer of the Gurkha company, named Kaur Singh, a man remarkable even among Gurkhas for exceptional gallantry. On this occasion, as the Guides were driving the enemy toward the city through the enclosures of the Sabzi Mandi suburb, Kaur Singh saw three of the mutineers firing from the shelter of a house. Without hesitation he dashed into the building, his *kukri* or Gurkha knife in his hand, and alone engaged and despatched all three of his opponents. He himself escaped unhurt, but unfortunately he was mortally wounded a few days later. On the 3d July Hodson wrote in his diary:

"Kaur Singh, the little Gurkha subadar, who won the order of merit in that stiff affair at Boree in '53, is gone." So exceptional were the services of this native officer, that on his death a commission in the Guides was given to his son, Kharak Singh, then a boy of about twelve years old.

The reappearance of Hodson's name in connection with the Guide Corps should be explained. On the 19th June Captain Daly, the commandant, was severely wounded at the head of the Guides cavalry, when charging a vastly superior force of mutineers. The enemy had managed to turn the right flank of the British position, and were threatening the rear of the camp. No infantry could be spared to meet this attack, for every available man was in the fighting line against the mutineers' simultaneous onslaught on the main position. Such small force of artillery and cavalry as could be mustered had to bear the brunt of the attack on the rear. The enemy were sheltered by banks and walls, and any free movement of cavalry against them was impossible; but it quickly became evident that if something could not be done to stop their advance, there was danger of the guns being captured and the camp rushed. In this emergency Daly, with a very small body of the Guides, gallantly charged into the enclosed ground in front, and by his timely intervention saved the guns from capture. He was, as has been said, severely wounded, and the corps having now lost its two senior officers, Lieutenant Hodson was placed in temporary command, in addition to his other arduous duties as Intelligence officer with the force, and commandant of a newly raised regiment of horse.

Among many instances of individual gallantry on the part of the native ranks during the daily fighting outside Delhi, the following is noticeable as illustrating the extraordinarily dauntless spirit which animated the soldiers of the Guide Corps. On the 9th of July the rebel cavalry, aided by the treachery of a picket of the 9th Irregular Cavalry, a regiment which up to that time had been believed to be loyal, managed to surprise the rear of the British position and to charge the

camp. As the enemy bore down on the lines, where the cavalry were hastily mounting and the guns being brought into action, a *ressaldar* of the Guides, Muhammad Khan by name, whose horse happened to be standing ready for him to mount, leapt into the saddle, and without waiting for support galloped alone to meet the advancing rebels. Regardless of the odds against him, or of the almost certain death toward which he was hastening, his only thought was to meet the foe in deadly combat, and it was only with difficulty that he was prevented by Major Tombs of the Artillery from thus engaging the enemy single-handed. Ultimately the rebels were stopped by a few rounds of grape from the guns, and as they turned about and endeavored to make good their retreat, Muhammad Khan was foremost in pursuit, and cut down several of them before they could regain shelter.

The temptation is great to linger over deeds such as these, in which British officers, as well as all the native ranks of the Guides, vied with one another in establishing a record of gallantry unsurpassed by any corps even among the gallant regiments of the Delhi Field Force. Hodson's raid on Rohtak, the battle of Najafgarh, besides numberless skirmishes round the camp, and incessant picket and patrolling duties, all gave evidence of the value of these boldest of the frontier soldiery. But it is not possible here to give a detailed chronicle of the actions in which the Guides were engaged, and it must suffice to notice briefly the last scene of that memorable siege on the day when the assaulting columns under Nicholson, Jones and Campbell broke through the mutineers' defence and established themselves within the walls of Delhi. The Guides infantry was detailed on the day of the assault to join the 4th column, under Major Reid, of the Gurkhas. Their task was perhaps more trying than that of any other column, and the resistance encountered was most stubborn. Readers of Lord Roberts's lately published *Memoirs* will recall how the 4th column, deprived early in the day of its gallant leader, was called on to fight its way from the right of the British camp to

the Kabul gate, through the walled lanes between that gate and the Sabzi Mandi; and how, after most gallant efforts against very superior numbers, the column, sadly reduced in strength, was obliged to fall back. This retirement was covered by the cavalry brigade, including the Guides cavalry, whose steadiness in the most trying circumstances was a brilliant feature of this day of heroism.

"I have been in a good many fights now," wrote Lieutenant MacDowell, Hodson's second in command, "but always under such a heavy fire as this with my own regiment, and there is always excitement cheering on your men, who are replying to the enemy's fire; but here we were in front of a lot of gardens perfectly impracticable for cavalry, under a fire of musketry which I have seldom seen equalled, the enemy quite concealed. . . . Had we retired, they would at once have taken our guns. Had the guns retired with us, we should have lost the position."

It was during these trying two hours that a gallant attempt was made by a party of the Guides infantry to silence one of the enemy's batteries:

"A party consisting of eighty of the Guides infantry came down to our support, and, though so small a number, went gallantly into the gardens and took up a position in a house close to the battery. I regret, however, to say the officer in command, a most gallant young fellow, Lieutenant Bond, was wounded in the head, and had to be taken away; but the Guides held out most bravely till they got surrounded in the house and were in great danger."*

With this day's work ended the siege of Delhi, during the three months of which the Guide Corps had suffered to the extent of 303 killed and wounded out of a total strength of 650.

"Where all behaved nobly, it is difficult to particularize; but it will not, I hope, be considered invidious if I specially draw my readers' attention to the four corps most constantly engaged: the 60th Rifles, the Sirmur Battalion of Gurkhas, the Guides, and the 1st Punjab Infantry."†

The Guides remained for three months more at Delhi, but they did not accompany the columns which marched down country against the mutineers of Oudh. The fall of Delhi had saved the Punjab, and with this event the reason for their employment

at a distance from the legitimate field for their exploits, the North-West Frontier, disappeared. The corps commenced their return march on December 18, and reached Peshawar on the 2d February, 1858. There they were received by a general parade of the troops in garrison, a royal salute was fired in their honor, and they were greeted in eloquent words by Major-General Sidney Cotton, commanding the division. "We feel proud," he said, "of being reassociated with men whose deeds of daring have earned our noble profession never-dying fame." The Hon. the Court of Directors, in a letter to the Government of India, expressed their fullest concurrence in Major-General Cotton's sentiments, and placed on record their deep sense of the fidelity and heroic gallantry of the Guides under "their gallant commander, Major Daly."

During the campaign 4 British officers and 127 native officers and men either were killed or died; 8 British officers and 222 of the native ranks were wounded. 24 of the native ranks were decorated and 54 promoted for gallantry in the field.

The years which followed the great Mutiny were marked in India rather by drastic civil and military reforms than by stirring incident. In this period of inaction, however, the Guides had no share. On the frontier one little war followed another in rapid succession, and in all, or nearly all, the corps took a prominent part. The Black Mountain expedition of '58 was followed a few months later by that against the Waziris, when the Guides were once more led by their gallant founder, Major Lumaden. In the spring of 1860 came a considerable expedition against the Mahsud Waziris, and it was on this occasion that the warriors of that wild tribe first employed against our forces the stratagem which they repeated with only too much success in November, 1894. Part of the British force was encamped near the village of Patosin, when in the early dawn of the 23d April the camp was suddenly rushed by some 3000 Waziris. For a few minutes the confusion was great, but the steadiness of the Guides soon stemmed the fury

* Sir Hope Grant's despatch.

† Lord Roberts, *Forty-one Years in India*.

of the attack, and a bayonet charge of 200 men under Lieutenant Bond rapidly cleared the camp. The loss, however, in the pickets and among the camp-followers was serious, amounting to a native officer, 14 fighting men, and 18 followers killed, and 61 fighting men and 13 followers wounded.

We can but glance very briefly at the Ambela campaign, which, having been begun with insufficient strength, was protracted through two long months at the end of 1863. Few of our frontier wars have been more productive of brilliant deeds than this, and few such deeds surpass in daring and readiness the action of Dafadar Fakira of the Guides cavalry at the beginning of the campaign. This non-commissioned officer was on duty with three sowars as night patrol in the Guides camp on the 3d September, 1863. Patrolling in the neighborhood of the camp, the party of four came suddenly in the dark on a body of some 300 of the enemy advancing with the intention of effecting a surprise. Without a moment's hesitation the patrol charged the tribesmen with loud shouts, whereupon the latter, imagining that their plans had been betrayed and that they had fallen into an ambush, turned and fled without striking a blow.

The Ambela campaign terminated on the 21st December, and from this date began a period of unusual inactivity for the Corps of Guides, which, with the exception of some short intervals of active service, lasted for fourteen years.

But the reputation of the corps had been made already in the eventful years some of the incidents of which have been described in the foregoing pages, and throughout the Indian army it was felt that the honor had been well earned when, in commemoration of the visit of the Prince of Wales to India, his Royal Highness was appointed honorary colonel of the Guides, while at the same time her Majesty was "graciously pleased to confer on the corps the distinction of being styled 'Queen's Own,' and of wearing on their colors and appointments the royal cypher within the garter." This was the first occasion on which such complimentary titles had been conferred on any regiments

of the Indian army, and the Guides shared the honor of being called the "Queen's Own" with the 2d Bengal Light Infantry, a regiment distinguished by having the longest list of victories on their colors of any corps in India, as well as by having maintained an unsullied reputation for fidelity throughout the trying months of 1857. The only other Indian corps which was similarly honored was that of the Madras Sappers and Miners, whose reputation then, as now, extended wherever the army of India has borne arms.

Passing over the Jowaki expedition of 1877, the campaigns in Afghanistan in 1878-80 demand notice. Here, as might be expected, the Corps of Guides had a prominent part to play, being engaged in Sir Sam Browne's attack on Ali Masjid, and in all the principal operations of the first campaign in the country round the Khaibar Pass. Of these, the last was the expedition against the Khugiani tribe in the neighborhood of the town of Fatehabad. The column, which was about 1200 strong, included the cavalry of the Guides under Major Wigram Battye, and was commanded by Brigadier-General C. S. Gough, who, as a subaltern, had been attached to the Guide Corps during the siege of Delhi. The hostile tribesmen were encountered in great force near Fatehabad on the 2d April, 1879. Having been lured from their position by a feigned retirement, the enemy were first shaken by infantry fire, and then charged in the most dashing manner by the small cavalry force composed of detachments of the 10th Hussars and of the Guides. The latter behaved with all their old gallantry, completely breaking down the enemy's resistance, and inflicting on them severe loss. Lieutenant W. R. P. Hamilton was conspicuous in the fight, and earned the Victoria Cross by his conduct, while six of the native ranks were decorated for gallantry. But the satisfaction at the success of the action was sadly marred by the losses sustained by the corps. Not only were three of the men killed and thirty wounded, three of them mortally, but in addition the Guides had to mourn the death of the gallant Major Battye, who was shot down at the head of his

men. Like his brother Quentin, who fell in his first fight outside the walls of Delhi, Wigram Battye was beloved by all who knew him, as much as admired for his soldierly qualities. Few men are mourned as he was, yet one cannot but feel how just were the words of his general, Sir Sam Browne :

"It is some consolation to me, in mourning over his loss, to feel that he died, as he would have wished, at the head of his gallant Guides. . . . Throughout his brief yet distinguished career, he conducted himself in his private capacity as a high-minded English gentleman, in his public life as an able, chivalrous soldier ; and it seems fitting that to such a life the death of a hero should have been accorded." *

So ended the first campaign of the second Afghan war, during the whole of which (to quote again from the despatches) the infantry of the Guides had "more than acted up to their old reputation," while the cavalry had, as ever, shown themselves to be "a model of what light horsemen should be."

The tranquillity which followed the peace of Gandamak was of short duration. On the 26th June, 1879, the newly appointed Resident at Kabul, Major Sir Pierre Louis Cavagnari, left Kohat with his escort ; on the 4th September India was horrified by the news of the massacre of the whole party. The escort was composed of twenty-five cavalry and fifty-two infantry of the Guides, the whole under the command of Lieutenant Hamilton, who had earned the V.C. for his gallantry at Fatehabad. From the date of their arrival at Kabul signs and rumors were not wanting of the ill favor with which they were regarded by both populace and soldiery, and in the early morning of the 3d September the smouldering fire burst forth. The exact details of that day will never be accurately known, for no credible eyewitness of what happened survived to tell the tale. But the main facts are a sufficient record of heroic and determined courage fighting to the death against fearful odds. The Residency, where the British were attacked, was commanded on all sides, nor could it be termed in any way defensible. Nevertheless the little band of eighty

men held the armed populace of a great city at bay there from seven in the morning till eight at night, and the struggle only ceased when the doors of their frail fortress were battered in and the few who remained alive were shot down by the mob. Four times did the defenders sally out and charge their opponents, and before them the Afghans fled "like sheep before a wolf ;" but each time the leaders and men from the Residency were fewer in number, and at length the band which remained were driven to defend themselves in the upper story, till the approaches to that too were forced. Seldom has dastardly treachery been faced so boldly, nor can history show a finer example of unflinching and desperate courage. Lieutenant Hamilton and his men were worthy of their famous regiment. On the capture of Kabul two months later by Sir Frederick Roberts a commission was appointed, under the presidency of Colonel (afterward Sir Charles) MacGregor, to report on the circumstances of the massacre, and by this commission the following testimony to the conduct of the Guides was recorded :

"The conduct of the Queen's Own Guides does not form part of the inquiry intrusted to the commission. But they have, in the course of these inquiries, had the extreme gallantry of the bearing of these men so forcibly brought to their notice that they cannot refrain from placing on record their humble tribute of admiration. They do not give their opinion hastily, but they believe that the annals of no army and no regiment can show a brighter record of devoted bravery than has been achieved by this small band of Guides. By their deeds they have conferred undying honor, not only on the regiment to which they belong, but on the whole British army."

In the second campaign in Afghanistan, which followed the Kabul massacre, the Corps of Guides was even more distinguished for its conduct than in the previous year. Arriving at Kabul just in time to take part in the severe fighting of December, 1879, the corps was an invaluable addition to Sir Frederick Roberts's force, and both cavalry and infantry behaved with the greatest gallantry in those as well as in subsequent fights. Having been on service almost continuously for nearly two years, during which time they had suf-

* Sir Sam Browne's despatch.

ferred severe losses, the Guides were not included in the force which marched with Sir Frederick Roberts to relieve Kandahar, and they returned to their headquarters at Hoti Mardan in September, 1880. During the two campaigns the corps had lost 2 British and 6 native officers and 96 non-commissioned officers and men killed, 57 died of disease, and 85 of all ranks wounded.

In 1886 and 1891 parts of the Guide Corps were again employed in frontier expeditions; but passing over these, the long record of brilliant services terminates in the campaign of 1895, which, as will be fresh in the reader's recollection, was undertaken for the relief of Chitral.

The little station of Hoti Mardan, where the Guides are located, stands about sixteen miles from the line of rail, and on the direct road from the nearest railway station to the foot of the Malakand Pass, over which the relieving column was to advance. The corps was therefore on the spot when the concentration took place, and it crossed the frontier with the rest of the troops on the morning of the 3d April. The infantry formed part of the 2d Brigade, and the cavalry were included in the divisional troops. The former were conspicuous in the assault on the precipitous slopes of the Malakand, while the cavalry, under Captain Adams, equally distinguished themselves on the following day against the hostile tribesmen in the Swat valley. But it was in the action on the 13th April on the banks of the Panjkora river that the conduct of the Guides was most noticeable, reminding those who witnessed it that this was the very same corps which had confronted the overwhelming number of mutineers at Delhi, which had stormed the heights round Kabul, and of which the name was foremost in the history of a hundred fights on the frontier.

The advance troops of the Chitral Relief Force reached the bank of the Panjkora on the 10th April, and on the arrival soon afterward of Sir Robert Low, commanding the force, orders were at once given for the construction of a bridge, without which it was found impossible to cross the stream. On the evening of the 12th April the

bridge was sufficiently completed to allow of the Guides infantry passing over to cover the work. The next morning the corps, under Colonel F. D. Battye (the third brother of this distinguished family who served in the Guides), made a reconnaissance into Bajaur territory; but, by a combination of misfortunes, not only did Colonel Battye advance farther than had been intended from the river, but in addition to this the stream suddenly rose, and in the early morning of the 13th the frail bridge was swept away, thus cutting off all possibility of reinforcing the Guides. Meanwhile, at noon, Colonel Battye found himself confronted by two large bodies of the enemy, who advanced rapidly against him down the sides of the surrounding hills. He was immediately ordered by heliogram to fall back on the bridgehead, where he would be covered by the fire of the guns on the opposite bank; and it was in this retirement that the steadiness and discipline of the Guides were so brilliantly displayed. The battalion retired in perfect order, inflicting a loss of some 500 on the enemy, "probably one for every sepoy of the Guides engaged."

"His Excellency," wrote the adjutant-general in a despatch to Government, "considers this a very remarkable instance of the results that may be obtained under very trying circumstances by absolute steadiness, combined with high training and perfect fire control, and believes that the Guides must have felt themselves conquerors though retiring before eight times their number of brave but undisciplined tribesmen."

To all who know how bold are Afghan tribesmen in pursuit, and how trying is a retirement to all Asiatic soldiery, the brilliancy of this action will be specially apparent. The losses of the Guides were small numerically, amounting to but three killed and nine wounded; but they were rendered more deplorable by the fall of the gallant Colonel Battye, who was shot just at the close of the action. "By his death, at the moment when he had with great gallantry and skill brought the battalion under his command out of a position of peculiar difficulty, the Indian service has lost one of its most admirable officers."*

* General Order of the Viceroy in Council.

This was the last occasion on which the Guides were seriously engaged, and here this brief sketch of their services during the last half-century may be fittingly closed. As lately as last year individual officers of the corps have been selected for important service with the contingent sent from India to Suakin, but the last service of the Guides as a whole was in the Chitral expedition. As has been shown, the

courage and discipline of both officers and men have not deteriorated since the days when they were led by Lumaden, Hodson, and Daly; and whenever or wherever in the future they may be called on to defend the interests of the empire, the Queen's Own Guides may be trusted to show themselves second to no regiment or corps in the British army.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

A SONG IN WINTER.

BY A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.

A ROBIN sings on the leafless spray,
Hey ho, winter will go!
 Sunlight shines on the desolate way,
 And under my feet
 I feel the beat
 Of the world's heart that never is still,
 Never is still
 Whatever may stay.

Life out of death, as day out of night,
Hey ho, winter will go!
 In the dark hedge shall glimmer a light,
 A delicate sheen
 Of budding green,
 Then, silent, the dawn of summer breaks,
 As morning breaks,
 O'er valley and height.

The tide ebbs out, and the tide flows back;
Hey ho, winter will go!
 Though heaven be screen'd by a stormy rack,
 It rains, and the blue
 Comes laughing through;
 And, cloud-like, winter goes from the earth,
 Goes from the earth
 That flowers in his track.

Sing, robin, sing on your leafless spray,
Hey ho, winter will go!
 Sunlight and song shall shorten the way,
 And under my feet
 I feel the beat
 Of the world's heart that never is still,
 Never is still
 Whatever may stay.

—*Chambers's Journal*.

THE FRANGIPANI RING.

A GOLD ring lost about three hundred and ninety years ago, and recently unburied in a Friulian field, has proved the key, in Professor Thode's hands, to a sixteenth century love-story backed on all main points by documentary evidence, and no less fascinating than true. Accordingly, we attempt no critical review of the volume before us,* no analysis of its literary merits. We merely record the tale of a strange experience, in which, as it seems to us, the discoverer plays a scarcely less interesting part than the hero and heroine of the drama he has unveiled.

The learned Professor, whose great book on St. Francis of Assisi is well known to the reading world, has long been engaged on a still vaster work on Venetian history and art. While reading one day in the Marcian Library, a curious old ring was brought to him for inspection. It was a thick gold circlet, engraved with a double scroll of wavy lines, leaves, and minute Gothic letters, in the late Gothic-German style, and apparently of sixteenth century Augsburg make. It had been dug from the soil of an old earthwork at Castell di Prata, near Pordenone, and was offered for sale by the peasant who had found it. Professor Thode slipped it on his finger and set to work to decipher the inscription. On reading, or, as he puts it, hearing the words: "Myt wyllen dyn eygen," *i.e.*, Mit Willen dein eigen (Willingly thine), he was seized with enthusiasm for this old love token and yearned to unravel its history. Surely something stranger than chance had brought this German ring to a German's hand! A word with the finder, a rapid bargain, and the treasure was won. But his imagination was in a whirl, and hours passed before he could settle down to his work and resume his investigation of the perils of the Republic in 1513, as set forth in the fifth chapter of Romanin's History, vol. v.

We all know how the destruction of

Venice was planned at Cambrai, in 1508; how the Powers of Europe were arrayed against her, and how every member of the League was bidden to conquer the share of Venetian lands assigned him by the treaty. For five years Venice had stood at bay, now striving to retrieve by diplomacy all she had lost in the field; now to soften the wrath of the Pope, the Emperor and Spain; manœuvring to turn the arms of England against France, and even imploring aid from her worst foe, the Turk. Although the Pontiff's secession from the League in 1510 raised the hopes of the Republic for a while, it only heightened the rage of Germany, France, and the other confederates. Early in 1513, Cordova's Spaniards were threatening the Lagoons, and Maximilian's troops ravaging Friuli. The invading force, led by that dreaded Croatian chief, Count Christopher Frangipani, easily captured Udine, occupied Marano, laid siege to Osopo, and pushed on still farther.

Professor Thode ceased reading. Germans in Friuli in 1513? It was a flash of light. The ring on his finger might have belonged to some officer of the expedition, for no common person could have owned so dainty a thing. But had the invaders reached Pordenone? Failing to learn this from Romanin, he turned to other sources, and, with the true instinct of historic research, soon hit upon a "Diario di Pordenone" describing the capture of that town by the Germans, and their expulsion by the Venetians in March, 1514. So the Germans not only held Pordenone, but the neighboring Castell Prata as well. Some account of their doings there was added, but without the details of which our Professor stood in need. That king of chroniclers, Marin Sanuto, was next consulted, and now the scent grew warm. Sanuto not only supplied a narrative of the campaign, but included the letter of an imperial officer named Rizzan, written after his capture by the Venetians, minutely recounting all that took place at Pordenone.

* "Der Ring des Frangipani Ein Erlebnis." Von Henry Thode. Heinrich Keller, Frankfurt am Main.

Rizzan also relates how his chief, Count Frangipani, had his horse killed under him in a skirmish before Osopo, and how, in falling heavily to the ground, he lost a precious relic that he had cherished as a charm. The Count, he adds, was much depressed by this loss, and declared it an evil omen. From that moment, in fact, everything went ill with him.

The castle of Osopo was too important a position to be turned or left unheeded in the enemy's hands, since it commanded the Carinthian Pass, that formed the easiest link between Italy and Germany. So, despatching Rizzan's advanced guard to occupy Pordenone, the General sat down before the impregnable stronghold, hoping to lure its defender, Savorgnan, to open battle in the valley beneath. Pending operations he spent some days in Pordenone and strengthened the garrison there. But Venice was on the alert, her main army on the move, and suddenly Bartolommeo d'Alviano appeared at the gates, recaptured the town after a fierce struggle, and seizing Rizzan and most of his men, sent them off prisoners to Venice. At the same time (beginning April, 1514) intelligence came from Savorgnan that the siege of Osopo had been raised and Frangipani mortally wounded in a desperate attempt to storm the walls.

So there was great rejoicing at St. Mark's, and the general gladness farther increased by a report that the formidable Frangipani had ceased to breathe.

His name was a terror to the Republic, for not only had this very Count Christopher and his father Bernhadin led various attacks against the Venetian power in Istria and Friuli, and treated the population with incredible cruelty, but throughout many generations their turbulent stock had shown persistent hostility to the State. According to some authorities, these Croatian magnates were an offshoot of the Roman Frangipani, whose honor was tarnished by the treacherous betrayal of the fugitive King Conradin and the murder of Duke Frederic. Others consider them a branch of the Ravenna Frangipani, who were among the earlier settlers in Venice, while several

writers assert them to be of purely Croatian descent, and their name derived from the ancient term "Frankopan," signifying "Franz the Lord." Whatever their origin, Venice had reason to hate them. It is true that one or two of the line had been received by the Doges as honored guests; but, besides other bones of contention, the Frangipani's usurpation of the island of Veglia near Fiume had frequently caused hard blows as well as bad blood.

The news of Count Christopher's death proved unfounded, but he was lying at Gradisca in a critical state, while Alviano's brave force was repulsing the invaders at all points.

To return to the ring. During the first stage of the inquiry, Professor Thode supposed it to have belonged to one of the German officers taken at Pordenone, but in seeking for evidence to that effect, Rizzan's account of Frangipani's loss of a "cherished relic" served to put him on another track; and the scent grew keener when he presently ascertained that the Count's newly married wife had flown to Gradisca to tend her wounded lord. Hence more ransacking of archives in quest of fresh particulars concerning the Croatian chief.

While still prostrate in the German camp at Cormons, Count Christopher sent an energetic despatch to the authorities at Udine, reminding them of their oath of allegiance to the Empire, and bidding them beware of his vengeance, should they dare to evade it. By the end of April he was again in the field, but defeat dogged his steps. After repeated efforts to break through the circle of steel pressing Gradisca on all sides, Frangipani was wounded and taken prisoner while heading a sortie. But he fell into good hands, for his captor, Juan Vituri, treated him with so much kindness and consideration as to excite the wrath of his fellow-commander, Savorgnan, who made bitter complaint to the Doge that a foe so notorious for cruelty and contempt of all rules of war should be handled "like a son rather than a criminal." Nevertheless, the foe was caged, and on June 9, 1514, safely shut in the Torresella of the Ducal Palace.

Now might Venice truly rejoice, for

this important capture was not only a trump card in the game of negotiation about to be played, but the best satisfaction of her old animosity. It was no small gain to hold a Frangipani in her lion's claws! Besides giving full details of this event, the State papers corroborate the romance Thode's intuition had divined. For they comprise Frangipani's correspondence with the young wife left to mourn his fate at Gradisca. This lady was the beautiful Apollonia Lang, sister to the famous Cardinal Mathias Lang, Bishop of Gurk, and Maximilian's trusted adviser, whose rapid rise to the highest dignities of the Church was indeed said to be due more to his sister's charms than even to his own achievements in diplomacy and politics. In the year 1500 Kaiser Maximilian had seen the fair Apollonia at Augsburg, and appointed her maid-in-waiting to his consort. The position seems somewhat equivocal, but is not unexampled, even in later times. At any rate, it was sanctioned by the code of sixteenth century manners, and Apollonia became a power at the imperial Court. According to the records of the Lang family, the lady "showed such notable virtue and discretion as to bring counts and lords to her feet." Another chronicle adds that Duke George of Bavaria was among the more ardent of her adorers. Not the favored suitor, however, for in 1503 she bestowed her hand on Count Julian von Lodron, son of Count Parisoto von Lodron, probably of the same stock as the Count Paris-Lodron, who had a part in the Veronese love tragedy recorded by Luigi da Porto, and afterward immortalized by Shakespeare's pen.

In 1510 the Countess Apollonia was a widow, and after an interval of three years became the wife of Christopher Frangipani. Her new spouse had barely time to snatch a brief honeymoon and inspect the wide Carinthian lands brought him in dower, before he was ordered off to command the expedition destined to so disastrous an ending. Therefore, even this grim fighting man may well have treasured a gift from his bride.

No wonder that all Venice flocked to the Piazza that June day of 1514 to

gaze on the Croatian ogre, of whose cruelty in war such terrible proofs had been seen. We are told that general surprise was felt when the monster proved to be a tall, dignified, still youthful man, of very comely appearance in spite of his scars. It was also murmured that the Torresella (now destroyed) was far too good and cheerful a lodging for this bloodthirsty foe, and that he should have been consigned to the Pozzi instead. But it was some comfort to know that the Palace guards were doubled and many special precautions employed. It is certain that Frangipani was treated with unusual gentleness and courtesy, rather indeed as a hostage than as an adversary taken sword in hand. After the first few weeks, he was permitted to exchange letters with his family and friends, although, naturally enough, the correspondence was subject to inspection. Apollonia's letters are full of pathos and charm, for even the high-sounding epistolary style of the day fails to stifle the expression of her anxious love; and she often drops into simple domestic details. She is much concerned about the best means of forwarding supplies, vows steadfast fidelity to her "high, mighty, well-born, and most beloved lord," and promises obedience to all instructions received from him. His communications are equally affectionate, if less eloquent, and his tender words are queerly mingled with extremely precise directions as to warm hose, fine linen, and other articles required for his use. His darling wife is to feel assured of his unchanging faith and devotion, and always remember to keep him in funds, inasmuch as his expenses are never less than forty florins the month.

Had nothing else been discovered, much gratitude would be due to Professor Thode for bringing to light this quaintly interesting correspondence. But more was to come, and we may imagine the historian's exultation on finding the following paragraph in a letter from the Countess, dated March 21, 1515:

"As to the ring, gracious and dearest husband, I should say that the ring entrusted to Messer Zuan Stefano Maga ought to have been made somewhat smaller than your old ring,

and graven with the same letters which were on the outer and inner side of that one, since those words are a reply to the words on the other ring sent to me by your Lordship, the which I ever keep with me, and would have fain sent to your Lordship, so that you might deign to wear it for my sake and remembrance. But, since there is no good goldsmith in this place, I pray you, an it please you, to have the ring made there (in Venice)."

Here then is proof in black and white that a ring given by Apollonia to her husband had been lost, and that its device gave answer to some question engraved on that she had received in exchange. So it is easy to conceive that the Count's posy may have been "Art willingly mine," or words to that effect, and his wife's response: "Mit willen dein eigen."

Thus the strangest chance had not only drawn the long-lost treasure from the depths of the earth to the very building in which its owner lived captive for years, but had given it to a German, who within a week had succeeded in tracing its history. No wonder that he burned with enthusiasm for the gracious lady Apollonia, and, thrilled by the magnetism of her love-gage, followed with almost mystic ardor the vicissitudes of her life. By another coincidence, Frangipani's prison house, the Torresella, was a small tower on the Palace roof situated exactly above the Marcian Library.

At the date of the letter concerning the ring, strenuous efforts had already been made to procure the prisoner's release. His family, Cardinal Lang included, had all done their best; the King of Hungary had addressed the Republic in his behalf, and special appeal had been made to Maximilian's help. But always with a negative result. Until peace was concluded, there could be no hope. In fact, the Venetians were too keenly aware of their captive's importance to dream of letting him go until circumstances should deprive him of power to offend. But they treated him most gently. The Superintendent of the prisons, Messer Zuan Antonio Dandolo, constantly visited him and saw to his bodily comfort. He was cheered by the companionship of some of his officers, and on great festivals was allowed to leave his cell and enjoy a sight of the gay doings in

the Piazza from the windows or terrace of the Ducal Palace.

Meanwhile his beloved Apollonia had sent a pathetic appeal to Dandolo, imploring him to persuade the Government to let her come to Venice and share her husband's imprisonment. The kind Proveditore warmly pleaded her cause, but to no effect.

With infinite politeness and circumlocution the Signory replied to the Countess, regretting that they were unavoidably prevented from granting her a safe conduct, and gently remarking that it were far wiser she should stay where she was.

This refusal seems to have urged Frangipani to a desperate resolve; for shortly afterward one of the Torresella guards was accused of having secretly furnished him with means of escape. Some of the bars were already sawn through when the plot was betrayed, and poor Frangipani was more strictly watched than before. His former opponent, Bartolommeo d'Alviano next endeavored to obtain his release, but the Signory turned a deaf ear, even to this powerful voice. Thereupon the General stamped with rage, and swore he would leave the Venetian service at the close of the campaign for which he was bound. At all events, his friendly championship had cheered the prisoner's soul. Frangipani was well informed of all that went on in the world, and perfectly realized that he might not hope to be set free until Venice came to terms with Kaiser and Pope. Indeed, he plainly hinted this in a pretended dream related by him to Dandolo.

Besides, there were wheels within wheels. If Mathias Lang's influence had failed to stir the Emperor to make an express stipulation in favor of the Count, it was only because Maximilian had reason to distrust the fidelity of the Frangipani clan, and knew they were already inclining to the Venetian side. For at this moment the energy of the Republic's ally, King Francis, had turned the tide of war, the French monarch being already in Milan, and the Venetian force on the march to Brescia.

Time passed, but even when a truce was concluded between Emperor and

King, in August, 1516, no steps were taken to rescue the Count. He seemed forgotten by all save his bride. For suddenly, in January, 1517, Apollonia appeared in Venice. She came without any safe conduct, solely trusting in God and the force of wifely love. Doge, Senate, Council, all the authorities were greatly disturbed by her arrival. But, their annoyance notwithstanding, she was politely received, lodged in Dandolo's palace, and allowed to see her husband at once. A few days afterward, Doge Loredan granted her a State audience in the Senate. She entered his presence with a train of three maidens, costumed *à la tedesca*, in coifs and robes of black cloth; an elderly dame, a physician, a major-domo, all walking in procession. The Countess wore "a new silk gown, an outer robe of black satin lined with sable fur, a thick gold chain round her neck, and a gold embroidered head-dress in the German style." "She is a worthy and honor-inspiring lady, very beautiful, small and slender."

Apollonia earnestly implored the Doge for permission to visit her husband twice a week, and explained that, being compelled to consult physicians with regard to her health, she craved leave to see them in the Count's presence. Also, that she was collecting funds for her husband's ransom, and expecting a sum of 50,000 ducats from Laibach. The Doge gave a vaguely reassuring reply, saying he hoped that the re-establishment of peace would speedily bring about the fulfilment of her desires.

The next day Dandolo came to the Council Chamber in great haste and excitement. In defiance of all rules, entreaties, and commands, the Countess had positively refused to quit the Torresella, insisted on spending the night with her husband, and, moreover, was still there, prostrated by a relapse of her old malady. So now the Count prayed the Signory to let him keep his wife and to provide her with the requisite medical aid. This incident caused much commotion in the Senate; there was a hot debate, and the majority voted against the petition. Nevertheless, Frangipani firmly insisted in retaining his wife, vowing that he would

only be parted from her by force. Now, though extremely vexed by this feminine complication, the Senate shrank from violence, and after loud verbal protest yielded the point. So the devoted couple were left in peace. Meanwhile, more vigorous negotiations were opened for Frangipani's release. Even the Spanish King joined with Francis I. in sending urgent appeals in his favor, and weighty securities were proffered by his father, Bernhadin. But powerful voices protested against the danger of loosing the bonds of so dreaded a foe. The Marquis of Mantua opined that nothing less than the total destruction of the Republic would be the result. Next came a question of exchanging the Count for Giulio Manfron, who had been taken captive by the Duke of Urbino.

All these points, however, took long to debate, and two gracious epistles from Maximilian expressing his Majesty's hope of the speedy restoration to freedom of his "beloved and faithful subject," merely served to lighten the prisoner's weary suspense. Countess Apollonia had been compelled by illness to leave him for a time and go to the baths of Abano, but in July, 1518, she returned in better health to his side. Frangipani's patience, however, was now worn out. He fell ill, and presently, in October, was detected in another desperate attempt to escape. Hence increased severity was employed, and Countess Apollonia promptly removed from the prison to Dandolo's care. A month or two more, and at last the Count's fate was decided. On January 6, 1519, after 1813 days of durance, he was, not set free, but handed over to the French in exchange for the Marshal of Navarre, who had been taken by Spain. So, under honorable escort, Frangipani was conducted to Crema, consigned to Lautrec's commissioners, and borne away to the Castle of Milan. His loving wife was only allowed to accompany him on the first stage of his journey across the lagoon, and parted from him at Lizzafusina. But she certainly went to Milan, and probably shared his imprisonment there. Her sad story was nearly ended, and is briefly summed up in the following passage of Marin Sanuto's chronicle:

"On the 4th September (1519), died in Milan the Lady Apollonia, sister to his Eminence the Cardinal of Gurk, and wife of Count Christopher Frangipani, detained as prisoner in the Castle of Milan, whither his lady had followed him. And the said lady's corpse was placed on a bier and sent hither to Venice, and thence by land to Friuli, for interment in a castle of the Count's (at Modrusa) near Capod'Istria."

The suffering woman had fulfilled her promise of daring the worst for her husband. "Wholly his," as ran the device on the ring, unto death she had clung to him. It seems worth noting that Professor Thode's investigation of the family history unearthed

the fact that one of Apollonia's brothers, Johann Lang of Augsburg, was a goldsmith by trade, and therefore possibly the maker of the love token owned by the Count. One point alone remains unsolved. In the letter concerning the ring, Apollonia mentions a second inscription on the inner side in addition to the outer device, *Mit wyllen dyn eygen*. Now the ring found at Prata has a blank inner surface. Of course the second posy may be engraved on the back of the lining, but Thode shrinks from deciding the question by tearing his treasure apart.—*Contemporary Review*.

PSYCHICAL RESEARCH AND AN ALLEGED "HAUNTED" HOUSE.

BY A. GOODRICH-FREER. ("MISS X.")

I.

ONE of the obvious snares into which we all fall when we talk of what we don't understand is that of misusing the nomenclature of the subject, an error which we may generally avoid by refraining from talk until we are better informed. When, however, we are discussing what nobody understands we have the further difficulty that the nomenclature itself is provisional, probably inadequate, and not improbably confused. Thus, when we say that the subject of this paper is Psychical Research in general and its application to haunted houses in particular, we beg the question twice over at starting. The very term "Psychical Research" is misleading, as involving the *a priori* assumption that the special phenomena under observation are necessarily psychical, and not, as is the case in the majority of instances, psychological or even physiological; that is to say, phenomena of brain or body, and not of that undefined and mysterious residuum of the individual which we vaguely designate as Soul. It would be more satisfactory could we substitute some phrase which should rather connote the inquiry into certain special phenomena with the view of ascertaining what claim they have to the qualification "psychic."

To talk about "Haunted Houses" involves us in an assumption even more difficult to maintain than the other. We agree, most of us, to accept the classification "psychic" as implying, at least, a tenable hypothesis. The classification "haunted" commits us to very much more. It demands, at the outset, the acceptance of certain views as to life and death, time and eternity, the persistence of the individual and (to make use of phrases which are part of the slang of the subject) "spirit identity" and "spirit return." Such a term used generically can only be applied by reasonable persons to a house in which there occur certain phenomena of sight or sound which cannot be traced to normal physical causes, and which, in the absence of any other explanation, are assumed to be of super-normal origin. As our unit of thought, for the moment, is the reasonable person, we will take it for granted that he will not complicate the problem by begging the question still further, and talking about the "supernatural."

It would be in vain to deny that a great many reasonable persons don't want to talk about the subject at all, and no other reasonable person is anxious to force it upon them. They dismiss the problem as non-existent, the evidence as superstition, the inquiry as

futile. The reasonable person, perhaps, reflects that these things might seem to them less infinitely little if they knew less infinitely little about them; but being at the present stage of things not in a position to tell them much more, he accepts the great lesson of Nature and of Time, and—waits.

That observant rascal Sludge puts into a nutshell the position I seek to maintain for the moment.

Which of those who say they disbelieve,
Your clever people, but has dreamed his
dream,
Caught his coincidence, stumbled on his fact
He can't explain?

One looks at the roll of the Society for Psychical Research, and undoubtedly one finds the names of a great many of "your clever people;" men, one may assume, who have stumbled on the fact they can't explain and who are looking to the Society for the collection and collation of the *evidence* which in the present rudimentary state of knowledge on the subject is of far more consequence than theory.

The Society has had as Presidents five men of conspicuous position: Professor Sidgwick, Professor Balfour Stewart, F.R.S., Professor William James of Harvard, Sir William Crookes, F.R.S., and Mr. Arthur Balfour, F.R.S. (his political distinctions, except as adding to the weight of his name, are of less consequence in this relation than his position in science). On the Council of the Society we find other names distinguished in natural science: Lord Crawford, Lord Rayleigh, Professor Oliver Lodge, Professor Thomson, as well as those of several medical men of wide reputation. Among vice-presidents and honorary members we find scholars such as Mr. Gladstone; other distinguished men of science, Alfred Russel Wallace and Professor Langley of Washington (so well known in connection with his invention of flying machines), and, perhaps to some minds more naturally, the artists John Ruskin and G. F. Watts. Lord Tennyson when among us grouped with these. To single out well-known names, such as the Marquis of Bute or the Bishop of Ripon, from among the crowd of members and associates, would be in-

vidious, but their abundance is at least significant.

To appreciate the popularity of this Society from another point of view, one has only to turn to its lately published lists. To use the schoolboy formula, a good many will take their dying oath who won't bet sixpence, and it is instructive to observe that, not counting the 422 members of the American branch nor various officials and honorary members, there are 696 persons willing to "bet" a guinea and 182 willing to bet two. The Society pays small salaries to a secretary and to the editor of its *Proceedings*, and presumably a heavy printer's bill; but when one reflects that all other work is honorary and that it has received some handsome gifts and legacies, one thinks wistfully of possible investigation of the hidden lore of Egypt and of India, of the curious gifts of decaying races, of rites, and traditions, and powers as yet recorded only as curiosities of folk-lore, and which the missionary, and the sword, and the gin-bottle will but too soon render "extinct as moly."

"Your clever people" who are interested in what, for want of a better name, we call Psychical Research, are apparently sufficiently numerous to make the study at least reputable. It is not necessary to suppose that all are interested from the same point of view, or in the same degree; nor that, in giving their names to the Society, they pledge themselves, unless they specifically say so, either to the methods or the theories of the small group of real workers. To quote again the astute Sludge, many are

Bidding you still be on your guard, you know,
Because one fact don't make a system stand,
Nor prove this an occasional escape
Of spirit beneath the matter.

When the work of the Society began, in 1882, there was not, one gathers from the published list of "Principal Contents of the *Proceedings*," the desire for any other policy than that of "being on your guard, you know." The historic sequence of first making "a system stand," and afterward of proving "the escape of spirit beneath the matter," belongs to a later period.

If we judge the work of the Society by its published documents, we shall find, I think, that its history may be divided into two periods, that of 1882-89 and that from 1890 to the present time. The first period may be distinguished as that of inquiry into phenomena mainly spontaneous, and occurring in the normal state; with the exception of the special study of the hypnotic states, mainly from the point of view of somnambulism. During the later period we hear very little of spontaneous phenomena, very little of the kind of criticism for which we were mainly indebted to Mrs. Sidgwick, whose calm judgment has won the confidence of all.

"Your clever people" have probably found among the facts they can't explain some apparently well-attested stories of phantasms of the dead, many instances of premonition and, if they are observant, very frequent examples of Thought Transference; and they must have welcomed a collection of the experiences of others in this direction. They have all heard people talking in their sleep and in delirium, and they may have been interested that a similar condition should be harmlessly and painlessly reproduced for exploration. Somnambulism is an affair of everyday life, and we want to know the how and the why. Whether hypnosis should ever be reproduced for mere demonstration and amusement is another question. The "clever people" by this time might conceivably have become interested also in the physical phenomena of Spiritualism, and may have liked to hear how Mrs. Sidgwick and others went to Séances and were cheated, and how other people thought their conclusions premature. The reader would find such goods in more variety elsewhere, for as yet the medium was not domesticated among us in Buckingham Street. This was all part of the process of subtraction, which was going on side by side with affirmation. "Such and such things are worth investigation, but Theosophy and Spiritualism are not for us."

"The Calculus of Probabilities applied to Psychical Research" in the *Proceedings* of 1885 and 1887 must have given "your clever people" great

pleasure, so too "The Possibilities of Mal-observation and Lapse of Memory," and Professor Sidgwick's address on the Canons of Evidence in Psychical Research. This was business, "because one fact don't make a system stand." (Bad English on the part of a medium is what we call, in the Society, "veridical.") All this time, Mr. Myers was discoursing brilliantly on Automatic Writing, then new as a phenomenon for serious discussion, and of the possibilities of Suggestion, also new as a working theory for daily use; and I had myself the honor, in 1889, early in my relations with the Society, to introduce experimentally the subject of Crystal-gazing, one of the very oldest forms of divination, and interesting as a psychological study. One other form of divination only had been discussed by the Society, that of the Divining Rod, but we heard no more of it after the second volume, though the power of finding water is still fairly common. As a matter of fact, there is no evidence that such a power is "psychic" at all, and the only educated professional water-finder in England avows that the rod is merely a dramatic accessory. He shares his instinct with most savages, most wild animals, and even many horses. There are cases of the reversion by the white man, living among hunters and trappers, to what was probably a widely diffused primal instinct, lost or held in abeyance in a changed environment.

In 1889 and 1890 the Society produced that monument of industry "The Census of Hallucinations," in which it was conclusively proved, in five figures, that the very cleverest need not fear to acknowledge that he

has dreamed his dream,
Caught his coincidence, stumbled on his fact
He can't explain.

To discuss the value and nature of the evidence is quite beyond the scope of the present paper; but it is interesting to point out, what may not be known to persons not concerned with the work of the Society, that it has one special characteristic, essential to the student of evidence, which is often said to be lacking in other reports of Psychical Research—namely, the counting of

misses as well as of hits, of giving to the world the results *as a whole*. "The Census of Hallucinations" does not count how many persons have had hallucinations, but—in little—in what proportion the human race is subject to hallucination at all. "Hallucination," by the way, in "psychic" (such is the complexity of that language) means "non-hallucinatory," having "a more or less objective existence." If the apparition which appeared to Sir Walter Scott, for example, had not been resolved into a cloak and hat, and if somebody he knew had died at the moment, then only would it have been "an hallucination," instead of only a cloak and hat.

So far the Society for Psychical Research had done little to which "your clever people" could object. If "the fact they can't explain" occurs in the natural order of things, it is a part of life, of their own experience, and, as such, is a lawful object for inquiry. The Society afforded them an opportunity of comparing their own experiences with those of others, and, provided that the real names of the persons concerned were known to some responsible person, generally some official representative of the Society for Psychical Research, it enabled one to do so anonymously; for an experience which is interesting is, as a rule, too personal for general discussion. The phenomena under investigation had been those which might occur to any one under ordinary circumstances, entirely apart from morbid conditions of mind or body.

The close of 1890 brought us a new order of things, with the importation of Mrs. Piper from America. "Your clever people" had learnt about automatism, and thought transference, and suggestion, and the elements of the theory of subliminal activity. They had seen some of "the system stand," and almost before we knew where we were we had begun on the task of proving "an occasional escape of spirit beneath matter." Mr. Cookes, against fearful odds, had labored in this field already; Lord Crawford and Mr. Alfred Russell Wallace and the medium Home had seen and done, what we do not even profess to have seen and done

since: an active body of workers had long been industriously recording spiritualistic phenomena, but so far we had practically rejected them. The mechanism of Séances with their trances and paid mediums (one can't apologize every time for the words that are question-begging) had been felt hitherto to be contrary to the genius of the Society for Psychical Research, and to all our manners and customs for eight years. But now we began to "level up," or "level down," as the case may be, and we acquired a medium of our very own. Certainly Mrs. Piper, in her secondary personality of Dr. Phinuit, was very startling.

Sludge begins

At your entreaty with your dearest dead.

It is perhaps a matter of taste whether this gives you pleasure, and one cannot argue as to matter of taste. The lawfulness or utility of any such experiment is another point upon which even the clever people as yet disagree. It was a weird metamorphosis. One saw a gentle quiet woman of pleasing appearance, sewing industriously at pin-fores for her little girls and pleased to discuss the "make" of their next frocks. The time had come for another Séance, and thimble and scissors were put neatly away, the blinds drawn down and the poor woman prepared to induce another fit. One was told that the heavy preliminary sigh, the convulsed countenance, the gnashing teeth, the writhing body, the clenched hands were "purely automatic," but they were none the less horrible for that. Even more horrible was the change of personality; the evil expression, the loud voice, the coarse speech, the shrewd cunning of "Dr. Phinuit." Those who heard him "at his best," discoursing most volubly of one's private affairs, of facts, as far as one can tell, unknown to any living person, could not but acknowledge that here indeed were problems which even all our learning as to multiplex personalities and thought transference and automatism failed to explain. If we admit the "psychic" hypothesis at all, if we feel that such deterioration of personality denotes anything more than a change in brain matter or nervous

force, ought we not to ask ourselves how far we have a right to express our problems, however interesting, in terms of human souls, to work our sums in addition and subtraction in induced suffering and unconscious sacrifice?

After such literature as the Phinuit episode, occupying two entire numbers of the *Proceedings*, the every-day spontaneous phenomena, so interesting formerly to many of us, seem stale and unexciting enough, or would do if we troubled much further about them. But we have changed all that, and the two great features of the subsequent history of the Society have been Mr. Meyers's brilliant exposition of his hypothesis of Subliminal Consciousness, and the acceptance of the phenomena of the high-priest of Spiritualism, Mr. Stainton Moses; the cult of hysteria and "induced" states on the one hand, and the belief in the suspension of the laws of matter, as commonly received, on the other. It is not our concern here to discuss either subject from the standpoint of ethics, of science, or even of evidence, but only to note how entirely we have accepted the programme our friend Sludge devised for us, student of human nature that he was, that Browning was, in his every "personality."

When the work of the Society began, it accepted as its field certain facts for which no explanation had yet been offered except by the Spiritualists. Rejecting their conclusions as at least premature, the Society, with infinite labor and mainly by the collation of evidence by Professor and Mrs. Sidgwick, and by the original and ingenious theorizing of Mr. Myers and of the late Mr. Edmund Gurney, had sought to narrow down the difficulties and mystery of the situation. When the various theories already enumerated had been applied, there still remained a margin of the "unexplained," and for those of us who accept gratefully such hypotheses as seem to reduce nine out of ten of so-called "psychical" facts to the classification "psychological," the whole question now is as to the width and treatment of that margin. Are we to seek, in that shame to our civilization—the hideous, baffling disease of hysteria—the support of a new hypoth-

esis, already, on its earlier lines, sufficiently tenable to be at least worthy of serious consideration? and that, moreover, in relation to a subject which of all others demands absolute sanity and clear-headedness, the evidence for which requires the most careful analysis, the most judicial attitude, the entire absence of prejudice and of *partis pris*. Extreme as the hypotheses of even Spiritualism may appear, unwelcome as they may be to the taste and religious feeling of the majority, we ought, even to this extent, to consider any evidence that is sane, honest and healthy; but if the subject of our inquiry demands the handling of the uncleanliness of hysteria, the induction of morbid conditions of mind and body, surely, in the name (to invoke none more sacred) of the dignity of human life, let us restrain our prurient curiosity, and leave the morbid secrets of nature to the physician and the alienist whose lawful concern they are!

II.

It has seemed necessary, in such cursory fashion as the exigencies of space allow, to describe the present position and interests of the Society for Psychical Research in order to show the special value from the point of view of some among us of the opportunity lately afforded for a protracted and systematic study of the phenomena of a house alleged to be "haunted." So many ingenious clues to the "facts we can't explain" have been suggested to us, that one cannot but regret the almost total neglect of what is at least a widespread tradition, of a mystery which at present is commonly treated as "lies" on the one hand and "ghosts" on the other; in either case a somewhat hasty conclusion. The phenomena have at least one advantage, that, unless we accept Mr. Podmore's theory of telepathic infection, they do not depend upon the observers; there need be no nonsense of "will" and "magnetism," no machinery of trances and automatism; and although some persons seem to be more "sensitive" to such phenomena than others, we are not limited to the evidence of the "Mediumistic" and the Morbid. The

great inconvenience of the inquiry is precisely its independence of the observers; "ghosts," like others unconventionalized, refuse to come up to time. Like the cactus, some blossom once a year, others once in a century, others at caprice; and failure to witness the alleged phenomena does not prove the case not-proven. For this reason, and also because one can only expect to prove the existence of supernatural phenomena by subtraction of the normal, a lengthened inquiry, an entire familiarity of the investigator with all normal phenomena of the house and household, are imperatively necessary.

That the Society for Psychical Research recognized that "haunted houses" were among the alleged facts of general interest was proved by their early appointment of a Committee of Inquiry, on the management of which it is too late to reflect. At the end of a few months only, they practically dismissed a subject which, if considered at all, required years of patient research. They had come across the surprising number of twenty-eight cases which they considered worth inquiry; but these were presented to the public on the evidence of only forty witnesses—that is to say, an average of less than one and a half to each! The appearance of figures is recorded in twenty-four of these stories, while four record noises only. Ten years later, the *Proceedings* take up the subject again, and give us at some length an elaborate story on the evidence of two or three ladies, two servants, a charwoman, and a little boy. No proper journal was kept, and the Society for Psychical Research investigators came upon the scene when all was practically over.

Mr. Podmore has since given an exceedingly careful paper recording a number of cases into which he had personally inquired, in which he argues, with some plausibility, that the ghosts were in most cases naughty girls, which I think quite conceivable. The phenomena of hysteria are legion!

The inquiry into the existence of hauntings does, however, continue, mainly through the industry of Colonel Taylor, a candid and experienced inquirer; but as the results are largely

negative or doubtful, we hear no more of them. It has not occurred to the Literary Committee that a record of such investigations might prove a valuable object lesson, and at least save us from the rat and cat and bat suggestions with which elementary thinkers rush to the papers at the mere mention of a "haunted house." I have had the privilege of working more than once with this industrious inquirer, and can testify that in ingenuity of material tests he could give points to a Scotland Yard detective. But a haunted house that does not contain "ghosts" seems to be beneath the consideration of the Society, just as when the Italian Medium was alleged to cheat quite normally, we had no report of her. Surely if in a "haunted" house we are unable to prove "ghosts," either the phenomena have another interpretation or they don't exist at all, and it seems scarcely logical to drop a subject because, after a very perfunctory inquiry, we have abandoned one hypothesis.

Early in the present year the Society for Psychical Research had an admirable opportunity for a three months' study, during the tenancy of Colonel Taylor, one of its oldest members, of a house alleged to be "haunted." One would have expected such an opportunity to be eagerly seized. But as it happened he himself was detained by a family bereavement which not only postponed but curtailed his residence, and Mr. Myers could not undertake to gather and conduct a representative party of investigators until Easter.

Not a person could be found to take the smallest trouble in the matter, and with some feeling of indignation, and at considerable personal inconvenience, I offered my services as a *pis aller* for one fortnight in order to arrange for the comfort of those more efficient whom I expected to follow. An accident which disabled me for a considerable time detained me for some weeks longer, and led to my remaining at the house from the 3d of February to the 9th of April. Mr. Myers and his party then appeared, and after their departure I returned to wind up household affairs and remained from the 28th of April to the 19th of May.

I had absolutely no theory to prove.

My concern was only to keep a daily record, with the help of such intelligent persons as were willing to share our visit. The house and grounds are delightful, cheerful, healthy and sunny. He would be indeed foolishly timid who objected to such a residence on account of phenomena which, when we were there, were frequently intermitted for days together, and have previously been intermitted for years, which are in no degree alarming, and which may, for anything we know to the contrary, be perfectly susceptible of normal interpretation.

As to any antecedents which might have to be studied in attempting any hypothesis of a "haunting" as commonly understood, I can say nothing. Science, it is true, knows nothing of secrecy, and its votaries, in however humble a grade, are bound in honor to share their information with all who are interested; but the physician does not publish the name and address of his patient in the *Lancet*, and only a vulgar curiosity could desire so unsentential a detail.*

Upon the strange medley of fact and fancy which has recently given rise to so much newspaper-discussion of the subject, it is unnecessary to dwell. Local gossip imperfectly remembered, and after-dinner chat misinterpreted, combined with entire lack of experience of the phenomena under observation, need hardly be seriously considered, especially when the ordinary courtesy and reticence of social life have been ignored with the impunity of the anonymous.

Some of my friends asked how I proposed to organize a haunted house research, to which I could only reply that I didn't propose to do anything of the sort. It seemed to me that among several things to be avoided was self-consciousness of any kind, that the natural thing to do was to settle down to a country-house life, make it as pleasant as possible, and await events. The house, built as lately as 1806, has all modern conveniences, is bright and cheerful and has no mysteries or dark

corners. The principal rooms are built round a hall and staircase, lighted by a large glass domed roof. We lived a great deal out of doors, being fortunate in weather which never kept us in a single day. We drove, bicycled, walked, tobogganed, as circumstances permitted; there was fishing and shooting for those who liked killing things, there was a wealth of wild life on the hills and by the river for those who liked to see them alive. We made excursions, archæologized, botanized: in the evening we played games, we made music, we danced. If any one had an "experience" to relate, I always endeavored to hear it *tête-à-tête*, or, still better, not to hear it at all, but to receive it in writing. The subject of the "haunting" was never accentuated, and we always tried to prevent "talking it over" with new comers. Only one or two of our guests ever exhibited the slightest fear, possibly because the nervous person preferred to stay away. Those who stayed any length of time have slept in nearly every room in the house, and have been about, in light or dark, at all hours. When, after we had been in the house a few days, I began to hear of "experiences" among the servants, I lived in terror, much worse than that of ghosts, of the unanimous resignation of the household; and the distribution of the housework among the guests was a standing joke. Happily it never came to that; the servants, at first sceptical, but afterward convinced, soon accepted the mental standpoint of the dining-room, and behaved in a rational manner. They were instructed, after the existence of phenomena (at first concealed from them) had become matter of experience, to inform some responsible person of what they observed, at once, and a written deposition was always made. We carefully watched, after our anxiety as to their steadfastness was appeased, for any symptoms of the other extreme, that of emulation in narrative, but of this we saw no sign whatever; I have no reason to believe they were otherwise than scrupulously truthful. When I, or any one else, cross-questioned them as to their stories, we made, when possible, a practice of having a second person

* It may be noted that in a similar case quoted by Professor Sully (*Illusions*, pp. 185, 186) neither names nor addresses are given.

present, so as to distribute responsibility on this head, and we have reason to consider the evidence, of at least the four upper servants, as equal in value to any in our possession.

As to the guests, for the most part they came on no special principle of selection. Before leaving town I happened, at a meeting of the Society for Psychical Research, to have an opportunity for talk with many of its most important officers. They all knew, of course, that their presence was invited, and my part was only to assure them that during the short period I proposed to remain I would do my utmost to make their visit agreeable. As they are mostly professional men, I was not surprised that they should find it difficult to leave London early in February; and as I knew that Mr. Myers proposed to come north at Easter, and felt that he was the proper person to arrange for the presence of his colleagues upon the Council of the Society for Psychical Research, it was not for me to do more.

As a matter of fact, on the theory of the value of absence of self-consciousness in our observations, out of the thirty-four persons who visited the house four only (besides Colonel Taylor and myself) were members of the Society for Psychical Research, and all were personal friends except two or three who were introduced by other guests. About half a dozen other members were asked, but for various reasons were unable to come. Several among our visitors had more or less special interest in the inquiry, but others merely came for a country-house visit, or for sport, and some knew nothing whatever, till after their arrival, of any special interest alleged to attach to the house.

The visits of the ladies, three of whom came in succession to act as chaperon, were in most cases of some duration; those of the men, except of course Colonel Taylor, who stayed five weeks, ranged from three days to a fortnight. In three instances men who had paid one visit without any "experience" were rewarded for their perseverance on the occasion of a second. Analyzing our list of guests, I find that there were eleven ladies, twenty-one

gentlemen, and the *Times* correspondent. Of the gentlemen, three were soldiers, three lawyers, two were men of letters, one an artist, two were in business, four were clergy, one a physician (it was to my great regret that none of seven others invited, belonging to this busy profession, could come), and five, men of leisure. I don't know whether it is worth while to record that five of the eleven ladies were married.

Of the thirty-two guests, eighteen besides myself gave willing testimony to the occurrence of sounds which they found themselves unable to explain, and four to the hearing of noises which, not knowing the habits of the household or the structure of the house, they had regarded, possibly with justice, as normal.

The remaining eleven drew blanks. One of these slept sound the whole of the one night of his visit, but he was quite satisfied, as were we, that he should do so, even in a room in which seven persons had found sleep impossible. He observed that he could sleep "through an earthquake."

So, too, did another—a journalist, who did not often get a whole night's rest, and wisely took it. Moreover, during his stay of forty-eight hours, no phenomena of any kind occurred to any of us. Two others, however, in vain gave the phenomena every chance, but one of these labored under the disadvantage of a preconceived notion, that of practical joking, and spent all his energies devising how it could be done. His hypotheses were ingenious, and we were at considerable pains to verify them, but if joking (save the mark! how dull it must have been!) were the cause of the disturbances, I do not think we have yet discovered how it was done, or why. A fifth experienced no definite phenomena, but was very grateful when, on the fourth night of his stay, we moved him into the wing where, during our time, nothing occurred. The sixth and seventh were members of the Society for Psychical Research, who were very useful in the material part of our work, inventing possible causes, exploring, and imitating the sounds under the direction of others who had heard them. They

stayed about ten days and witnessed nothing. Both had been members of the Society for Psychical Research for some years, and neither (I think I may say—to his disappointment) had ever witnessed anything, though active in investigation. Two others (ladies) stayed four nights, but at a time when, as often happened, the sounds did not occur. Almost our latest visitors were a distinguished physician and his nephew, and the *Times* correspondent. During their visit no phenomena were observed by any of us; they arrived on the evening of Saturday, and the two former left before two o'clock on Monday, while the other very nearly completed his forty-eight hours.

That three of the witnesses who testified most often to the sounds and to the greatest variety of the sounds were women, may, I doubt not, to some minds be a weak point. It is perhaps worth while to observe that one of these was myself, and that with two interruptions I was in the house over eleven weeks; another lady was with me for over eight weeks; and a third for two periods of six and two weeks. A fourth lady, also a capable and clear-headed witness, remained for five weeks.

Besides myself, so far as I know, only two or three of our guests had had any previous "psychic" experience at all. It was not our fault that we were not more scientific, but we were at least sane and healthy, and had I seen the smallest tendency to what was morbid or hysterical in any guest, I should have sacrificed courtesy to common-sense on such an occasion as this, and—ordered the carriage.

What it was which my friends testified to, or didn't testify to, is exceedingly difficult to describe without quoting at some length, with elaboration of notes and explanations, from our journal of nearly three months, which, perhaps happily for the reader, is not possible within my present limits.

Nevertheless "because one fact don't make a system stand," it is only as a whole that the story can be judged. The character, even the personal characteristics of the witnesses; the comparison of the evidence of this one or that with other statements corroborative; the precise amount of previous

knowledge as to any phenomenon on the part of each person; the possibilities of self-suggestion and of mal-observation; the capacity of each one for accurate observation and statement; the possible personal prejudice or expectation in any special direction; even the mental habit of each individual—these things, and many more, should be considered before judgment can be pronounced as to the value of any statement on a question so obscure. The direction of the hypotheses which are the alternative to the "I don't know," which is the furthest point at which most of us have arrived at present, is more easy to indicate.

The phenomena recorded in the journal may be dichotomized as (1) audile, (2) visual. The audile subdivide into (1) Footsteps. (2) Voices, more especially a voice as of a person reciting or reading. (3) Raps, which are not what Spiritualists call "intelligent," but simply of a person impatiently demanding entrance at a door. (4) and (5) Noises, which for lack of more descriptive terms we differentiate as (4) the "clang" and (5) the "thud." (6) A detonating noise, heard not very often by us, but reported with great emphasis by other visitors to the house during former years.

The visual phenomena were much more rare, and the evidence is supported by five witnesses only. The phenomena, which were of three kinds, were: (1) seen independently by three witnesses; (2) by two, again independently, the second not having heard of the earlier experience; and (3) by two separately, but after the first incident had become known to the second seer. This, however, received later unexpected corroboration from the evidence of another visitor of some years ago.

Upon these I do not propose to dwell further. Whatever may be the personal convictions of the witnesses, it is especially difficult to make such experiences in any degree evidential, and they must always rest, to some extent, upon the personal veracity of the seer. Poor Sludge's climax of imposture was "I'm ready to believe my very self." I, on the other hand, one of the witnesses to all these visual phenomena, and to others since my earliest child-

hood, never believe myself under such circumstances at all, until my impression is corroborated by others, or unless there is some independent coincidence in fact. I know my own mental habit, that of an intensely vivid visualizer, and I am, perhaps morbidly, alive to all possibilities of expectation, and suggestion, and thought transference, and subconscious memory and observation. It would be necessary to enter into circumstances too minute for the present occasion were I to attempt to describe these occurrences with any sort of detail, and I therefore prefer merely to mention them in passing.

Inconclusive as is such a method, it is obvious that I can in the space at my disposal but very briefly indicate the nature of the evidence. I take the phenomena *seriatim*.

(1) *Footsteps*.—These have been heard by eight persons independently, and by two, three, four and five persons at a time, under circumstances when it seemed difficult to account for their origin: for example, overhead by three ladies in broad daylight, at intervals during half an hour, when they knew with absolute certainty that all the servants, the sole other occupants of the house, were at tea in the hall, which was in the basement, fifty feet away in an opposite direction; by two ladies in broad daylight in the early morning, when no one in the house was up, walking round the bed occupied by one of them, and heard too, apparently, by the dog, who seemed to follow them with his eyes; or again, by three persons at the same time, as if in a room overhead, believed to be empty, but which, to make sure, was at once locked and the key removed by a servant sent up for the purpose. The steps continued. Again, by four persons separately in one room heard as "overhead," when, as a matter of fact, there was no room overhead, none of the hearers being aware of this; or, to quote yet one more case, heard by three persons in a brightly lighted room, at a moment when they were engaged in a particularly lively round game, and were certainly not in a state of "expectation." The steps seemed to enter at the door, pass round the room, and finally pass between the players and

the fire, within a few inches of the table at which they were seated.

In every case the footsteps had a peculiar characteristic. They were described variously as "lame," "halting," or "shuffling."

(2) *Voices*.—These were heard constantly, from the very first night we entered the house. Almost always, the sound was of monotonous reading, and we found that not only the servants, but at least three of our visitors, had to be disabused of the notion that I was read to sleep every night. One visitor was so certain that the sound came from the next room, that we shut him up in his own, and I then proceeded to read at the very top of my voice (in the presence, as a matter of evidence, of a second person) and he could not hear a sound. Far from the house being resonant, as has been asserted, a loud hammering on a party wall with a poker sounded like a faint tick on the opposite side.

Other voices were heard out of doors in connection with a part of the visual phenomena already referred to.

(3) *Raps*.—These I seldom heard myself, but they are testified to by at least five of our visitors, as well as three of the servants.

(4) and (5) *Clangs and thuds*, of which the last was, I believe, most common, though, as people have very different notions of the quality of sounds, I prefer to group them together. When eight people mentioned bangs at their door, or something falling just outside their doors, or a sound as if one of the stags' heads on the staircase had fallen heavily, we called them "thuds." When they talked of a noise "like a wheel-barrow on a hard road" or of "the quivering lid of a gigantic kettle," or anything else metallic, we called them "clangs." It was the first of the mysterious sounds we ever heard in the house, and it may be worth while to produce my note of its occurrence made at the time.

JOURNAL.—Wednesday, February 3.

I had seen no plans nor photographs of the house, and merely desired that any rooms should be prepared for us that were near together—i.e., two for ourselves, communicating if possible, and a room for the maid. Mr. — (who dined with us at the hotel

where we broke our journey), who had seen plans, asked what orders we had given, and remarked that, so far as he knew, we should secure one quiet night, as the "haunted" part contained apparently no dressing-rooms. We arrived about 9.30 P.M. It was not cold out of doors, but the snow lay thick on the ground.

February 4.—I awoke suddenly just before 3 A.M. C., who had been lying awake over two hours, hearing me move, said, 'I want you to listen.' Almost immediately I was startled by a loud clanging noise which seemed to resound through the house. The mental image it brought to my mind was as of a long metal bar, such as I have seen near iron-foundries, being struck at intervals with a wooden mallet. The noise, we agreed, was distinctly as of metal struck with wood, and seemed to come diagonally across the house. It sounded so loud, though distant, that the idea that any inmate of the house should not hear it seems ludicrous. It was repeated with varying degrees of intensity at frequent intervals during the next two hours, sometimes in single blows, sometimes double, sometimes treble, latterly continuous. We did not get up, though not alarmed. We had been very seriously cautioned as to the possibilities of practical joking, and as we were alone on that floor in a large house of which we did not even know the geography, we thought it wiser to await developments. We knew the servants' staircase was distant, though not exactly where.

About 4.30 we heard voices, apparently in Mac's room (the maid), undoubtedly on the same floor. We had for some time heard the housemaids overhead, coughing and occasionally speaking, and we thought they had got up and had come down to Mac's room.

After 5 o'clock the noises seemed to have ceased, and C. fell asleep. About 5.30 I heard them again, apparently more distant. I continued awake, but heard no more.

About 8 A.M. Mac brought us some tea. She said she had slept very badly, had worried over our apparent restlessness, as she had heard voices and footsteps, and the sound of things dragged about, but that the maids had not been downstairs. We had never risen, and had spoken seldom and in low tones.

In order not to have to discount expectation I had avoided learning anything as to the alleged phenomena, and broke the seal of the packet of statements by earlier witnesses in the presence of a second person twenty-four hours after our arrival, on the evening of the 4th of February.

(6) *The detonating noise.*—The phrase was used by one of the earlier witnesses in regard to a phenomenon of some years ago, and for some time we failed to understand its significance. Subsequently, we became somewhat familiar with the sound, which seemed loud but distant. It was described by one person as "like the noon gun at

Edinbro';" by another, who had once been in a fire, like "the snapping of the wood in a burning house." Another, hearing it at night, thought "our poachers especially noisy," an imputation resented by the keeper. Moreover, it was in May, when there was nothing to poach. They don't waste shot over rabbits—nothing so sportsmanlike!

As the house was not engaged for an idiot asylum, though we were not scientific we exercised some common sense in exhausting, as far as we knew how, all the obvious hypotheses, as, no doubt, had earlier witnesses.

Our first visitors were the two gentlemen already referred to, who as members of the Society for Psychical Research may be expected to know something of the conduct of similar inquiries, and they were speedily reinforced by three others who supposed us to be mere unprotected females, and chivalrously came on purpose to defend us from possible "humbug." Moreover, during most of our stay one man servant slept in the basement, another on the ground floor, and both were very much alive to all possibilities of the kind. I have already said that Colonel Taylor has made somewhat of a speciality of such investigations. It may be worth while, as evidence of his critical acumen, to add—generally with a negative result.

When we were first at the house, the snow lay deep on the ground, and we carefully watched for signs of footsteps near accessible doors and windows. Colonel Taylor—later—took other precautions to assure himself on this score. We familiarized ourselves with nocturnal noises. There was no human being resident within a quarter of a mile, except the gardener, who came round once, sometimes twice, at night to visit the greenhouses, and whose step and habits we observed carefully. We knew the cry of the owls, of the night-jar, and of other nocturnal vocalists; we satisfied ourselves not only by servants' evidence, but by that of a cat and a terrier, that there were no rats or mice about the house (the stables were distant and empty); we knew and allowed for the fact that there was a right of way through the

grounds, though not near the house, and that on a Saturday night strayed revellers occasionally took a short cut below our windows. We discovered and took into account that the false windows (put in for symmetry) came, in some cases, very near the backs of the fireplaces, and that noises may be made by the contraction and expansion of glass in change of temperature. We discovered for ourselves, some weeks before the visit of the *Times* correspondent, who explains most of the noises by the fact of its existence, that there was a very small space where the roof met the walls, through which a slight person could creep the whole way round the house. We knew that some of the sounds we had heard could be fairly well imitated by the rolling of croquet balls, or the banging upon joists, within this space, provided some one could be found, at intervals, during several years, to gain entrance to the house on the ground floor, pass the butler's bedroom, mount to the upper floor, pass the doors of several bedrooms, climb to the attics, pass either through two servants' bedrooms, or, while close to the door of another, unscrew a board three feet by two (which, when Colonel Taylor opened it in the presence of three persons, I myself being the first to enter, had obviously not been touched for a long time), and, creeping on hands and knees, manipulate his croquet ball or what not, being careful to avoid ringing the bells as he crawled along the unprotected wires and water pipes which had their home there; careful too to keep his candle alight, as the slightest slip might easily precipitate him through the plaster into the room below. We considered the possibility of noises made by falls of snow from the roof, and saw that it was kept clear; we knew exactly at what times the train could be heard on the little single line which ran through the valley; we knew the exact measurements of all the walls and that there was no space not accounted for. We knew from careful plans made by an expert the whereabouts of all the pipes, and that the noises occurred just the same when the water was frozen as when it was running. We knew—the housemaids told me of the fact at fre-

quent intervals, and added to the difficulties of the domestic question—that every drop of hot water had to be brought up from the basement, as none ascended even to the first floor. If the correspondents who solve everything as "hot-water pipes" knew the tone in which a patient maid can murmur "the seventh can I've brought up from the kitchen, miss," we should hear less positive statements on that subject. We knew exactly where to stamp on the upper corridor to produce a loud vibration in the hall lamp, and the extraordinary sound made by a swing-door. We had three, and kept them propped open day and night. We knew—I invented it myself after weeks of thought and practice—that if you take a bowl (for the game of bowls), and drop it over the railings of the gallery, standing well under the centre of the glass dome so as to cause as much reverberation as possible, and if you contrive to give it a twist so that it shall, in rolling along the hall, strike against doors and pillars, you can get a fair imitation, on a small scale, of the reverberating noise so familiar to us. Whether in a house in which nearly three dozen people have visited, not to speak of our own half-dozen servants and those of our visitors, all very much on the *qui vive* and perambulating the house at all hours, this feat could be successfully and frequently achieved, is another matter.

We knew all these things and a great many more with which the reader need not further be troubled.

Of course, these suggestions were all very commonplace, but we spent a good deal of time and pains upon such experiment and investigation on ordinary common-sense lines. We left the scientific part of the inquiry to the later party, and were decidedly disappointed when Professor Oliver Lodge wrote, after some days' stay: "There is nothing for me to do as a physicist." We had quite hoped some sort of experiment would have been attempted, had it been only the use of a phonograph, or of some machines such as those used in the experiments of Professor Crookes, years ago.

Some later scientific visitors, to our great satisfaction, suggested a variety

of interesting tests, mainly as to the objectivity of the noises, and steps were at once taken to have these carried out. Professor Milne, the distinguished seismologist, most courteously advised us as to the use of instruments for measuring vibrations, as it seemed certain that sounds so loud as some of those fairly frequent, must, if they had any objective existence at all, be capable of registration. It was even conceivable that as we were well within a marked earthquake district, the sounds themselves might be due to slight seismic disturbance. But the suggestions came too late, the lease of the house was ended, and the opportunity lost.

I regret that the results of our inquiry have been so entirely inconclusive, but it must be remembered that we came, not to collect evidence as to the "haunting" of a house, but to inquire into the phenomena of a house alleged to be "haunted," which is a very different matter. I have lived at different times in three houses with the same character, and have visited many others, in some cases with the satisfactory result of discovering the clue to the mystery, and laying the "ghost" forever. I can only repeat that I can conceive of no sane person unwilling to occupy the house alone, or to visit its any and every corner in light or

dark; I myself, and I think I may say most of our visitors, would willingly do so.

The fact that there are noises in a house which we have been unable to explain in no sense proves that they are unexplainable, the limitations may be ours; Nature has her secrets which she yields up, not unwillingly, but not until they are ripe and the time for the harvest has fully come.

When, in psychical research we have allowed for the vulgarities of curiosity, the vileness of fraud, the ignorance of superstition, the inaccuracy of the incapable observer, the hasty deductions of the theorist, the illogical ravings of the merely emotional—when we have, in fact, rejected nine-tenths of so-called "psychical" phenomena, we have, I venture to think, still a residuum of "facts we can't explain."

To some of us such facts have associations so personal, perhaps even so sacred, that we shrink from their treatment as mere matters of curiosity or the amusement of an idle hour; even more from interpretations which seem beneath the dignity of humanity, living and dead. If suspension of judgment be our only alternative, it is one we need not hesitate to accept. Science has lately been so liberal of her gifts that we may the better take heart and—wait.—*Nineteenth Century.*

SOME FAMOUS MAIDEN SPEECHES.

BY ALFRED F. ROBBINS.

"THE two happiest days in the life of a politician," once remarked a leading statesman, "are those upon which he enters office and leaves it." But it is not given to all politicians to become Ministers; and the two happiest days in the life of the average member of Parliament are those upon which he is first returned to the House of Commons, and makes a successful maiden speech. The felicity attending the latter circumstance, however, is not free from alloy. The imaginary Eudymion, according to his biographer, Lord Beaconsfield, admitted of his maiden speech—not in Parliament,

but at the Union Society—that "though he had been through many trying scenes, it was the most nervous moment of his life. 'After Calais,' as a wise wit said, 'nothing surprises;' and the first time a man speaks in public, even if only at a debating society, is also the unequalled incident in its way." The quondam Mr. Disraeli was an authority upon the point, as every one acquainted with political history is aware; but even he did not explain that one of the greatest hindrances to a Parliamentary speaker's full enjoyment of his own maiden effort is to be found in the embarrassing and even

painful preliminaries to the operation. As long as a man is a candidate he is the chief figure on the platform. He is flattered by the chairman; he is cheered by the audience; he can speak when he likes, how he likes, and about what he likes. Told on every hand that the eyes of the nation are upon that constituency and his candidature, he at last begins to believe that there is some truth in the statement; and for one whole day after the declaration of the poll the world looks roseate, and the new member feels that he has but to lift up his voice and Westminster will prostrate itself in praise.

It is only when St. Stephen's is reached that the ambitious politician discovers that he is not quite the giant among pigmies that he had fondly imagined. Even the delivery of his maiden speech he finds to be attended with difficulties of which he had not dreamed. There is now no obsequious chairman, bursting to bring forward the orator of the evening—no cheering crowd ready to forgive even a faltering address. The would-be speaker has to take his chance with a score of others as eager to talk as himself; he has to come on not when he likes, but when he can; and, although the occupant of the Chair always, when possible, gives the preference to a new member, this unknown personage has to rise amid a chill and scanty audience, which regards him with an indifference calculated to take the pride out of even the most conceited individual a constituency has ever sent to Westminster.

Unless a man is unduly thick in the skin, this kind of reception tends to make him nervous; but that is about the best thing that can happen to the young speaker who wishes to please the House of Commons, which likes in a new member nothing as much as modesty and everything better than "bounce." It is doubtful whether in these times the Commons would welcome with effusion such a declaration in a maiden speech as that of Falkland—best remembered as having died in the Civil War—"ingeminating 'Peace'"—"I rejoice very much to see this day; and the want hath not lain in my affections but my lungs, if to all that hath been past I have not been as

loud with my voice as any man's in this House." They would be better pleased with the opposite extreme of such overwhelming nervousness as that of Addison, who, though he lived to fill some of the greatest offices of State, never spoke in the House, for upon the one occasion of his rising he could not overcome his diffidence, and he never tried again. But they would be best pleased of all with such a frankness of modesty as that of the young Lord Finch, who, when making his maiden speech in defence of Steele, was so confused that he sat down with the despairing remark, "It is strange I cannot speak for this man, though I could readily fight for him." And we can sympathize to-day with the hearty cheers that brought him again to his feet for the delivery of the first of a series of speeches which made his reputation as an orator.

By one of the paradoxes of history there have been preserved accounts of the maiden attempts of utterly unknown individuals, but not those of some of our most famous men. We are aware, for instance, that one Zacharias Locke centuries ago began to speak on a Bill which had the laudable purpose "to avoid double payment of debts," and that "for very fear he shook so that he could not proceed, but stood still for awhile, and at length sat down." But we do not know what was even the subject of the maiden speech of Charles Fox, though it has been conjectured to be a Cumberland election petition, in which the Sir Wilfrid Lawson of that day had some part. Yet Sir George Trevelyan is able to add the interesting information that "whatever may have been the topic of his maiden address, his air and manner so caught the fancy of an artist who happened to be among the audience that, in the dearth of any more suitable material (for, to guarantee the decency of debate, paper in every shape or form was rigorously excluded from the gallery of the House of Commons), he tore off part of his shirt and furtively sketched a likeness of the young declaimer." The younger Pitt, Fox's great rival, had the happier fate of making a maiden speech upon a question of marked importance, and of ex-

tracting praise not only from Fox but from Burke, in the famous saying, "He is not a chip of the old block: it is the old block itself." The compliment accorded by Fox to Pitt upon this maiden speech was many a year later curiously repaid. Fox, disgusted with the condition of public affairs during the first portion of the great French war, retired for a time into domestic privacy; and when he returned to the House of Commons in 1801, to be at the debate raised by his fellow Whigs on the state of the nation, Pitt made reference to the presence of one "whose attendance was of late so rare that he might almost be considered a new member." Fox immediately followed the Premier, and opened his speech with the words: "Late as the hour is, I shall beg leave, even under the designation of 'a new member,' by which the right hon. gentleman has complimented me, to avail myself of the indulgence which the House usually shows to a person of that description." And the brilliant address which followed amply repaid any indulgence that might have been extended.

One forgotten maiden speech of the Fox and Pitt period deserves exhumation because, even more than is customarily the case with such efforts, its promises were in marked divergence from the performances afterward accomplished. It was on May 31, 1792, and in a debate upon the proclamation of George III. against seditious writings, that George Prince of Wales earliest spoke. "His Royal Highness," wrote the contemporary chronicler, "addressed their lordships for the first time, and in a manly, eloquent, and persuasive manner, delivered his sentiments . . . speaking in a manner that excited the attention and admiration of the House." But the matter was even more delightful than the manner, for what did the future friend of Brummel declare? That he was educated in a reverence for the constitutional liberties of the people, and that, as on those constitutional principles the happiness of that people depended, he was determined to support them. His interest—he went on—was connected with the interest of the people; they were so

inseparable that, unless both parties concurred, happiness could not exist. And then, in an ecstasy, he exclaimed: "I exist by the love, the friendship, and the benevolence of the people, and their cause I will never forsake so long as I live." The speaker of these words, it suffices to say, was afterward Prince Regent and George IV.

No personal record has been left by any one of these distinguished maiden speech-makers as to how they were affected by the ordeal of addressing the House of Commons for the first time; but this was done by both Canning and Palmerston, two of the more notable names in our later Parliamentary history. Canning told a friend his "feelings at getting up, and being pointed at by the Speaker, and hearing my name called from all sides of the House; how I trembled lest I should hesitate or misplace a word in the two or three first sentences, while all was dead silence around me, and my own voice sounded to my ears quite like some other gentleman's;" but at last, "straining every nerve in my body, and plucking up every bit of resolution in my heart, I went on more boldly than ever, and getting into a part of my subject that I liked, and having the House with me, got happily and triumphantly to the end." Palmerston was more colloquial in the description of his feelings on the momentous occasion. "You will see by this day's paper," he wrote to his sister, "that I was tempted by some evil spirit to make a fool of myself for the entertainment of the House last night; however, I thought it was a good opportunity of breaking the ice, although one should flounder a little in doing so, as it was impossible to talk any very egregious nonsense upon so good a cause." And he told his brother, "I certainly felt glad when the thing was over. . . . I was about half an hour on my legs; I did not feel so much alarmed as I expected to be."

It is to a volume of the *Gentleman's Magazine* that we may turn for a contemporary description of Sir Robert Peel's earliest Parliamentary essay. He was chosen by the Perceval Ministry in 1810 to second the Address, and the record runs: "In the Commons,

the Speech having been read from the Chair, Lord Bernard moved the Address, and Mr. Peel, in a neat speech, supported it." But no such cold encomium as "a neat speech" could have satisfied the friends of the future Prime Minister. His brother William wrote: "I doubt whether any one got more credit than he did in moving or seconding an Address. My father took his place in the gallery opposite to where my brother stood. The tears rolled down his cheeks as he heard the cheers with which the speech was received." And the father himself told an old friend that the effort "was judged to be, by men the best qualified to form a correct opinion of public speaking, the best first speech since that of Mr. Pitt." How many such have been delivered! Just nine years later Charles Greville was recording in his diary that Scarlett, afterward Lord Chief Baron, had risen for the first time, and that "the Opposition came to Brooks's full of admiration of his speech, which is said to be the best *first speech* that ever was made in the House of Commons." And the observation was so obviously common form that Byron—necessarily without having seen the epistle of Peel's father or the diary of Greville—could write in "Don Juan" after both:

I had forgotten—but must not forget—

An orator, the latest of the session,
Who had deliver'd well a very set

Smooth speech, his first and maidenly trans-
gression

Upon debate: the papers echoed yet

With his *début*, which made a strong im-
pression;

And rank'd with what is every day display'd—
"The best first speech that ever yet was made."

Until the correspondence of Mr. Gladstone with his parents and closest friends is given to the world, it will not be known whether, like Palmerston, he "did not feel so much alarmed as he expected to be" when first he harangued the Commons. Those, however, who have been taught by credulous or careless biographers of the ex-Prime Minister that his maiden speech was a sensational event, heralded by portents and accompanied by signs and wonders betokening greatness to come, will be astonished to learn that it was really delivered in defence of

certain citizens of his native Liverpool from charges of bribery. All the notice the next day's *Times* took of the speech was to say that "Mr. W. Gladstone was understood to protest against the statements made by the petitioners, and to state that he believed there had been no undue practices at the late election for Liverpool." Another leading London paper dismissed the effort with the sentence, "Mr. Gladstone made a few remarks, which were not audible in the Gallery;" while a third was so liberal as to give it five lines, commencing, "Mr. Gladstone, who spoke under the Gallery, and who was almost inaudible." And it is the very irony of fate that a deliverance upon the question of colonial slavery, upon which biographer after biographer has dilated as Mr. Gladstone's maiden speech, was not his utterance at all, but that of his eldest brother, his own first prepared effort having waited over sixty years to be exhumed from the dusty records of the Parliamentary debates.

It is far otherwise with the maiden speech of the late Lord Beaconsfield, for the story has a thousand times been told of how this was delivered amid so many interruptions that young Disraeli ended with the exclamation, "Though I sit down now, the time will come when you will hear me." But the same sort of heedlessness which has attributed to Mr. Gladstone a successful maiden speech he never made, has accorded to Mr. Disraeli a failure he never secured. For it is known to every impartial student of the stormy political times of 1837, that the Disraelian effort was not a failure, and that it was due to the partisan rancor which at that period raged with a virulence now unknown, that it had to be recorded in "Hansard," that "during the greater part of the time the hon. member was on his legs, he was so much interrupted that it was impossible to hear what he said." Grantley Berkeley, who was in the House when the speech was made, has left it upon record that such failure as there may have been was not because Disraeli did not speak to the purpose, or because his delivery was bad, but that as he used "rather too flowery language for

a dry matter-of-fact subject, the idle part of his audience, who, in the House of Commons, are ever trying to ridicule all that is above them, laughed him down." That would seem to have been the opinion of a far more accomplished and subtle critic, for Sheil, one of the finest speakers Ireland has sent to Westminster, said to some of his friends: "If ever the spirit of oratory was in a man, it is in that man. My *début* was a failure, because I was heard; but my reception was supercilious, his malignant. A *début* should be dull. The House will not allow a man to be a wit and an orator unless they have the credit of finding it out." Disraeli himself wrote to his sister, the morning after the speech, "My *début* was a failure, so far that I could not succeed in gaining an opportunity of saying what I intended; but the failure was not occasioned by my breaking down or any incompetency on my part, but from the physical powers of my adversaries." And it is pleasant to note that the speaker himself, in his historic closing words, did no more than echo a prophecy he had made to that sister years before he entered the Commons, and after listening to a specially brilliant debate, "I was never more confident of anything than that I could carry everything before me in that House: the time will come."

After the dramatic Disraelian entrance into the Parliamentary arena, that of his successor in the Conservative leadership, Lord Salisbury—the Lord Robert Cecil of other days—was uneventful; but though the manner was quiet, the matter was characteristic. It was early in April, 1854, when this country was "drifting into war" with Russia, and when the land was alive with preparations for armed strife, that the young member for Stamford first addressed the House of Commons. A Bill for the reform of Oxford University was to be read a second time; and Lord Robert Cecil was indignant at the idea that no member of weight was prepared to divide against it. "What confidence," he demanded to know, "could there be that some future Ministry, with the word Conservative on its lips, but destruction in its hand, would not drive home the wedge now introduced?" Mr. Gladstone,

though partly responsible for the Bill, listened with obvious pleasure to the fiery young patrician's maiden speech; and he told the House, in sonorous periods, that though in times long gone by Oxford had presented Parliament with the illustrious names of Fox, Canning, and Peel, it had been no common gratification to him to have listened that night to an effort rich with future promise, which indicated that there still issued forth from the maternal bosom of that University men who, in the first days of their career, gave earnest of what they might afterward accomplish for their country. Coupled with this splendid compliment, however, was the hint that, although the new-comer had learned much, he had something to unlearn, as to the temper and tendencies of Parliament. But the speech attracted little attention outside the walls of Westminster, for it was of warlike preparations and not of University reform that the nation was thinking, and the newspapers of the day even resented the discussion in Parliament of any topic that did not bear upon the desired destruction of the Czar Nicholas I.

A greater dramatic interest attaches to the maiden effort of Sir William Harcourt, whose high distinction it was to first speak in ecstatic praise of a constitutional weapon, which later was most grievously to wound himself. Early in the session of 1869 it was proposed to do away with that Statute of Anne which compels Ministers upon acceptance of office to seek re-election. In fervent and almost poetic terms the "Historicus" of former days bade the House believe that this enactment "was the sword of our fathers, and it was our duty to keep it bright and burnished as we have received it from our ancestors. It was one of those safeguards which had proved hitherto, and might prove hereafter, alike a security for the stability of the throne and the liberties of the people." Mr. Gladstone, as he had done in the case of the statesman who is now Lord Salisbury, heartily greeted the new-comer, who, the Prime Minister of the day declared, had addressed the House in a manner to lead his hearers to entertain great expectations regarding his future contributions to the debates. But the

press was not as cordial. The *Times*, in its leading columns, ignored the maiden effort of its old contributor. The *Daily News*, while declaring that the new member had seized his opportunity with tact, and used it with address and skill, dryly observed that "the subject allowed him to maintain the double character of a constitutional lawyer and an advanced Liberal . . . in a manner which would be gratifying to the stiffest of old Whigs and the most daring of modern Radicals." But the *Standard* told him that he had spoken "from the Conservative point of view, with even an excess of constitutional zeal." And probably "this promising young Conservative," as the accredited organ of that party went on to call him, thought so too, when, eleven years later, he was the very first distinguished Minister for nearly half a century to be refused re-election upon taking office, badly wounded, indeed, by that very "sword of our fathers" which he had told the House it was its duty to keep bright and burnished.

A curious fatality, however, has attended upon more maiden speeches than that of Sir William Harcourt; and the devotees of bimetalism to-day must wonder why Mr. Balfour, after keeping silence during nearly the whole of his first three sessions in Parliament, rose at the very end of the third to declare that to form an estimate of the value of silver in the immediate future was out of the question, for that value depended upon the demand and the supply. Silver was not quite the absorbing subject in 1876 that it has since been proving; and, therefore, the utterance of the future leader of the House of Commons passed almost unheeded by all. For education was then the burning topic, and a week before Mr. Balfour had first risen, Mr. Chamberlain, who had arrived at St. Stephen's two years and a half later, made on that theme his maiden speech. He had so recently come into the House, he told his hearers, that he felt reluctant to trespass on its time, being of opinion that he should best show his respect for the Assembly he was so proud to enter by refraining from addressing it while inexperienced in its form and practice. This was the style of modest address the House approved,

and compliments came from both sides, Mr. Forster especially joining in congratulating the new member for Birmingham upon the remarkable ability with which he had realized the expectations that had been entertained concerning him. As with Mr. Gladstone, so with Mr. Chamberlain: there has been frequently described a portentous and purely imaginary scene at the earliest utterance of each, and in both cases the maiden speech was delivered months before that concerning which fantastic fancies have so long had their sway.

In the case of a politician like Mr. Chamberlain, who had been distinguished as an orator outside Parliament before his first election—and there are competent judges who declare that he has never excelled, even if he has equalled, the series of addresses delivered while he was a candidate for Sheffield in the autumn of 1873—the term "maiden speech" may seem inappropriate. The *Times* could not have said of him, as it did of the earliest Parliamentary effort of Lord Rosebery, that he "spoke with a graceful emotion which became his years;" for when the late leader of the Liberal party commenced his oratorical career—as Peel, a predecessor in the Premiership, had done by seconding the Address—he was not yet twenty-five, thus justifying the late Lord Blachford's note in his diary that he had heard "a youthful maiden speech from Lord Rosebery." In various ways this latter peer has given proof of the fact that he is a student, and, in this very utterance, his reference to "the halo of political virginity" indicated his acquaintance both with Byron's "Don Juan" description of a maiden speech—a portion of which has been given—and Beaconsfield's in similar strain in "The Young Duke."

The politician who makes this effort early has, of course, a striking advantage over one who does not commence until middle life, though there have been speakers who have started in the House of Commons in old age and have succeeded. Among such was the once famous Michael Thomas Sadler, who, having been returned at a historic bye-election for Newark in 1829, made his maiden speech at sixty-seven, and impressed even the cynical Greville with

the belief that it was "certainly very remarkable and indicative of much talent;" but similar good fortune has not always attended the politician who has put off his maiden speech so long. Grantley Berkeley tells, in his "Life and Recollections," how a member for Ludlow, in the last Parliament of William IV., "tried to make a maiden speech, and, rising in his place with a *very bald head*, known, too, as he was to everybody, as one of the oldest stagers in all the ways of the world, he began with great affectation of inexperience, and with an exceedingly mild voice: 'Mr. Speaker, I am but a young member.' On hearing this assertion from so well known and crafty a man, possessing so venerable a pate, the entire House roared with laughter. Twice he stopped, and three times he commenced with these words; but it was useless; the House would not listen, and he never to my knowledge essayed to speak again, or, if he did, the sight of his bald head set his audience in a roar." Parliamentary manners are milder in these times, but a titter has gone round the Chamber, even during the existence of the present House of Commons, when a venerable-looking member of sixty claimed indulgence for his maiden speech.

Keats, in doggerel verse, once asked his brother—

Is there a man in Parliament
Dumfounder'd in his speech?

And he would assuredly have received an affirmative reply from those who have listened to these earliest efforts. Even much practice outside does not always suffice to insure ease or secure success at Westminster, for there are some members who have a great platform reputation to whom the Commons will not seriously listen. It is, perhaps, because of this that many of our representatives never make a maiden speech at all; but there are others who, by seizing the judicious moment, render themselves temporarily famous. Such as do so in these times deserve condolence over the fact that Mr. Gladstone has permanently withdrawn from St. Stephen's, for there probably never lived a distinguished Parliamentarian so anxious to encourage youthful effort.

It has been seen how he held out the hand of welcome to Lord Salisbury and Sir William Harcourt, but less well known is his compliment to Mr. Chaplin. The present President of the Local Government Board had made a maiden speech attacking the Irish Church Bill, and the then Premier replied: "The honorable member has admonished us, and myself in particular, that the sense of justice is apt to grow dull under the influence of a long Parliamentary experience. But there is one sentiment which I can assure him does not grow dull under the influence of a long Parliamentary experience, and that is the sense of pleasure when I hear—whether upon these benches or upon those opposite to me—an able, and at the same time frank, ingenuous, and manly expression of opinion, and one of such a character as to show me that the man who makes it is a real addition to the intellectual and moral worth and strength of Parliament."

It might be thought that even such a master of language could not have paid a more splendid compliment, but he must be considered to have once excelled it. During the second reading debate upon the Home Rule Bill of 1893, Mr. Austen Chamberlain addressed the Commons in opposition; and three days later Mr. Gladstone, in winding up the discussion, observed: "I will not enter into any elaborate eulogy of that speech. I will endeavor to sum up in a few words what I desire to say of it. It was a speech which must have been dear and refreshing to a father's heart." Mr. Austen Chamberlain was not in the House to hear the words, but his father was; and the Colonial Secretary of to-day, who was visibly affected by the reference, is stated to have privately observed that it was a kind and generous thing to do, and done in the inimitable manner that Mr. Gladstone alone could command. These are the episodes that blossom in the dust of Parliamentary debate; and they, at least, are certain not to be, in the words of Præd—

Forgotten—like a maiden speech,
Which all men praise, but none remember.

—Gentleman's Magazine.

22D JUNE.

THE trumpeters in a row,
 With a note as clear as a bell,
 And all the flutes and the fifes below,
 And the brazen throats, and the strings of fire,
 To let the people know
 That the Mother, the Queen, the heart's desire,
 From her palace forth doth go.

Princes, form in array !
 Great ye are, and greater may be ;
 But only guards and vassals to-day
 To the Lady enshrined in duty and love ;
 Pacing forth on her way
 In weakness of age, and in power above
 All words we can sing or say.

The streets that sound like the sea
 When the tumult of life is high,
 Now, in a murmur of voices free,
 Hum and ripple and rustle and stir,
 Straining each eye to see—
 To gaze and to watch and to wait for Her
 Whose subjects and lovers they be.

Sons and lovers and subjects all,
 The high and the low together—
 From Princes that ride in the festival
 To us in the crowd who but shout and gaze ;
 Rendering, every man and all,
 Thanks to our God for her lengthened days
 And the nation's festival.

Hark ! what is this which hushes the crowd ?
 A sound of silence amid the noise ;
 The sweep of a pause through the plaudits loud—
 A moment, a stillness, a start, a stir—
 The great heart of the multitude
 Holding its breath as it waits for Her,
 One being in all the crowd.

She is coming, is coming ! the Queen ! the Queen !
 Here is our moment in all the day.
 One voice for all, and the air serene
 Quivers, as if a storm blew by :
 A little more, and there had been
 Gates burst apart in the very sky,
 To hear a whole nation shouting on high—
 The Queen ! the Queen ! the Queen !

MRS. OLIPHANT.

BY ANNIE L. COGHILL.

IN some of the last words she ever wrote Mrs. Oliphant described herself as "a writer very little given to explanations or to any personal appearance," and probably of no writer that ever lived was this so absolutely true a description. Her work, enormous in volume and multifarious in kind, was given to the public; her life was for her children first, and after them for the small circle of loving and intimate friends who closely surrounded her. Of these, many, in the last darkening years of her life, had passed away, and with one small exception it is in these years only that we find in her writings any personal revelations, intentional or unintentional. They were very rarely intentional, and when they were, it was of deliberate purpose and for a fixed reason, as in two recent papers in *Blackwood*, "The Thoughts of a Believer," and "The Verdict of Old Age." The last and most touching instance is in the only preface which she ever attached to a novel, the few pages called "On the Ebb Tide."

This last volume of fiction, the Finish of a literary life begun fifty years ago, contains, beside its preface, two stories of rather unequal merit, but akin to each other in their subjects. There is in both as central figure a man in advanced middle age; each has a good wife and grown-up children; each is master of a delightful home, a man well thought of by his friends, clear of any such hideous complications as too many recent novelists seem to think necessary for the interest of their stories. But the men and their troubles are different. Mr. Robert Dalyell is half country gentleman, half "business man," and in his business transactions has been imprudent—has been, apparently, "playing ducks and drakes with his money." He is a person real enough, but not one to attract much sympathy, and the way he devises to enable his family to escape from ruin does not mend his position with the reader; it is simply to cheat the insurance offices by a care-

fully arranged sham death. It is very evident that Mrs. Oliphant did not herself care for her hero in this case. His story was written at a time of terrible strain and suffering, and the marvel about it is that the secondary characters, Mrs. Dalyell and the kindly old family friend Pat Wedderburn, should be so vivid and interesting. There are touches of the old skill and humor too in the momentary appearances of the innkeeper and servants. Yet it must be allowed that the Wonderful History of Mr. Robert Dalyell is far below the highest level of Mrs. Oliphant's fiction.

How different is the case with "Mr. Sandford"! It is difficult for one who knew her intimately to judge how far the ordinary public will understand the tragic personal interest of this story, but among the great throng of workers on whom, after years of vigorous and often delightful toil, the cold hand of age begins to lay its deadening touch, so insidious, so almost imperceptible, yet so fatally unrelenting, there must be many who will feel to the very heart the truth of these pages. Mr. Sandford is a painter who has had a long and substantial success. Everything has gone well with him. And if, as Daniells the picture dealer says, he has "never made an 'it,'" yet he has sold his pictures steadily for good prices, and "a Sandford" has been regarded as quite essential to every picture-buyer's collection. Money and position have come to him easily through work he loves, and he and his wife have not been improvident, but have carefully laid by a small portion for each of their numerous children, laying it by, naturally, in the most approved modern manner in life insurances. And suddenly without a warning comes the terrible moment of which his creator speaks in her preface.

"Life appears under a very different aspect to the man who has felt the turn of the tide. Probably the discovery has been quite sudden—startling, and, so far as he knows, private to himself. . . . Usually he is too much stunned to speak. He is not dying or like to

die, though his career has come or is coming to an end. It would be far more appropriate, far more dramatic, if he were; but death is illogical, and will seldom come at the moment when it is wanted, when it would most appropriately solve the problem of what is to be done after; which becomes the most pressing, the most necessary of questions. . . . I confess that I have not had the courage to follow this question in either of the cases treated here, to such depths of human discomfiture as may have been or may yet be. A greater artist might have done so and led the defeated man through all the depths of humiliation and dismay; but my hand is not strong or firm enough to trace out to the bounds of the catastrophe the last possibilities of the broken career. What in the jargon of the age is called the psychological moment is that in which the first discovery is made, and the startled victim suddenly perceives what has happened to him, and feels in every plank of his boat the downward drag of the ebb tide, and looks about him wildly to see if there is anything he can lay hold of to arrest it—any deliverance or any escape."

The sight of three unsold pictures turned face to the wall in the kindly dealer's inner room—the consciousness, sharply realized, that he has not a single commission in hand, and, even more, driving the blow in as with a hammer stroke, the sense that his pictures are of a day that is past, that his trained skill is as truly behind the fashion as that of Mulready or West; these things are worse, far worse, than a death blow to Mr. Sandford.

"There was a certain sum of money in the bank, no more anywhere, except after his own death. . . . There was nothing—nothing more; nothing to live upon, nothing to turn to. It was not a question of enough, it was that there was nothing; that all the streams were closed, and all the doors shut, and the successful man with his large income had suddenly become like a navvy out of work; like a dock laborer or whatever was most pitifully unprovided for in the world."

In this agony the thought of death is natural. His prolonged life can be of no service to those he loves, nor can he at the moment break in upon their happiness with the tale of his sufferings. Yet if he lives they must share the bitterness he is tasting—in three months at furthest, if he is living, there must come black poverty—"unless by the grace of God something should happen," he says to himself, being too honest a man to adopt the plan of Mr. Robert Dalzell, and too

good a Christian to be left altogether unsupported and hopeless in his trial.

"We can scarcely say that it was the fear of something after death that restrained him. . . . It was the feeling that to give one's self dismissal is quite a different thing. It is a flight—it is a running away. . . . What would be well if accomplished by the grace of God would be miserable if done by the will of the man who might be mistaken in his estimate of the good it would do. And then another practical thought, more tragical than any in its extreme materialism and matter-of-fact character, it would vitiate the insurances! He could not discharge himself from God's service on earth, though he should be very thankful if God would discharge him; and he could not do anything to endanger the precious provision he had made for his family."

With this heavy burden upon him Mr. Sandford is persuaded by his wife to accept an invitation from Daniells, the friendly dealer, for a week or two on the Yorkshire moors. A pleasant party of men are gathered together—some painters, some art lovers—and there is refreshment in the talk and in the breezy air. Yet behind all remains the sense of the ease it would bring if, by the grace of God, something happened—before—

And something does happen. Driving home in the late evening from an excursion, the party get off the road and the carriage is upset. Quite painlessly, quite inevitably, death comes to the man who had so desired it, and the story is ended.

It would not have been worth while to go through this, which whoever will may read for himself in far more interesting guise, but for the very extraordinary foreshadowing in Mr. Sandford of Mrs. Oliphant's own experience. After a life full of profitable and successful labor, almost an exact parallel to that of her hero, she had lately felt the beginnings of failure. As a matter of fact, she had never written more brilliantly than at times during the last year, but she had never, since the death of her last child, been conscious of that happy mastery of her work which had supplied many of the pleasantest hours of her life. "I am behind the fashion," she said herself; "I have no longer the place or the value I had." She felt certain that the difficulty of producing good work

must increase for her (as, indeed, at sixty-nine it well might), and she greatly longed to be released from her service and allowed to join those who had gone before her. But until within the last few months she had very little hope of escape. When first those who loved her were anxious, alarmed by her pallor, her inability to take food, and what they knew of her nights of sleepless sorrow, she used to smile and say, "Don't be afraid; there never is anything the matter with me." Her health had always been perfect, withstanding every kind of fatigue and mental suffering, and she could not think that it would fail her. But when, only about ten days before the end, it became certain that she was mortally ill, she said, as she had imagined Mr. Sandford saying, "God is very good; He gives me everything." To those who stood by her bedside in the last days it is impossible to read the story of Mr. Sandford without tears. The previous pain, the final peace, are so much like a vision and its fulfilment.

In this quiet confidence that "everything had been so perfectly arranged for her," with her mind clear, even a little flicker of fun in her eyes at times, always a tender smile and word for those she loved, a great writer passed away from us, leaving a blank that there is certainly no one capable of filling. There have been, perhaps there are (and she herself would have been the first to say it with full belief), greater novelists, but who has ever achieved the same variety of literary work with anything like the same level of excellence? A great deal of her very best remains at present anonymous—biographical and critical papers, and others dealing with an extraordinary variety of subjects. But merely to divide her books into classes gives some little idea of the range of her powers. Her novels, long and short, can hardly number much less than a hundred, but these for a long time back were by no means her works of predilection; they were necessary pot-boilers, and in the three last sad years all fiction had been heavy labor to her. Next in importance come her biographies, Edward Irving, Count de Montalembert, Prin-

cipal Tulloch, Laurence Oliphant, and a number of smaller ones, some involving great labor and research, while the last work of this class, the, as yet, unpublished *History of the Blackwoods*, occupied two years of her life. Then come the brilliant papers on the reign of George II., collected some years ago; and those on the reign of Queen Anne, the laborious, but not entirely successful, *Literary History of England* and *A Child's History of Scotland*. The *Makers of Florence* began a fresh series in 1876; it was followed at intervals by the *Makers of Venice, Rome, and Jerusalem*, each of these books involving immense labor, and all, except *Rome*, having its materials carefully collected on the spot. The topography of Rome she knew well; every aspect of it had been engraved on her memory with the pencil of sorrow. Finally, there remains one of the most wonderful set of writings in our language—that which began very simply and sweetly with *A Little Pilgrim*, and went on through various *Stories of the Seen and the Unseen*, reaching a strange poetic power and beauty in *A Beleaguered City*, and finding, to those who were near enough to her life to guess the thoughts with which it was written, a most fitting end in *The Land of Suspense*. Thus she had labored in almost every field of literature, winning every kind of success, and never, in all the fifty years (except perhaps for one moment in the early days of her widowhood), making a real failure. One day in the last week of her life she said, "Many times I have come to a corner which I could see no way round, but each time a way has been found for me." The way was often found by the strengthening of her own indomitable courage, which as long as her children were left to her never seemed to flag; it was the courage of perfect love. But it is certain that if she had had no moral qualities except courage she could not have toiled on as she did; a saving sense of humor, a great capacity to enjoy what was really comic, and everything that was beautiful, made life easier to her, and "the great joy of doing kindnesses" was one never absent from her. So that whatever suffering might be lying

in wait to seize upon her solitary hours, there was almost always a pleasant welcome and talk of the very best to be found in her modest drawing-room. If the visitors were congenial her charm of manner awoke, her simple fitness of speech clothed every subject with life and grace, her beautiful eyes shone (they never sparkled), and the spell of her exquisite womanliness made a charmed circle round her. She was never a beautiful woman at any time of her life, though for many years she was a very pretty one, but she had, as a family inheritance, lovely hands, which were constantly busy, in what she called her idle time, with some dainty sewing or knitting; she had those wonderful eyes which kept their beauty to the last minute of her life; and she had a most exquisite daintiness in all her ways and in the very atmosphere about her which was "pure womanly." But how can we who loved her speak of her now in that terrible past tense? It is well-nigh impossible.

Yet, because she was a woman, "very little given to any personal appearance," it may be a satisfaction to some of that public whom she called "her unknown friends," if there is given here a brief sketch of her life, as it is concerned with literature. She was but eighteen when, her mind being full of the delightful stories of Scottish country life told by her mother, she imagined and worked out the history of Mistress Margaret Maitland. One of the notices of her, written within the last few weeks, said that she wrote in the midst of her family, the others pursuing their avocations or amusements about her. This is near the truth, but not quite close to it. The girl, an only and very much cherished daughter, wrote her daily chapter or more in quiet hours when she and her mother were alone. In the evenings, when the brothers came home, the manuscript was read aloud with much criticism, but, on the whole, great approval, and some wonder that the little sister should do so well. And this wonder was justified, for when the completed story was taken to London by the younger brother, and confided to Mr. Colburn, it was first of all found to be saleable, and by-and-by reached

all the glory of a distinct success. The three editions that quickly followed each other, and the praise of notable critics, decided, if anything had been needed for that purpose, the girl's vocation. The strange thing was that she had two vocations. Of course plenty of literary women have been wives and mothers, but in most of these cases the husband and children have been the stay of the household, more or less setting free the wife's thoughts for her literary work. With Mrs. Oliphant this was not the case. She married, at about twenty-three, her cousin Francis Oliphant, a young painter, and for two or three years they led in London much such a life as any young household, half literary and half artistic, would lead. There were sorrows in this time—the death of the dear mother whose store of traditions was so inexhaustible, and whose love was so unfailing, and the deaths of three children; but there was no doubt happiness too. And though three babies had been taken away, two lived, a girl and boy, healthy and bright, and worth so much more to their mother than any literary success she could ever make. And then followed the sudden irremediable breakdown of the young husband's health. A sudden flight to Italy in the vain hope of cheating the fiend consumption, and after a fierce struggle maintained by her love and courage, the battle lost, and she herself left in Rome desolate, but for the two little ones she had brought with her, and a tiny dark-eyed baby, born in the first weeks of her widowhood.

From that moment she had to fight the world alone for herself and for the helpless creatures dependent on her. When her health was a little restored she settled in Edinburgh, and it was then, if ever, that she failed in her work. But the *Chronicles of Carlingford* followed this temporary lapse and placed her reputation at its highest. Work, she always declared, was her best friend, and under its wholesome influence, and in the delightful care of her children, she revived in body and mind; the humors of the Tozer family and their friends, the perplexities of the doctor, and all the rest of the society of that immortal town, could

never have been created by an unhappy woman. Later on she removed to Ealing, becoming a near neighbor of Mr. Henry Blackett, the successor of her first publisher, Mr. Colburn. *Carlingford* and many of the intervening books had been published by the Blackwoods, and a steady friendship had grown up between her and the members of that great publishing family. She was now brought into intimate relations with Mr. and Mrs. Blackett—relations ended only by their deaths within a few years of each other. Other friends, who afterward filled a considerable place in her life, and whose acquaintance she made early in this period, were Principal and Mrs. Tulloch, of St. Andrew's, and it was in their company that she left England in 1865 for a visit to Italy, and chiefly to her husband's grave. She had dear friends in Rome, and her children were with her, well and happy. A little sadness of which the bitterness was past was probably all she anticipated when she started on that ill-fated journey, but she returned to England about a year later with an almost broken heart, for she left her little daughter, her eldest child, sleeping under the violet-strewn sod and the shadow of the gray walls of Rome.

Her home at Ealing had lost its brightness, and for that reason, and because her eldest boy was then nine years old and ready to go to school, she settled at Windsor. Out of six children she had now but two left, and in these two all her life was centred. There were very cheerful and pleasant days as time went on in the pretty house to which a good many notable and interesting people came.

Mrs. Oliphant had begun in the days of her husband's illness that habit of working far into the night which she never abandoned. When her household and visitors went to bed she sat down to her desk, often in the summer nights leaving doors and windows open. More than once she was startled by the heavy step of a policeman, who, being new to the beat and to her habits, was making his way in through the little conservatory to see why this one drawing-room was all alight when dawn was beginning. Then a little friendly

conversation would ensue and the policeman's mind was easy for the future.

After a very few years, however, added cares came upon her in the charge of a brother's family. There was a boy, older than her eldest son, who joined him at Eton; and there were two little girls, almost babies, who were to be, in her last years, the great consolation of their adoptive mother's life. For of all her children only these two remain, and one is married. It was, therefore, to the youngest that all the tenderest duties of a daughter fell; and the thought of her future was the one anxiety that broke the peace of those dying hours she watched over so lovingly.

In 1875, after a happy and satisfactory career at Eton, Mrs. Oliphant's eldest son went to Oxford, followed three years later by the younger. Their mother removed temporarily from Windsor so as to be near them; and during her six months' stay there she saw much of the most interesting personages of the place—heads of houses, professors, and dons of all kinds, as well as notable women, among whom Miss Rhoda Broughton was always welcome. But from that time until quite lately she only left her own home at Windsor for the journeys necessitated by her work or when the failing health of her sons required a warmer climate. The elder of the two, after some alarming illnesses, went to Ceylon in January, 1884, but returned before the end of the year, so completely broken down that it was evidently impossible for him to leave her again. Meantime, the younger had left Oxford, and had been working at special studies with the hope of an appointment in the British Museum, for which he had a nomination. He was an excellent linguist, and had a great knowledge of old books and old writers, and particularly of heraldry and allied subjects, so that the idea of a life spent in a library was delightful to him. He passed the needful examinations with success: there was only one, the medical, still to be faced, and mother and son were both pleased and hopeful that this one life of all that had belonged to her might be a success. But it could not be. The malady inherited

from his father had taken sure hold, and the young man, full of bright intellect, full of all the wishes and ambitions of his age, must take his place among the doomed. This may well have been one of the bitterest moments of Mrs. Oliphant's life. A selfish mother might have comforted herself with the thought that the son whose mind was most like her own would now—perhaps for many years—be her constant companion and helper. But this was not a way of looking at the position which was natural to her. She felt for him keenly that of which, as she said afterward, he never complained, the forced giving up, one by one, of the amusements of other young men—his rowing, his golf, even walking or the mildest enjoyment of society. For six or seven years his mother's constant and trembling care helped to keep the lamp burning; then, as if a sudden breeze had touched the flame, it flickered out. "Her house was left unto her desolate." Those who were with her at that moment, when indeed it might almost be said that her own death warrant was signed, will never forget her aspect. Firmly believing, as she had done all her life—as she did to the end—that what was done was done by Divine Wisdom and Divine Love, she endured meekly the burden laid upon her, and the only complaint she made was of her own physical strength, which, as she thought, promised years of desolate life. But to others this physical strength seemed grievously failing, and she was, by-and-by, persuaded to leave her old home at Windsor and remove to a bright little residence on Wimbledon Common. All this time her work went on: *Jeanne d'Arc*, *A Child's History of Scotland*, the *History of the Blackwoods*, and a vast quantity of papers on various subjects were written, and some stories, partly or wholly written before, were prepared for the press and published. It was in these last days that she felt a need to speak against what she held to be the sins of contemporary literature—the trivial or spiteful gossip of some writers; the unclean and unwholesome imaginings of some others. In one case where she spoke strongly it was certainly a grief to her to do so, for no

man or woman ever lived who had a clearer apprehension of the good in their fellow-craftsmen or a more ardent admiration and affection for those who used their great gifts greatly. In her many young writers found a warm sympathy, an ungrudging appreciation, which had none of the stiffness of age in it; for Mr. Barrie's work (though she grew naturally impatient of his imitators and the literature of the kailyard) she was full of enthusiasm, and it may be doubted whether Mr. Rudyard Kipling will ever reap warmer or more discriminating praise than hers.

A year ago her health, which she had thought so strong, broke down in an alarming manner, and though to some extent she recovered and was able in the winter to go with her niece to Paris for a short period of study, she was never herself again. This summer a book which she had undertaken to write seemed to necessitate a visit to Siena, and most unfortunately she was encouraged to go. After less than three weeks' absence she came back, having collected materials for a small volume; but her remaining strength had been exhausted by the long and fatiguing journey, and the end approached with more and more certainty. She wished at the last to live over the great day of the Queen's Jubilee; and speaking to one of her little circle, whom she was urging that "to please me," she should not miss seeing the procession, she added, "I promise you shall have no bad news on the 22d." She had a strong personal devotion to the Queen, who had formerly showed her very gracious kindness, and she felt sure the Queen's day would not be darkened in her little house by the presence of death. She had her desire; and it was not till nearly midnight of the 25th that she passed away.

She is laid in the graveyard at Eton, beside her two boys, in the blessed rest which she had earned so well; but she has left behind her a certain amount of unpublished manuscripts, both prose and verse, which, it is hoped, may be by-and-by arranged and given to the world. Among this is a short autobiography. She regretted in her last

days that she had never made notes of the interesting persons and scenes with whom and with which she had made acquaintance early in life ; but she was so little self-centred that her own experiences did not suggest themselves to her as worth writing about until she found her younger friends plying her with questions. She had never in her life allowed herself to be interviewed ; she had set her face against even the giving of autographs, laughing sometimes good-humoredly over the enthu-

siasm of collectors in all quarters of the world, who would enclose outlandish coins in their letters to pay the postage. It is to be feared that the coins went with the letters into her wastepaper basket. What possible good could her autograph do to anybody? was her feeling. But there was no real kindness to any creature which was within her power to do and yet was not done ; and so at the end of her long day she rests from her labors and her works do follow her.—*Contemporary Review*.

AT MIDNIGHT SERVICE : NEW YEAR'S EVE.

IN " VECTIS."

WHAT shall we hope from the year
Whose birth is full of its death,
This poor little time-waif stranded here
By this ocean of refluxent breath?

What shall we pray for and seek?
What shall we ask for and find?
God grant us the heart of the meek,
God give us contentment of mind.

God take from our spirits the dross
That forges the chain of conceit,
God give to the humble the gain of their loss
Who find only wealth at His feet.

God quicken the impulse of good
And make it a sentient thing,
To cover the sins of our brotherhood
With charity's ample wing.

God lighten the lot of the poor,
God strengthen the heart of the strong,
God give to the weak the gift to endure,
Let time be ever so long.

God yield to our gentleness life,
God grant to our courtesy power,
God take from the cry of our public strife
The hate of the agonized hour.

And give us the peace whereof
His Word is the promise and leaven,
That we may taste of the heavenly love
That maketh of earth a heaven.

AUTUMN DAYS IN ISLAY.

It was early, very early, as we stood on the Broomielaw Quay at Glasgow, whence so many Clyde steamers sail to the romantic isles of the West. The crew of the *Columba* were giving the vessel her daily wash-down, and an energetic waterman, tarpaulin-clad himself, was turning on the hose with a single eye to duty and a heroic disregard of the men.

Sharp morning air combined with "swabs" did its work; the vessel became speedily dry and the waterman hurried importantly away. A gangway connected the steamer with the shore; bakers, who must have been up all night, stepped gingerly on board, bearing piles of cakes and baskets of bread; an early butcher rattled up with a large supply of meat; the Royal Mail added its contribution, and passengers and luggage began to collect; holiday luggage manifestly, among which golf clubs and bicycles seemed the chief items.

Our destination was Islay, Queen of the Hebrides, as, in luxuriant guide-book language, she is sometimes called; and we had chosen the sail from Glasgow instead of going by rail to Greenock, because, like Li-Hung Chang, we were anxious to see the ship-building and other features of interest along the Clyde. Ship-building is there undoubtedly, but the "other features of interest," alas, do not exist. The sail between those low muddy shores, with "Clutha" (Gaelic name for Clyde) steamers fussing by and stirring up the foul river bed every few minutes is one to remember with unqualified disgust!

However, below Greenock the sail is a fine one. Typical Scottish scenery stretches on either side as far as the eye can reach, till the beauty culminates at the Kyles of Bute. Rounding Ardlamont Point, so gruesomely interesting just three years ago, we sailed up Loch Fyne, famous for its immense herring, to East Tarbert, a watering-place of fashion and beauty, where not only the piers and char-a-bancs, but even the fuchsia hedges seem to exist

entirely for the pleasure of summer visitors.

Here we landed, but only to leave the *Columba* for the *Glencoe*, which awaited us at West Loch, Tarbert, about two miles away. Char-a-bancs speedily conveyed passengers along a most romantic looking road by the loch-side, where the scarlet berries of many rowan-trees gave vivid flashes of color against a background of gleaming water; while on our left, enormous rocks, covered with heath and fern, larch and other firs, rose hundreds of feet from the roadway, almost perpendicularly, taking a thousand fantastic shapes and forming a huge wall of greenery which seemed nearly to touch the sky.

What quiet waters the *Glencoe* disturbed as we sailed from the region of Glasgows on-the-water farther and farther into the heart of Highland silence! A seal squatting on a sunny bank slipped into the water as we passed, and swam away, making a black spot on the bright loch with its dog-like, glossy head; a great gray heron circled above with swishing bow-shaped wings on its way to the sand-flats between the two Tarberts; a flock of guillemots preened their feathers and screamed hoarsely from a jutting crag; and then away, away we steamed into wilder, stormier waters approaching nearer to where the mighty Atlantic rolls and thunders on the Big Strand.

Now and again, a passenger would be dropped, not always at a pier, for piers are rare between Tarbert and Islay, but into little rowing or sailing boats, brought warily to the *Glencoe's* side by grave men who exchanged a few words with the crew while looking keenly ahead to avoid contact with the steamer.

Small events grew strangely interesting as signs of human life became less frequent, till the wind-roughened waters dashed over the decks in spray, and caused us to cling to our camp-stools, and to make our feet almost revert to their original prehensility in our endeavors not to be overthrown.

We passed Gigha, that long island curved like a half-moon, whose name is pronounced so absurdly differently from its spelling; and though a large proportion of its small population was gathered on the pier to witness the one event of the day, the *Glencoe's* arrival with parcels and mail-bags, the wind had grown so boisterous, and the waters so leaden and seething, that our interest was entirely centred in the diminishing distance between us and Islay, and all things else became naught; even the strange Jura Hills and the Misty Mull of Cantire, half hidden by the spindrift continually washing over decks as the boat ploughed along through gray waters under a grayer sky.

How glad we were to reach Islay, that far-off Western Island between which and America lies nothing but the wide Atlantic waters! The *Glencoe* stopped at Port Ellen in the southern corner of that much indented coast; and as we stepped from the gangway our first impression was of a dazzling flash of white houses with a group of Highland laddies, bare of foot and head, in the immediate foreground. The cottages are carefully arranged in a semi-circle following the line of the bay, and the curved expanse of street between crescent and sea is overrun with geese and turkeys, hens and ducks, which strut and waddle and flutter on the Queen's highway as freely as in their native barnyards.

But beyond and around that white-washed crescent how magnificent is the outlook! A huge crag, covered with scented heather and tawny bracken, towers above the village; out over the harbor gray and grassy rocks line the coast; bold headlands jut out on each side into the water, reflecting themselves in the black-green depths, where many a good ship lies rotting, wrecked on that cruel coast in nights of storm or fog!

On our arrival we speculated as to the industries of the inhabitants; but no industry was apparent; in fact, to the casual observer its reverse seemed prominently to the fore. An unusual proportion of the male population leaned against the whitewashed houses and gossiped, smoked and loafed; and

to city eyes, newly come from the bustle of big towns, it seemed like a land where "'twas always Saturday afternoon." We looked round the harbor for signs of fishing, but neither net nor gear was visible; only a few rough boats were moored to the stone pier, which we afterward found were occasionally used for lobster fishing. We began to be curious. What did the inhabitants labor at for a living? In this little port alone there were nearly a thousand people; how did they all get daily bread? Then some kind person explained. A long row of white buildings, scarcely different at a casual glance from the white crescent, was the distillery where the famous Port Ellen Highland Whiskey is manufactured. We went over this distillery and had the various processes courteously explained, from the stage where barley lies on the floor of a huge chamber, seven or eight hundred quarters at a time, through the delicate process of malting, to where the "wash"—as the first liquor stage of whiskey is called—stands in seven enormous tanks, each holding five or six thousand gallons. This is a dangerous chamber to enter when the tanks are full. Excisemen who watch all the processes on behalf of Government, are sometimes overcome by the carbonic acid gas generated by the fermenting liquor; it is never safe for one man to enter alone. Our guide told us of a distillery employé who crept in unobserved to drink some of the wash—a forbidden thing—and was only discovered by a fortunate accident. When found he was breathing heavily and quite insensible; it was by the merest chance he escaped death by atmospheric poisoning. The final process where it becomes the whiskey of export is carefully watched. The glass case containing the vessels is kept under lock and key by excisemen, who test and record not only the quantity, but the strength of the spirit, so that Government shall not be defrauded of a jot or tittle of its just dues. The whole process of distilling from the barley to the "foreshot"—the first of the spirit, which is deadly poison—takes about three weeks, and an incredible quantity is manufactured in this small island; where sometimes

little villages crouched down close to the sea, consist entirely of a distillery and its workpeople. Then the idle, holiday air of the village was explained. During two or three months of summer the distillery is closed for several reasons. The machinery wants overhauling; the various chambers must be cleaned; sometimes the water-supply fails; and we were told of another distillery, that the water in summer is too warm. A large portion of the island is a peat moss, and the little brown streams of water trickling through are considered indispensable to the peculiar flavor of Highland whiskey. Another of its merits is that the grain is dried with peat fuel; a slower process than with coke, but which produces, according to connoisseurs, infinitely better results.

We had heard much about crofters and their dwellings, and by good fortune we one evening, wearied with a long tramp, and anxiously looking for a house by the wayside at which to obtain water or milk, chanced to meet a crofter. He was driving a herd of kine home to the byres, and at the moment of our approach was chasing a truant cow, which was careering across a peat moss with a ragged coat dangling from her mouth.

"Aw yes," was his greeting, as we waited for him to come up; "the kye are keen for rags at this time o' year, and 'tis bad for them. But coom ben the hoose, aw, coom ben, and the auld wife will get ye a soop o' milk."

We followed, noting that the buildings were by the wayside with no intervening garden, and seemed to consist chiefly of cow-byres. They were all one story high, and thatched with heather; and a few heather ropes, weighted with heavy stones or rock, seemed a faint protest against rough weather, which the Atlantic, now peacefully calm under the setting sun, was sure to bring during the winter.

We entered the house by a narrow doorway deeply recessed; for the walls were probably double with a thick layer of peat between; and our host, with true Highland politeness and hospitality, made us welcome, talking in his big voice all the time.

"Aw yes, the buildings is bad, but

we hope when the young heir grows up, he'll build us a better."

The room was perhaps twelve feet square, and there was no more attempt at finish than a Canadian hut for summer use would have. The walls were like the walls outside, bare stone boulders; beyond the rafters could be seen the thatch, and the floor was partly paved and partly naked earth where the flags had not happened to fit. The one window consisted of four panes of glass each about a foot square; an eloquent testimony to the out-door habits of the inmates, for during the day the room would be as gloomy as a cell, and not a place to choose for idling.

The single object of luxury was a bonnie peat fire, which blazed redly and silently, with true Scottish reserve, without any of the cheery noises that wood or coal send forth. "Hakes" were fastened across the lower part of the chimney, and from these was suspended a three-legged iron pot very like a miniature witch's cauldron. There was no fender, no hearthstone; a hollow beneath the grate received the ashes. The "peat corner," answering to the coal-house or bunker of the Lowland Scot, occupied one of the recesses formed by the fireplace, and the peats were neatly arranged in it, to the height of about three feet from the floor. The peats are exactly like sepia-colored bricks, and "peat-reek" is as incense to a true Highlander.

The furniture was of the simplest. A small deal table, a painted dresser, which held a store of thick crockery, and was probably the china-cupboard; a press and a huge oaken "kist" or chest, one of a Highlander's most valued possessions, and which is usually the receptacle of the family wardrobe; a few chairs, which our host told us were "real Highland chairs," and made by himself. They were distinctly novel, consisting of strong peeled branches for frame-work, with bars of lesser twigs for the seats and backs, looking like ladders bent into chair shape, and with hardly more of the carpenter's craft in their construction than Adam himself might have used.

A crofter, we learned, farms a small portion of land that he rents, and often

he or his forbears builds the house and farm-sheds ; a sort of civilized squatting, so to speak ; a custom that has gone on in the Highlands from forgotten times, but which is now slowly dying out. Nothing is bought that can be made ; life is reduced to its simplest forms ; and the dominant instinct is to sternly discountenance any expenditure of hard cash.

Our crofter was a successful man as crofting goes, a very king of crofters ; and it must be admitted that, in spite of the rough dwelling and scanty furniture, an air of peace and order pervaded everything ; and one form of happiness, that of successful work, had brought in its train a moderate content. The old mother, a white-haired dame in a cap and short petticoat, who " had nothing but the Gaelic ;" the two big sons ruddy of hair and face ; a servant lass with the physique of an Amazonian queen, all seemed to live to work. Gossip said that the elder son would fain marry the handsome dairy-maid, but that the mother, little and old but imperious, refused to give place to a younger woman !

Three and a half miles from Port Ellen lies the Laggan golf course, one of the finest in Britain. It lies along Laggan Bay, from which it is separated by a curve of fine white sand called the Big Strand, along which the Atlantic comes in brilliant white breakers with a thunderous roar that in rough weather is heard for miles.

Here, one blazing noontide, we ate our lunch on a knoll of smooth turf overlooking the bright blue water ; the Rhinns, a line of rocky coast to our right, and the mysterious caves of Slochd-Mhol-Doraigh, a part of the Oa peninsula, to our left. We had heard many marvels of these caves. There were legends of course. Slochd means, in Gaelic, a deep pit, and Mhol-Doraigh is the name of the man who, from the land above, leaped with his horse into the outer chamber of the cave, and so earned for himself a niche in fame's temple. There was the piper, too ; that piper who always traverses passages and caves with no outlet, who marches boldly in with his dog, playing valiantly a well-known air ; which grows fainter and more faint, and is

finally lost. The piper is never seen again, though the dog turns up, miles away, in a very forlorn condition.

A gentleman from the village accompanied us, and kindly obtained a boat from friends. It required careful navigation to get safely through the Archipelago of tiny island rocks that dotted the only practicable starting-place, and just as we were wondering which was the way to escape being wrecked, we learned to our dismay that none of our party had ever rowed to the caves before !

However, we got safely through to calm water, and were exceedingly fortunate in our day. For once we were at a place where " The wind in the East is good for man and beast," to travesty the proverb so much in use during an English spring. It is only when the wind blows from the east with a calm sea that these caves can be visited, and as this happens but four or five times in the summer, we all mentioned, at various intervals, how strangely lucky we were. Rocky cliffs fringe the coast, taking weird and curious forms ; now rising sheer from the ocean like a wall of solid masonry ; now assuming curiously artificial forms, hay-stacks, pyramids, enormous tents, all grass grown and perfectly symmetrical.

The caves are marvellous. One old writer says, they would be visited by wondering travellers as often as those of Staffa, if they could be more easily got at, and truly Nature was in a freakish mood when she formed them ! Just outside stands the " Soldier," a column of graystone sixty or eighty feet high, with a diagonal bar of white quartz running round the centre, surprisingly like a soldier's belt, and which has probably given the rock its name. Then comes a wide high archway, curiously variegated in color, several splashes of bright living green, suggesting copper, appearing erratically in the upper portion. Steering carefully through this grand entrance, we found ourselves in a chamber perhaps a hundred feet square, with walls of rugged rock, down which, at our right, a waterfall dashed noisily in flashes of white foam. The sky was its roof, and it formed a magnificent ante-

chamber to the cave proper. Straight ahead was the door of this cavern, low and narrow, in shape like a Saxon arch ; in coloring as rich and varied as a picture by Titian. Porphyry reds, warm browns, with now a dash of sulphur yellow, now a touch of faintest pink, all glistening and fresh with the continual spray.

The getting through this beautiful low doorway was an adventure in itself ; we had cautiously to propel our boat through by pushing against the rock on either side just as one gets through a narrow bridge ; and the steady giant roll of the Atlantic conjured up visions of hidden rocks at every deep pulsation. Once inside we breathed more freely, but it was an eerie, mysterious spot ; for though faint flickers of sunshine, pale ghosts of the outer glory, play about the walls of the antechamber, never a gleam finds its way to the inner cavern. When our eyes grew accustomed to the gloom we saw an underground cathedral with water for a floor, and a roof of rock, carved by Nature's bold hand into strange and wonderful bosses. Two recesses on the right looked singularly like side chapels, one of which terminates in a shingly beach ; and the other, still unexplored, stretches away no one knows whither, save the water kelpies, who "when fairy tales were true" used to haunt it.

How glad we were to get safely back through the perilous entrance arch to the pale cold daylight of the outer court, and to hear again the friendly splash of the waterfall ; to see the sentinel "Soldier" rock and the warm afternoon sun scintillating in brilliant flashes across the wide clear water ; to hear the cries of gull and guillemot as they sailed overhead ; the sight of a goat on a perilous crag, the black head of a seal, all the joys and beauties of living Nature made us feel like returning to earth after a visit to the nether world !

A few hundred yards away two lobster fishers were examining their creels, and, as we neared them they called out a greeting. They were dressed in sand-colored tarpaulin, and were anxiously seeing what spoil their traps had collected.

"It iss ferry odd," said the elder man, who with ruddy face and perfectly white hair looked a striking specimen of a Highland fisher ; "it iss ferry odd, but we hef found three lopsters twice running ; it iss what will not pe happening efery day. This lopster-fishing iss a lottery, you do not know what iss in the pot till you lift the lid."

His speech was slow and rather shrill, and the quaint accent of his English sounded piquant. Our cicerone spoke to him in Gaelic for a while, and then he said, "Will you not try your luck ? Lift in one of the cages to see what will pe in it."

So one of us, who is an ardent fisherman, began hauling in a creel ; there were yards and yards of rope with cork floats at short intervals ; then came the trap weighted with smooth stones and hung with bait, but alas for the fishers, otherwise empty ! Another cage was tried, and there were two large crabs ; the lucky third produced a big fellow sulking at the bottom, wondering, no doubt, how he could have been so foolish as to venture through that narrow network channel !

With a present of two fine lobsters, manacled with string, we rowed away to a rough beach of boulders worn smooth as curling stones by ages of giant breakers. The surrounding cliff is scooped into huge hollows and crevices and yawning chasms ; here are yet more caverns, but these are dry and stony, with water dripping from the roof and walls, where ferns and mossy vegetation grow rankly luxuriant. These ocean chambers stretch away into darkness, bifurcating and ramifying into galleries and dismal passages, sometimes terminating in rough beaches, sometimes apparently without end. Eerie caverns, ghostly havens, strewn with bleached bones of sheep and goats who have sought the friendly darkness in which to die.

Once more we were glad to leave earth's natural dungeons and breathe again the summer air of the outer world. At the top of the cliffs and caves lies a farm, and here, in the lonely silence of this high land, we met a cottar, socially one step, nay, many steps, beneath the crofters. A cottar has no land, he is simply allowed a

house in which to live rent-free, usually by the farmer for whom he works. Broadly speaking, he ranks with the farm-laborer of England, but his life generally is infinitely harder, and his accommodation, if offered to his English peer, would rouse all the labor candidates of S. Stephen's to tearful indignation. But the Highland cottar has a supreme indifference to personal comfort; he finds his happiness chiefly out of doors; his forefathers were men who lived in caves or on the bare mountains for months at a stretch; there is no softness in his bones; and no amount of fine furniture or spare bedrooms could add to the self-respect and dignity which his historic name silently claims.

The cottar we saw was a shrivelled, slender figure; his face and hair were gray; he was scantily clad even for a warm day; he must have seen eighty years at least, and yet apparently had not lost a tooth. He was polite and self-possessed though he had little of "the English" in which to express himself.

"Yes, it wass a ferry fine day, and the caves they would pe wonderful. Ah, yes, we could have a trink of water at his house, that on the hill; his sister would pe at home, and would pe giving it to us with pleasure."

Following his direction we picked our way warily over a morass covered with coarse marram grass, to what our guide told us was a "real old Highland house," of the sort that is now rarely to be seen save in the remotest parts of Scotland. Sheds that had once sheltered pig or cow were now broken down by time and weather; only the house, consisting of two rooms, a but and a ben, remained whole. We were asked into the living room, a place to remember for the rest of our lives. A cloud of blue peat smoke puffed into our faces as the door opened, and the most striking object at our first gaze was the fireplace, a simple circle of white cobble stones embedded in earth in the middle of the floor. It was about three feet in diameter, and on this stone circle a few peats were smouldering, giving no heat, no light, nothing, save a stifling smoke and an inexpressibly desolate appearance to the interior.

There was no chimney; a hole in the thatch through which the sky was visible offered an egress for the smoke, but to judge from the festoons of peat reek that hung from the blackened rafters and walls, only a small proportion elected to escape in that way. The floor was bare mother earth, trodden hard as a pavement by numberless forgotten feet; the walls were rough unplastered stone and cement; a door leading outside let daylight in through the long gaps between each narrow panel, making one shudder at the thought of the winter blasts sweeping across that unsheltered morass from the wild Atlantic! One small window lighted up the gloom within a three-foot radius; the rest was in a dim, smoke-grimed twilight, a dismal cavern even on that sunny day. The furniture was filtered down to the barest necessities of life. A spinning-wheel stood near the fire as if in constant use; a hank of dirty blue yarn hung above on the nearest wall; spinning-wheel and yarn of the same kind that figure in the fairy stories told in the island a hundred years ago; a long bench, extending across the end where a fire usually burns, formed a convenient shelf for odds and ends of lumber; a small dresser with a scanty supply of crockery; two Highland chairs hardly discernible in the smoky gloom; a deal table under the window-ledge, where lay a grotesque travesty of a looking-glass, requiring second sight to see the faintest reflection. Several saithe—coarse, black-backed fish—strung on the wall were drying in the plentiful smoke; one or two meal barrels stood near the fireplace, and all was told. To us, it looked painfully dreary, unspeakably comfortless; but those two old people would probably not have changed it for the newest, smartest cottage, with (height of civilized desire!) "hot and cold water," and the latest sanitary improvements!

Every rood of land in Islay is historic ground. For some years during the thirteenth century it was under Norwegian rule, and many ruins on jutting sea-crags are still pointed out as Danish forts; while early in the present century folk-tales were told by the peasantry on winter nights, in just

such houses as that described above; folk-tales strangely similar to those collected by Hans Andersen in the Scandinavian Peninsula. The heroes of blind Ossian, the Gaelic minstrel, performed many of their wonderful feats in Islay; and later, more authentic chronicles give descriptions of bloody fights between the rival clans of Macdonald and Maclean; when the Fiery Cross was sent through the island by one of the latter, a usurper, bidding all men help to gain for their clan the Lordship of the Isles.

Queens, princesses, proselytizing priests from Iona, lie buried in this small but once important island; isolated monoliths, eighteen or twenty feet high, stand in dumb remembrance of dead warriors who lay in heaps beneath; tombs and runic crosses with rude symbolic carvings are found in various parts of the island; the ploughshare has turned up quaint gold rings which have since been identified as Danish money of very early times.

What wonder, then, that with such a past, the island was a stronghold of superstition, and that in the fifties, or thereabouts, good parish ministers should deplore the existence of many unholy beliefs among their flocks! "Bealtainn Fires," a relic of Baal worship, it is surmised, was an observance carefully remembered on the first days of May and November; and, as a survival of Paganism, was by those anxious pastors specially condemned. But though most such beliefs are now dead, a fresh simplicity still remains. There are no railways, and towns ten or twenty miles away are distant unvisited regions. All news of the outer world is brought by steamer; the spinning-wheel still occupies the time of some of the mothers and maidens; their speech is chiefly Gaelic; simple homely pleasures are all they know of amusement, and, girt about by the sea, the islanders remain apart in this age of unrestful hurry, as in a garden of peace.—*Temple Bar*.

THE NEW SAYINGS OF CHRIST.

BY M. R. JAMES.

MR. GRENFELL and Mr. Hunt have presented the world in general with a document of the greatest interest; while to theological scholars they have given one of the prettiest problems conceivable, in the writing which they have christened "*Λόγια Ἰησοῦ*." Egypt is constantly yielding up fragments which excite and tantalize us almost unbearably; and now she has surpassed herself. Here we have what purport to be fresh sayings of the most important person who ever lived; and these are preserved to us on a single leaf of papyrus, badly mutilated, and extremely hard to read.

During the next few months we may expect edition after edition of these *Logia* from England, France, and Germany. We shall have conjectures good, bad, and worse than bad, on the text, and we shall be told what the fragment is, when and where it was composed, what the lost portions con-

tained, what the surviving portions mean, and what the relation of it all is to our four Gospels. But though we shall certainly learn a good deal, and probably be enabled to fill up the gaps in the second page of the text, I doubt whether we shall get any work that is on the whole more cautious and sensible than the *editio princeps*.

It is not the purpose of this article to answer any of the great questions in Christian "origins" which are sure to be raised in connection with this fragment. The time is not ripe for that. The process of assimilation of new documents is always a long one; and a document so new as the *Logia* demands years rather than weeks or months for its proper appreciation. That which on a first reading seems so unlike anything we have seen—which stands out so sharply from the background of known Christian literature—will eventually, no doubt, find its

context and its environment, and drop into them naturally ; but that will not be for some time to come.

It is, however, already possible to point out what the fragment is not, and to indicate the directions in which the nearest parallel to it may be found ; and that is what I shall attempt to do in the following pages.

I.

In the first place, then, this document is not a leaf of a Gospel—not, at least, of such a Gospel as we know anything about.

A great many kinds of books have been called Gospels at different times, but no extant recension or fragment of any of these leads us to suppose that they had room for such a collection of detached sayings as is contained in the leaf from Oxyrhynchus. Of the *Gospel of the Egyptians*, a book which has been mentioned in connection with this fragment, we possess certain scraps, the chief one being a dialogue of our Lord with Salome ; and from Hippolytus and Epiphanius we learn that it contained esoteric utterances of Christ to the Apostles. The *Gospel of Philip*, of which we have one fragment, seems to have been a "Gnostic" writing, very much like the *Pistis Sophia*, an extant work which represents Philip as the special recorder of the teaching of Jesus after the Resurrection. The very title of the *Gospel of Eve*, again, transports us into a visionary sphere totally unconnected with the earthly life of our Lord ; and the solitary quotation from it, preserved by Epiphanius, confirms the impression we derive from the title. Furthermore, we know enough of the Gospels called of the *Hebrews*, of the *Twelve*, of the *Ēbionites*, of *Peter*, to see that in form at least they resembled our Canonical Gospels ; while those of *James* and of *Thomas* we actually possess—the first, perhaps, in its original shape, the latter in a shortened form—and we know that they dealt with the parentage and infancy of Christ by way of direct narrative, with little of direct doctrinal utterance.

Another class of Gospels was that connected with the names of individual

heretics—for example, Basilides and Marcion. Marcion's Gospel, however, is well known to have been a mutilated form of St. Luke, while the attribution to Basilides of anything purporting to be a Gospel is in all probability a mistake.

All this goes to show that the books known as Gospels were of a systematic and coherent character, and were either lives of Christ or continuous reports of His teaching, not collections of sayings which had no internal bond of connection with each other.

If one were forced to fix on some one of the spurious Gospels whose names are known to us as the source of the *Logia*, I think I should suggest the *Traditions or Gospel of Matthias* as the most likely. We have three short quotations from it, all of which are ethical precepts ; and almost all the writers who speak of it are connected with Egypt. Yet I do not think it really probable that our sayings are a part of this book. The formula "Jesus saith," which serves to introduce each saying in our fragment, is not very suitable to an apostle recording his reminiscences of his Master's words. There are, besides, indications that Matthias, in company with Philip and Thomas, was represented by the Egyptian Gnostics as a special recipient of Christ's esoteric teachings after the Resurrection, a fact which makes it probable that, if we had the *Gospel of Matthias*, we should find it to be a book of the same general character as the *Pistis Sophia*.

In the next place, this fragment does not belong to the work which people often describe as the *Logia of Papias*.

It should be remembered that the work of Papias was not called *Logia*, but *Expositions of Logia of the Lord* (λογίων κυριακῶν ἐξηγήσεις) ; and both the title and the remains of the book indicate that the proportion of "expositions" which it contained must have been largely in excess of *Logia*. Its form, too, must have been more elaborate than that of the new fragment. However small in intelligence Papias may have been (and Eusebius thought him very small), he had some pretensions to graces of style. It is difficult to imagine that he would have incor-

porated in his book a section so very unlitrary and so miscellaneous in character as this is without diluting it with some measure of exposition. However, it is wasting time to prove that this fragment cannot be from Papias. One has but to read the specimens we have of his work to be convinced that it was of a widely different complexion. And if we may extend our purview to the fragments quoted from "the Presbyters" by Irenæus, some of which are pretty certainly from the *Expositions* of Papias, we shall probably realize that the question is hardly worth debating.*

What, then, is this fragment? It may be a collection of sayings of our Lord made at a time when Gospels were only beginning, or had not yet begun, to be written. It may be a collection of extracts from one or more written Gospels. Does the form of it help us to a conclusion?

The leaf which we have is marked

* Shall we ever recover a copy of the five books of Papias? Egypt has seemingly unlimited possibilities, and may yet give them up. Syria, too, is not entirely exhausted; and there may have been a Syriac version of the work, though I do not know that any mention of such a thing has been brought to light. But in the West, what are our chances? We know that in or about 1218 the church of Nîmes possessed a "thick volume," containing *Librum Papiæ*, *Librum de Verbis Domini*. To be sure, this may have been a copy of the Lexicon of the Papias who lived in the eleventh century, bound up with a copy of Augustine *De Verbis Domini*. Still, it is not very likely that those two books would be bound up along with other tracts in one volume; and, after all, the Latin version of Irenæus comes to us from the South of France, and the second-century dialogue of Jason and Papias was translated into Latin by a cleric in that part of the world. So that, on the whole, it is most probable that that *was* a true Papias in Latin at Nîmes, though it is not there now.

I am not at all sure that there may not have been a copy in England also in the fifteenth century. John Boston, the Bury monk and bibliographer, includes Papias of Hierapolis in the list of writers whose works he had seen in monastic libraries. But not all Boston's work is in print, and, until it is, we shall not know whether he actually did see the book, or whether he merely put down the name because it occurred in Jerome's catalogue of ecclesiastical writers, which is one of his chief sources.

Almost every considerable monastic library catalogue contains two or three mentions of Papias; but in all these cases it is fairly certain that the author of the dictionary is meant.

with the number 11; and if it be at all fair to build anything on such meagre data, I would say that it seems likely that all the ten preceding leaves contained matter similar to this: because ten leaves of the size of ours would not contain any important writing to which this could be an appendix.

Then, again, if we look at the structure of the document, it is very difficult to make it fit into any class of sacred writings of which we have any specimens. The repeated formula, "Jesus saith," is so bare, so jejune, that one cannot conceive its occurring in any book which contained anywhere portions of narrative. It would not, however, be inappropriate either to a series of extracts from a larger book, or to a collection of sayings which contained sayings and nothing else.

Now I suppose it to be true that books composed exclusively of precepts or "gnomic" utterances are distinctively Oriental in character. Certain it is that in looking for parallels to the *Logia*, so far as form is concerned, we find the most striking general resemblances in writings like the Jewish *Pirke Aboth*, or *Sayings of the Fathers*. If we turn over the pages of this, we are constantly met by the simple formulæ, "Abtalion said;" "Shammai said;" "Rabbi said;" "He used to say." The Greek collections, such as Plutarch's *Apophthegmata Laconica*, are not of the same kind. They consist of a series of short anecdotes, which specify the circumstances that gave rise to the saying.

It is probable enough that the literature of Persia and India would supply striking resemblances alike in form and substance to the document we are discussing. These, if they exist, will be produced in due time. At present I merely wish to indicate that it is a possibility that this papyrus leaf is from a collection of sayings made as such, and not collected from larger works.

Yet in this case the introductory formula is puzzling. We should expect the past tense—*ἐλεγεν* or *εἶπεν*, "He used to say," or "He said," not "He saith." In the *Pirke Aboth* the past tense is always employed, and, indeed, it seems almost inevitable that it should

be employed when we are recording either traditions or personal reminiscences. The difficulty may not strike others as important; to me it is a real one.

I do not, however, find that the same objection applies, if we may regard the fragment as a series of excerpts made for some purpose from a larger work or works. I can acquiesce in the recurrence of the bare words "Jesus saith," if I am allowed to think of them as merely paragraph-marks to distinguish one saying from another. I could fancy them to correspond to the familiar $\delta\epsilon$ with which Greek epitomizers, such as Photius, begin each new extract from the book they are abridging.

I can also understand them very well if the collection was meant for liturgical use of any kind; if, for instance, they are analogous to the formula, "Hear also what St. Paul saith," in our Communion Service. I do not, of course, mean that the collection was made to be used in a Church service, as are the "comfortable words" to which I have alluded: but I can very well imagine that a Christian teacher should make a collection of utterances of our Lord from various sources, which he might read or quote to a circle of hearers as occasion served him.*

May I, then, with all due diffidence, set up the theory that this papyrus leaf is from a book of sayings of Christ, extracted from one or more Gospels, and leave it to be dealt with by the critics as it deserves?

II.

Something has been said of the form of the fragment; the great question of its contents has now to be approached. Are these new sayings to be regarded as probably genuine words of Christ? I think every one must be impressed by them. In the case of one or two of them the first feeling is that they justify the high claim they make. Is this claim borne out by further examination

of their meaning, and by such external evidence as can be brought to bear on them?

With those sayings which are most closely allied to matter in the Canonical Gospels it would not be right for any one to deal who has not a special knowledge of the Synoptic question. Only it may be suggested by such a one that the proverb, "*noscitur a sociis*," has some application here. It is something in favor of the new sayings that they are found in company with the old. Something, not everything. The forger is well advised, it may be answered, who does not trust entirely to his own powers of invention, but uses some materials at least which he finds ready to his hand. On the other hand, if these *Logia* can be in any sense described as a forgery, they are a forgery of a class totally new to us.

The theory advanced above, that they may be excerpts from one or more Gospels—such, for example, as the *Egyptian Gospel*—would serve well to explain the presence in them side by side of elements of various degrees of authenticity; for it is most probable that those early Gospels which the Church rejected contained an admixture of genuine matter along with some that was corrupt and some that was pure invention.

The second saying in the fragment runs thus: "Except ye fast [to] the world, ye shall not find the kingdom of God: and except ye keep the Sabbath, ye shall not see the Father." The expression rendered "fast to the world" (*νηστεύειν τὸν κόσμον*), if allowable at all, is, as the editors say, very harsh. A doubt as to the correctness of the reading *κόσμον* (the world) is natural, though it is hazardous to try and amend the work of two experienced readers of papyri: I frankly allow that I can suggest nothing better. Yet something in the nature of a parallel to "the Sabbath" in the second clause is rather needed—say, the name of a day of the month or week, or of some Jewish fast. However, as the name of a day (analogous to *τεσσαρακοστή*) would in all cases require the feminine gender, and, as no name of a fast will suit the *ductus litterarum*, *κόσμον* must

* One only of the uncanonical sayings of Christ collected by Resch (*Agrapha*, No. 47) resembles ours in form. It is preserved by Origen, and runs thus: καὶ Ἰησοῦς γοῶν φησὶν διὰ τοῦ ἀσθενούντος ἡσθένουν καὶ διὰ τοῦ πεινῶντας ἐπεινῶν καὶ διὰ τοῦ διψῶντας ἐδίψων.

stand for the present. If it stands, and if the saying is to be looked upon as genuine, we must assign to it, I think, a spiritual and not a temporal meaning. The finding of the kingdom is contingent upon keeping the true fast—the fast that God has chosen; the sight of the Father is to be attained by keeping the true Sabbath. On the other hand, literally interpreted, these words are not the teaching of Christ. He who said, “The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath,” could never have made the Jewish observance which He broke down the necessary step to the attainment of the heavenly life. Rather, in that case, must the words embody the principle of some Judaizing or Jewish-Gnostic sect; they can never have been uttered by our Lord.

The third saying is the most immediately attractive of all.

“Jesus saith: I stood in the midst of the world, and in flesh was I seen of them: and I found all men drunken, and none found I athirst among them, and my soul grieveth over the sons of man, because they are blind in their heart.”

Where must we suppose these words to have been said? Must they be placed in the days after the Resurrection? If so, the presumption that they came from a Gnostic source is very strong; for the early heretical teachers and writers of Apocalypses appropriated that period to themselves, and represented it as the time *par excellence* when Christ communicated His most important revelation to His chosen disciples. The *Pistis Sophia*, the *Books of Jeu*, the *Questions of Bartholomew*, and the *Apocalypse of Peter* (as it seems) all have their scenes laid in these days.

It is perhaps significant that a rather striking reminder of this saying does occur in the *Pistis Sophia*:

“Now when the disciples heard this, they fell down and worshipped Him, saying: ‘Help us, our Lord, have pity on us, that we may be delivered from these evil chastisements, which are prepared for the sinners. Woe unto them, woe unto them, the sons of men, for they shall be as blind men groping in darkness, not seeing. Have pity upon us, Lord, in this great blindness wherein we are, and have pity upon the whole race of men.’” etc.—(Schwartz’s translation, p. 232).

The notion of the blindness of the whole human race, and of the compassion of Christ for them, is what is common to the two passages.

But I do not feel certain that this saying is necessarily to be placed on the post-Resurrection period. It might, I think, be of the nature of a parable. It reminds one of the words of our Lord (Matt. xxiv. 28; Luke xvii. 26) about the condition of the world in the days of Noah (and Lot). The point of these sayings is, of course, a different one; it lies in the suddenness of the destruction that came upon the careless lovers; yet a certain similarity exists.

The difficulty of regarding the words as uttered before the Resurrection lies in the past tense used, and in the phrase, “In flesh was I seen of them,” a phrase, by the way, which has a markedly Johannine look. Even this, however, would be tolerable in a parable such as that in Matthew xxv., in which the Son of Man says, “I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat,” etc. It is not, certainly, often that our Lord refers to His coming upon earth as a past event; still, He does so refer to it; and I would submit that it is very possible that in this saying we have a reminiscence, perhaps garbled, but preserving a genuine element, of a parable or simile actually uttered, by Christ. In any case, the saying is a very beautiful one.

The last of these *Logia* to which I can here refer is that puzzling sentence, “Raise up the stone, and there thou shalt find me; cleave the wood, and there am I.”

It seems to me that there are three possible lines of interpretation for this:

(1) Christ is everywhere and in everything. This, as Messrs. Grenfell and Hunt have said, is favored by the near neighborhood of what seems to be a form of the utterance, “Where two or three are gathered together, there am I in the midst of them,” and the sentence from the *Gospel of Eve*, which Epiphanius has preserved, supplies an attractive illustration.

(2) The emphasis is to be laid upon the hard and laborious character of the acts prescribed—the heaving up of the stone and the cleaving of the wood. We should then have a parallel to the

precept, "Ask, and ye shall receive; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you;" an utterance in which the command seems to me quite as important an element as the promise. Effort is necessary if the knowledge of Christ is to be won.

(3) The "stone" and the "wood" may just possibly be the important factors in the saying. Both of them are familiar types of the Lord. But I cannot give a satisfactory meaning to the whole clause on this hypothesis, though it seems just worth mentioning.

The first interpretation has a flavor of Pantheism about it, of something far removed from the ordinary lines of our Lord's genuine sayings. If the interpretation be correct, the words would better suit a "Gnostic" milieu than an orthodox one. But I doubt its correctness. Would any sect which is likely to have produced this mystical saying have put it in such a form? Were they not all too deeply imbued with a belief in the inherent evil of matter? Stone and wood, the productions of an ignorant or evil Creator, with whose works it is the object of every enlightened soul to have as little to do as possible, could they be spoken of in so

emphatic a manner as this? I do not think that a Gnostic would thus conceive of the presence of Christ in created things. The Lord "is everywhere and heareth every one of us," say the Docetic *Acts of John*, it is true; but there is no hint to show that He is present in inanimate things of sense.

I incline rather to the second of the interpretations suggested above. It is direct and simple, and it is in accordance with Christ's known teaching. Possibly the collector of the *Logia* may have understood the sentence differently, and therefore placed it in the position in which we find it. If he did, he acted, I believe, under a misapprehension.

With these scattered suggestions I must leave the fragment. The interest of this first-fruit of the Oxyrhynchus find cannot easily be exaggerated. Messrs. Grenfell and Hunt have already earned our warmest thanks by the way in which they have dealt with it; and during many years to come, one is glad to think, they will be constantly increasing our obligations alike to themselves and to the Egyptian Exploration Fund.—*Contemporary Review*.

AN UNNOTED CORNER OF SPAIN.

BY HANNAH LYNCH.

WITH the salient features of Andalusia and Castile the untravelled reader is sufficiently familiar. Without ever having left our library corner, we have no reason to be unacquainted with the old-world beauties of Seville, Granada, Cordova, Toledo, Burgos; with the newer attractions of Madrid, and even San Sebastian. These towns lie, happily, along the tourists' beaten track. We have read of them in the beautiful prose of Washington Irving, of Théophile Gautier, and of lesser writers. But of the lovely province of Galicia the untravelled reader knows comparatively nothing. He conceives Spain in landscape to be a mingling of desert and oriental paradise: interminable plains, bleak and tawny, bounded by majestic sierras, capped with snow,

shadowed with rare blots of pine-woods, eternally empty and grand like the boundless plains; and luxuriant splendors of Eastern vegetation and color, of ruby hills and palm and aloes, gardens of scarlet pomegranate and golden orange and citron, rills of running silver, bowers of cedar, magnolia, and myrtle. These are the features of ugly Castile and glowing Andalusia: the one stern and historic, the legendary land of hero; the other warm and romantic, the voluptuous dream of imagination, the land of guitar and castanet, of love, of rhythm, of dance and dagger.

But each province of Spain has its marked individuality, by which it is separated from the rest as almost a different nation. The natives rarely say

"We are Spaniards." They express themselves : "We are Catalonians, we are Aragonese, we are Galicians," with a proud and firm resolve not to be huddled in a promiscuous and ignoble general designation, which makes them part of a race composed of so many anti-pathetic elements. Nothing could be more opposed in characteristics, in feature, in dress, in language, and national habits than any province of the north of Spain and any of the south. Again you must divide the northern provinces, clearly distinguishing between the very distinguishable Basques, the Catalans, the Asturians, the Leonese, and the Galicians. All these are what they call themselves, "a different people." Basque meeting Basque upon the frontier of Castile, greet as two Englishmen meeting in New York. "*Ni paisano !*" they exclaim, and impart their impressions of the Castilians as if they represented the more or less sympathetic stranger in a foreign land. Amalgamation is impossible with such striking diversity of element, where the single attribute in common is a passionate conservatism. Hence the broken history of the country ; hence that lamentable and nobly tragic tale of the war against Napoleon. Each province fought, with dogged determination to ignore the efforts of the others, its own desperate fight, sometimes with magnificent heroism, sometimes with inexplicable baseness, but always with the persistent design of separateness. Understanding so much, we read the significance of the splendid patriotism of Zaragoza, the Aragonese being a hardy, indomitable race, and the inconceivable cowardice of Valencia, the Valencians being a traitorous, a facile, a pleasure-loving people : the one, rough and unchangeable like its mountains, sombre and sullen like its river, the dark wide Ebro ; the other, flowery, evanescent, like the bloom and fruit of its smiling extent of orchard and garden, shallow like its pleasant Turia. So near by geographical lines ; so afar by lines of character. One, besieged, revealing the noblest qualities of man, the other the meanest ! Then talk of Spain as if the land were solely comprised of one or the other !

The province of Galicia has neither the vices nor virtues of Zaragoza and Valencia. The Galicians are less rough, less obstinate, though not less martial, than the Aragonese mountaineers, with their traditional pride and independence ; less pleasing than the delightful, faithless, and money-loving Valencians. For mirth and enjoyment, along with beauty in women and luxuriance in landscape, go to mirthful and cultivated Valencia, the garden of Spain. But for grandeur, for the picturesque, for variety and the untrained loveliness of nature, go to Galicia, justly called the Switzerland of Spain. Here you have mountain passes, dusky ravines, gorgeous torrents flailing foam and spray adown their rocky channels, broad river effects, grand sierras, pine and oak and chestnut woods, and sweet familiar lanes breathing of fragrant honeysuckle, of yellow broom and white heather. You have bracken and bell-heather running inland under the slim pine columns, daisies, snapdragons, and gorse, and along the road the common garden rose of every hue. Farther down the splendid coast, from Pontevedra to Vigo, the vegetation has a yellower, more southern luxuriance. Here the vine-fields are sheets of ambered green, yellow waving like the sparkle of light through the trellised foliage. The air is thrillingly pure, and Atlantic lets in its broad stroke of violet through every break of the landscape, adding to the enchantment of its indescribable gayety. When you are tired of the sea you have the pleasures of the forest, and these abound on all sides. Nowhere have I seen pines growing in such abundance, darkening for miles the long wide slopes of the hills ; nowhere chestnuts of such magnificent girth, of a green so deep and rich, spreading such shade as to give a tropical aspect to these woods. To this the maize, with its delicate tassels, its broad bright leaf, brings its airy graceful charm, and fields of young plantain add their vivid smile. The lips unconsciously broaden, the eyes kindle, under the captivation of nature's joyous revelation. It would be worse than incongruous, it would almost seem a desecration of such permanent mirth, to receive here sad news

from home. One has fallen into the heart of quiescent pleasure, the still satiety of the senses warmly shut in from murmuring memories; and to remember grief and care and futile industry, to dwell upon the trials and troubles of the busy world outside this Eden of blue and gold and green, would be a folly and an impertinence beyond the efforts of grateful imagination. For gratitude must ever be the feeling prompted by these delightful pauses in the smiling byways of life's rough road.

There are several ways the traveller may start his tour in Galicia. He may take ship for Santander, for Coruña, or go direct to Vigo. Or he can choose the journey thither by land should the sea not be to his taste. The Paris mail will take him as far as Venta de Baños, a dreary little junction close to Valladolid, and here he will catch from Madrid the slow Galician mail, which he can leave at Montforte, and begin his tour from the south of the province, wending at leisure up to Coruña and along the northern coast as far as Pasaje, should fancy prompt him beyond Rivadeo, the last little coasting-town of Galicia, on the edge of the Asturias. Thus the marine coward will be spared the sufferings of a sea-voyage, though he will miss the bold beauties of a matchless shore-line that only reveal themselves in all their splendid significance of sweeping curve, of craggy scar, of grand sierra and blue bay, to the gazer from ocean's way.

But this is the route I should suggest to the lovers of the wave. Take the Paris mail as far as San Sebastian, or boat to Vigo, according to the time of year, and whether you wish Paris to be the start or termination of your journey. When you have admired the famous *concha*, the lovely shell-shaped beach of San Sebastian, and feasted your eyes on the view from the top of the hill, made your first bow in Spanish, with a musical "Gracias," and smiled a gratified smile on hearing yourself for the first time addressed as "caballero" or "señora," drive back to Pasaje. You will already have seen it from the station and found it dull and ugly. But the drive from San Sebastian will begin the mending of

your opinion. Not that it is a beautiful drive, but it is so much better than the railroad. If you are lucky enough to find a boat at Pasaje for Bilbao, take it, however bad it may be, and you will thank me. Should you start from Vigo, however, and wind up your sea-travels at Pasaje, as I did, by a summer dawn, you will have still more reason for thankfulness. Was it by dawn that Lafayette gazed upon these receding shores as he sailed from this picturesque little harbor with Spanish gold to aid him in America's war against England? The houses drop into the water as they do in Venice, and moored against each wet doorstep is a boat, while three sides of the old yellow church are stained with the damp line of the ebb and flow of the tide. No fairer dream could imagination evoke than this soft twilight picture. The water is green, clear as a gem of mystic enchantment. A haggard light gleams against the little shut casements, and the walls of the dwellings built round the bay are gray and yellow, their wet steps wandering under the waves, and the dark lines of boats pulsing against them above. So still, so silent, with the first beams of morning sending golden rays down the silver air, and the stars still faint in the brightening sky.

On sea you are never far from the mountainous coast, and Bilbao, with its activities, its factories and mines, its truly elegant and imposing commercial note, its long river-line covered with mighty vessels, and its handsome modern edifices, will be a surprise for the dreamer of dead romance, of cloaked and picturesque indolence, of silent, mediæval streets and forsaken plazas. If only for this surprise, Bilbao is worth seeing. Here do not look for one of the larger steamers, but seek a small Spanish trading-vessel. For a song you may have a capital cabin, kindness, good-nature, and pleasant sailor companions, and you will pay a dollar a-day for good food and wine. Book for Coruña. These trading-vessels stop at every out-of-the-way port, run alongside the little wharfs, and offer you the occasion of seeing towns and villages not mentioned in the guide-book, with less trouble and fa-

tigue—though certainly with less excitement—than the land route. Even Bilbao will not have prepared you for the stately quays of Santander; and here you will have time to drive down to the Sardinero, the summer rival of San Sebastian, a delightful bathing-place. At first glance it wears almost a tropical aspect, owing to the illimitable stretch of burning sands and the violent contrast of bare light-brown rocks with the fierce blue of the ocean under a heaven as intense, to the hard scant foliage and the white unshadowed roads. But there are softened nooks, bits where the rocks gleam gray against the crystal jade of the sea, and the hills throw purple shadows against the light; where green plays its freshening sparkle over the harshly toned landscape, and terraced houses peep out of orchard bloom and blossom.

Gijón is the next halting-place. Except as an opportunity for visiting Oviedo, where a train takes you in an hour and a half at a snail's pace, I know no other reason for stopping at Gijón. It is ugly and uninteresting, but there is a quaint plaza shaped like a three-cornered hat, with an old palace-front worth examination, and the imposing statue of Childe Pelayo, the famous victor of Covadonga. Gijón was also the birthplace of Jovellanos, one of Spain's modern heroes and sages, and you may doff to an insignificant statue to him in a dusty insignificant public garden at the top of the long *corrida*, the principal street of Gijón.

The shores of Gijón are hardly out of sight when you behold the beautiful coast of Galicia. You have come forth in search of the picturesque, and you will nowhere else experience better. Hours in these irregular voyages are never to be counted on, but I wish you the luck of dropping into the exquisite harbor of Rivadeo by sunset. Red flush and orange flame send their hues over the magnificent peaks, and drop red and glimmering gold into the heart of the purple waves. The town lies white against the mountains, and the glitter of water may be seen running down the steep ravines and broken precipices of the sloping shore. Black rocks, and green gorges with the rays filtering through their underwood, and

the great firth and river meeting, and hollow sandy spaces travelling like white roads inward. Opposite, another little white town, banked snugly against the wooded hills. I have forgotten its name, but it has the prettiest imaginable effect in rivalry with larger Rivadeo; and as the flushed heavens pale, and color steals out of sky and shore and sea, the empurpled peaks make heavy and massive shadows in the delicate gloom of twilight. Their darkness gives a finer radiance to the early stars, and the town lights below are yellow spots dropped tremulously among the dusky trees.

An evening may be cheerfully spent among the dark streets, the handsome squares, and thronged *alameda* of Rivadeo. When summer comes, supper is postponed till as late as half-past ten. Every one is abroad from dusk till midnight, tasting the starlit air, and conversing. These Spanish *alamedas* in old-fashioned Spanish towns, where hospitality is not practised, are the public drawing-rooms, while the plaza is the men's club. Men go to the plaza to conspire, to gamble, to curse their enemies and plot disturbance, to blacken the character of the faithless fair. They walk the *alameda* to ogle, to whisper, to ease their heart of its weight of sentimental woe, to lament, conjure, laugh, and gossip. Women go to meet their friends and foes, talk over the fashions in shrill animated tones, over the town's wrongdoings, and criticise their neighbors' clothes. Fashions and scandal are the topics of burning universal interest. The men are as deeply interested in the question of raiment as the women, and have as keen an eye for cut and texture and trimming. Give a Spanish child a lesson to learn, and however long it may have applied its mind to mastering it, nothing of it will be remembered twenty four hours afterward. But let that same child, so incredibly stupid in the matter of lessons, cast a single glance upon a stranger, and nothing in his or her external appearance will pass unnoticed or be forgotten years afterward. If you wear a dress to-day in Spain, and put it by for five years, then wear it again, the smallest Spanish child will be able to

remind you of the day and date of its last appearance—will be able to tell you if the trimming has been altered or the cut. The race lives by observation, not by thought. It sees everything and learns nothing.

More charming still is the indescribably quaint small town of Viveiro. I believe Borrow and myself are the only two who have visited it. The oldest inhabitant avers that I am the first foreign woman whose foot has trodden its street. The sensation my appearance created on the minute wharf and on the brilliant market-place induces me to credit this statement. When you travel in Spain never omit to visit these delightful market-places at sunrise or thereabouts. They are entirely run by women, all smiling, gesticulating, chattering, and imperturbably good-humored. They wear kerchiefs on head and over bosom of very pronounced hues of yellow or red, sometimes hideous ones of black. I do not give them for beauties in bewitching attire, and I cannot truthfully say that I admire the most unbecoming way they tie these ugly handkerchiefs under their chins. But their cleanliness, their vividness, their sparkle, the kindly attractiveness of their universal character, the visible delight they take in serving you, in talking to you, above all, the absence of squalor, of vulgarity, of any touch of repulsiveness, so common—nay, so inevitable—with the same class in England, make a visit to these markets a joy and a refreshment. Besides, the fruit is so plentiful, so cheap. For twopence you may carry away as much of whatever fruit is in season as your arms can hold; and then how are you to discharge your debt for the goodwill, the sweet service, the jokes and laughter and the dear broad smiles of the attractive Spanish peasant woman? She sends you away with a cherry between your lips and a cordial in your frame—a cordial that cannot be purchased anywhere, and is composed of the bright nothings of a morning greeting, of eyeshot charged with human loveliness, of charity and good-humor.

When the world was younger, Viveiro must have had its hour of importance. Else how explain the embla-

zoned and turreted arch under which you pass from the wharf to the plaza, the half-effaced escutcheons on the old forsaken dwellings along the river beyond the bridge at its mouth? It has the look of a noble sunken to tatters, but not oblivious of birth and its insistent privileges. It still has its arms to show, its towered and battlemented front, and your handsome new towns have no such romantic casements, no such quaint old balconies, nor the appropriate matching of green lattices and dull brown stone. Then the gardens, the orchards—all mountains and valleys an unending orchard in blossom or in fruit—the broad foliaged roads over the bridge running to an aisled perspective, the dear blue little bay begirt with sunny hills, and the wide river sweeping down the mountain-side with one splendid curve to the ocean,—who would not rest awhile at Viveiro, and muse with boat and horse, forgetting and forgotten of the busy world?

There are pretty coasting villages, too, where you stop: Sillero, where the girls in long dark barns pack barrels of sardines that gleam like silver; and Santa Marta, beautifully bayed. These lead you by alluring interests to the first historic point of Galicia—Coruña, the place which records the noblest sacrifice hero ever made, and represents laurel-crowned defeat. You have had a glimpse of the opening of the bay of Ferrol, a remembrance *à vol d'oiseau* of an Italian lake, softly banked by green sunny slopes, and far out from land is pencilled clearly the famous Torre de Hercules. This is now a very commodious lighthouse, electrically illuminated, with a handsome terrace atop where the lighthousemen may promenade in haughty survey of sea and land. The mountain-peaks are their neighbors, the stars just a little above them, and such the altitude of their daily existence that ocean itself for them loses something of its immensity, and land dwindles into insignificance. Not for lack of beauty, however, for the picture is fraught with endless charm; but everything from this great height appears engagingly small, whether you look across amethyst-tinted water, level

fields, or the curves of a superb shoreline. The bay is less impressive than that of Rivadeo, because the mountains have diminished to low green hills with broad slips of plain between, and here and there a dusky valley or a bleak upland. There is little strange or picturesque for the English eye, except the island fortress, San Anton, of sombre castellated gray, with light splashes of green, and, as you look beyond the metal pier, a flashing line of glass galleries.

Each house in Coruña has its glass *mirador*, with a single pane here and there set, to open on a downward slant, through which the idle woman thrusts a well-dressed head, and leans over folded arms to gaze down into the street in placid contemplation. The *mirador* is the woman's kingdom. The man has the streets and the plazas. The light, above all toward sunset, striking on these glass galleries, sends back a prism of magical hues, and sometimes it is difficult to distinguish the faces for the blinding splendors which radiate from their setting.

The town is a handsome, an effective one. It has little to offer as charm for the senses, less wherewithal to arrest the antiquary, but the streets are white and clean, without a touch of dulness, San Andrés and the Calle Real such as any provincial town might be proud of—broad, bright, with a notable air of elegance. History sends you to the old Battery, now a botanical garden, unroofed, with antique windows let into the walls, blurred by wind and rain and wave beating everlastingly against the glass, where in the centre, a point of religious pilgrimage, stands the plain monument of Sir John Moore and the slab erected to the Serpent. The children play about here between school-hours, but you will often find it empty for a musing pause. Charles V. held the Cortes here once, and you may see the rough low arch through which he embarked for Germany, called the Emperor's Gate; and on the other side, below the prison, the still ruder arch through which his son of terrible memory—Felipe II., a guest at the Franciscan monastery hard by—set sail for England and an unloved bride. But if Coruña offers meagre

shelter to the wandering imagination, and lends no assistance whatever to the evocation of momentous mediæval pictures, it makes a pleasant starting-point of many a delightful tour by horse or diligence—the roads hospitably open to the millionaire's carriage and to the foot of the modest pedestrian. Before crossing the slip of open sea into the lovely bay of Ferrol, you may ride or drive to Oleiros, and dream yourself contentedly among the uplands of Surrey. Onward, as you round the last spur of the hills which hides the sea from you, the note of peasant costume grows more effective. Though the jacket is short, it has not the jaunty cut of Andalucía. The long black gaiters are of felt, closely buttoned to the knee. Between the knee and short black breeches, also closely buttoned along the thigh, are folds of spotless linen. Sometimes the breeches are of velvet or corduroy, sometimes of rough black cloth. Youth adorns itself with a red sash and such peacock plumes as a scarlet sleeveless jacket open upon the full white shirt, an outer fawn coat adorned with rows of little brass buttons, and a fawn peaked cap with a red ribbon round it. The sedater, whose days of vanity are over, content themselves with a short black jacket to match the breeches, open to display the full white shirt, and a conical black felt hat. The limbs are generally slender, the extremities small, the faces tanned and sullen, full of a boorish, incommunicative pride. The dialect is rough and unattractive, with a twang of hard Portuguese running through the whining broken Spanish. Good-nature here as elsewhere is the dominant feature of local character—good-nature and a haughty offhand antipathy to trade.

What strikes you most in all your rambles throughout Galicia is the obvious fact that all the outdoor labor is accomplished by the women. The men seem to be abroad chiefly to air their becoming attire and flick the hedges with big sticks, the cigarette ever between their lips. But the women are old and tanned and wrinkled at twenty-five, and wear nothing to catch the eye but a bright kerchief. If husband and wife move anywhere, you will

see the man cheerfully smoking, with his hands in his pockets, or gallantly flourishing the stick of leisure, and the woman beside him carrying on the top of her head all the family belongings in a big trunk. The women work in the fields, are the porters, itinerant merchants, the water-carriers and fruit-growers of the land. By sunrise they throng the markets, carry your luggage to and from train or boat, and walk behind the squealing wooden-wheeled cars drawn by wild oxen. The sound of these barbaric bucolic vehicles is only less enervating and plaintive than the *gaita*, the bagpipe of Galicia. There is much of the Celt in the race, as well as much that is familiar to Celtic eyes in the fresh green landscape. The male is proud, vain, martial, endures hardship without complaint, despises his womenfolk, to whom he makes over all ignoble labor, treats woman frankly as a creature of inferior order and his servant, and is apt, under the influence of the coarse wine of the country and the noxious *aguardiente* (Spanish eau-de-vie), to resort to physical chastisement should she thwart him. But he is faithful and patriotic. His wife is the pick of womanhood, and Galicia is the pick of God's earth. Meanwhile, did he but know it, the female is unquestionably his better-half. Her folly is shown in longsuffering; but she is a fund of good-nature, kindly manner, and energy. What activity there is is hers, and without her the rich natural resources of a land that yields two crops, two grape seasons, would be far more neglected than it is. While my lord the peasant is out upon the highways idly discoursing on politics or begging your admiration of his neat gaiters and scarlet jacket, she by dawn is out in the fields, or on her way to market with baskets of fruit and flowers and vegetables large enough to hold a family; or on her way to catch the first train and dispossess the traveller of his luggage, industriously knitting, crocheting, or embroidering as she waits.

The distractions of Coruña are few. The town is abroad, walking the Calle Real or the pretty public gardens along the harbor from the late afternoon to

the late supper-hour, and after that it goes to sleep. I have ventured forth and found it empty at ten o'clock. This is a local loss, for Coruña by moonlight is a town of enchantment. Its whiteness enhances the dream-like effect of moon and stars. But the Spaniards are the least sentimental or æsthetic of observers. Art, the beautiful, form no part of their lifelong reverie. They who have fashioned such exquisite things have no understanding, less reverence, of their value, and to walk, for the mere gratification of fancy, through lovely empty streets, seems to them the last note of lunacy. The theatre is very superior to anything in a town of the same rank at home. For two shillings you may enjoy a velvet arm-chair in the *parterre*. Here I saw Echegaray's last play, "*Mancha que Limpia*." It was, on the whole, not badly acted for an insignificant provincial town, and, in my opinion, the acting was on a level with the play. The Spaniards are not critical. In this they resemble the Irish. They are proud of Echegaray, who has done some good work, and some work inconceivably bad. But these dear sympathetic Spaniards can see no difference between the good and the bad. Because Echegaray wrote "*The Great Galeoto*," "*Mancha que Limpia*" must be applauded. While the first is almost great, I never held my soul in patience over more childish drivel, more twaddling gossip, than the latter.

Sometimes there is an inferior circus, where I saw an exquisitely graceful female jockey ride as I have never seen man or mortal ride before. The Rational Dress Society might be guided by her miraculous instinct in choice of raiment. Her dainty high-topped boots, her white leggings revealing without impropriety or abandoned charm a matchless perfection of slim form, and a beautifully fitting yellow and brown satin and plush jacket, as long as a Louis Quinze coat, with cap to match, made a whole of bewitching effect. That she, too, was beautiful goes without saying. She remains on memory as the single instance of a delicately refined and feminine creature, flashing a queer inexplicable poetic grace, without any trace of boldness,

of vulgarity, through the malodorous atmosphere of circus and music-hall. Or you may occasionally feast your eye on Andalusian dancing. Spurious or real Sevillans come up from blest regions, and dance the *Sevillana*, most popular of dances, to the thin, abrupt hysterical drone of their Oriental music. This dance, as indeed do all the songs of the people, ends like an unfinished phrase, upon the top of a sob, a gurgle of laughter with a sudden suggestive and dramatic gesture. Its fascination is eternal, matter of sensation, not of criticism or judgment. The Galicians seem to have added nothing to the national dances. They content themselves with the rude whining bagpipe, the *gaita*, a splendid-looking instrument, with polished pipes, shining brass, and red velvet bag, bedizened with fringe and bobbins. It is spoken of as a local treasure, borne in processions with reverential tenderness, eagerly looked out for and recognized, in its preposterous assault upon eye and ear, as the harp may have been in bardic days. However, the brightest and most affecting spectacle I saw at Coruña was the departure of the troops for Cuba on the big liner, the *Maria Cristina*. Never have I seen such pronounced, almost intoxicating gayety of sea and shore. The magnificent bay was besprinkled with colors—red and yellow, of course, the prevailing hues. Flags and banners waved, brilliant uniforms in a shock against brilliant dresses, the red and white military plumes mixing with every tint in parasol. From sunrise to sundown the music played, and people snatched odd moments for meals, for nobody seemed to be under roof all the day. A startling and pretty sight was the impetuous action of a portly well looking and well-dressed lady who saw a young soldier walking dejectedly alone down the pier in his travelling gray, with knapsack strapped over his shoulder. All the rest had their friends, their *novias*, mothers, relatives, and made the usual gallant effort to look elated and full of hope. This lad had no one, and one divined he was carrying a desolate heart overseas. The handsome woman burst from her group of friends, took the boy's hand, and said, "My son has

already gone to Cuba. He is in the regiment of Andalusia, and sailed two months ago. You may meet him, Pepe G—. Take this kiss to him." She leant and kissed his cheek. An English boy would have shown awkwardness, but these graceful Southerners are never at a loss for a pretty gesture and a prettier word. The boy flushed with pleasure, and still holding her hand, said, with quite a natural gallantry, without smirk or silly smile, "And may I not take one for myself as well, señora?" The lady reddened duskily, laughed a little nervously, and bent and kissed him again, to the frantic applause of soldiers and civilians, while the boy walked on braced and happy.

Ferrol is, if smaller, a prettier town than Coruña. Nothing more captivating than its animated aspect. The sweet-smelling, tropical public gardens, as luxuriant as an Oriental dream, where the most attractive working girls of the entire world flaunt their provocative charms in the face of admiring naval officers; the lively Calle Real, where señoras and señoritas parade until midnight in the latest resplendent fashions exaggerated with provincial fervor; the stupendous dockyards—the largest, they say, in the world: all offer you varied and irresistible attractions. Add to the excitements of shore the varied beauties of a harbor locked in like an Italian lake, with a circle of soft green hills, of old gray fortresses, and valleys shadowed with dusky ravines and woods. Beyond the dear low hills are banked the wandering range of sierras cleaving the upper and under blue in all their naked, savage, and forked majesty.

At Ferrol the traveller should take coach for Betanzos. This is a road seemingly carved through all nature's most glorious effects for a god. It really seems impertinent that a mere mortal for a few shillings should have the right to enjoy so much. Your way is cut literally through points of exclamation. Could yonder effect of mountains be bettered? Yes; for here you have a waterfall, a white radiance of blinding beauty flailed into a broadly flowing river. There an old fortress starting out of a murmuring

forest; here a change from exotic foliage to naked chasms; craggy torrents flashing in a ravenous roar into tranquil river-washed meads. North, south, east, and west combine like a kaleidoscopic dream, to show you how diverse, how consistently lovely, is the face of our earth.

At Betanzos you may take the train for Montforte, and thence branch off for Pontevedra. This is an interesting old Roman town. It lies in a divine setting of landscape, and the dominant nature of its marine beauties will be accepted when I assure the reader that the five surrounding bays are said to form the most exquisite line of coast of Europe. I know nothing, as a whole, to compare with the prolonged, magnificent effects of Carril, Villagarcia, Pontevedra, Marin, terminating at the famous bay of Vigo. The bay of Carril by sunset, of Marin by dawn, of Vigo at any hour! and the witching intermediate excursions by sea, by land, by rail and coach!

Pontevedra has the air of fallen majesty. True, I can find nothing in its history to justify this air, but there is whispered mention in the beautiful ruins of a Benedictine monastery, a small Cluny, of great constables and admirals, who filled the ranks of forgotten heroes. Its delightful historic pretentiousness is equalled by an old French town, whose history also hardly justifies so much insistent mediæval splendor—Beaucaire. According to record, Beaucaire and Pontevedra claim a great deal too much. Both seem the cradles of mailed heroes, of great deeds, of imperishable hours in history. But the fragrant, sanative pine-woods outside Pontevedra have nothing to do with Gothic façades, with granite frowns, with Roman ruins and bridges, with exquisite column and pillar and forgotten legend. Here you are in the heart of Nature at her kindest. The pines of Pontevedra are famous—so tall, so strong, so plentiful, that, alas! the natives, urged by a need of lucre, thin these grand pine-forests to supply the shipyards of England and Scotland with timber. The number of trees cut down and embarked yearly for the North is colossal. I believe, until this trade was started, the whole country

was dense with wood, while now the forests lie in patches, and if the demand continues with its present ferocity, and corresponding increase of temptation, the pleasant woods of Pontevedra will rest among the glories that have been.

Along with the gratifying sights and sounds and smells of woodland, of river, and of ruin, you have the begirdling enchantment of blue surge and translucent foam. Take the steam-tram to Marin, and say then if you can better your surroundings in the most favored spots of Italy, of Greece, of Switzerland. Watch the sunset hues over the clear scalloped hills along a sky flashing iridescent flames from its rich heart. Look at the sails of the boats, white or red or brown, shot out with a fascinating unreality of outline, cut so startlingly clear in the intensified atmosphere. Stare drowsily across the liquid field of bemusing indigo, surrounded as a dream, captivating as nothing else in nature, and then give your eyes to the exquisite lines of the warm wooded slope. Here may you nod in the opium-eater's open-eyed reverie, with softness of curve to temper brilliance of color, with the dusk of the woods to tame the unabated majesty of Atlantic, with the peaceful flow of rivulet and rill through plumed and tufted crevices and crags tuning their sweet pastoral song for the indolent ears.

Or take boat for Vigo, or train through vine and plain fields, where the breath of the South steals over you like sun-spray, and you are too happy, too wrapped round with exterior loveliness and mirth, even to find an apt quotation for the relief of surcharged feelings. Vigo itself, divinely situated and most eccentrically constructed, is not beautiful, but the bay and the coastline are of magical splendor. When you have made the turn of the harbor and racked your brain for an appropriate adjective, tired of the old ones, you may cheerfully take the train for Pontevedra, admire the other lovely harbors of Villagarcia and Carril, wander among the woods, and then face the imposing monuments of Santiago, of Compostella. It is not my design to write here of Santiago. Such majesty

of architecture as that unique plaza alone calls for a corresponding gravity of treatment. The pen of learning, of research, of thrilled reverence, and several sheets of paper, are demanded for such a subject. I merely sketch the route, mentioning Santiago as the chief point of interest in Galicia. You have matter here for a week's observation, and this hardly allows of any interval for the needful periods of unwatchful ecstasy. Santiago I place

among the most beautiful and distinctive towns of the world, beside Florence, Toledo, and Oxford.

From Santiago the coach-road, eight hours by diligence, takes you to Coruña, unless you have preferred at Betanzos to return to Coruña, and start thence for Santiago, Pontevedra, and Vigo, in which case you can catch the Galician mail at Montforte and travel home by land, or take the boat from Vigo.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

A HUMAN SOUL.

BY FLORENCE PEACOCK.

A WISE man walked by the river,
And the water spirit's sigh
As she yearned for a soul, it moved him,
And he answered thus her cry :

"Can you smile when your heart is aching ?
Remember when others forget ?
Laugh lightly, while hope is taking
Its final farewell of you ; yet
Meet the world, and strive on to the ending
Of life, be it ever so drear ;
Firm in faith, without falter, unbending
With never a sigh or a tear ?"
"All this I can do," said she.

"Can you face your life if left lonely,
While another has gained his rest,
And you have the memory only
Of one who was truest and best ?
For ever to you the world's brightness
Then passes away for aye ;
The sun will grow cold, and no lightness
Can pierce through that darkest day."
"All this I can do," said she.

"Can you pause to do deeds of kindness
In the midst of your deepest woe ?
For grief, it must not bring blindness
To the trials of others below.
You must ever strive on, and your sorrow,
Though heavy and sore to bear,
Remains till the dawn of that morrow,
When pain it is no more there."
"All this I can do," said she.

Made answer the wise man slowly,
"If this be so, and thou
Canst bear grief, yet help the suffering,
Thou hast a soul even now."

Chambers's Journal.

THE UNREST IN INDIA.

WE are not so completely satisfied as to the wisdom of the arrangements made at Poona for stamping out the Plague as Lord Sandhurst and Lord George Hamilton evidently are. That the Government and its officers wished to act with all the consideration and gentleness possible in carrying out scientific ideas which are necessary to the health of the population, but which are intensely repugnant to native feeling, we entirely believe. They are English gentlemen, to begin with, they have no reason whatever for annoying the Indian people, and they have every reason, personal as well as political, for avoiding the creation of any needless discontent. They fear animadversion in Parliament as much as a civil officer fears rebuke from the head of his department. Nevertheless the sanitary measures themselves produced a collision of the two civilizations, and it was necessary, therefore, as sound science was to be made to prevail over ingrained prejudice, that the greatest care should be taken to avoid giving any unnecessary offence. We doubt if it was taken. We question whether the fact that the habit of seclusion from strange eyes is among native ladies of the very essence of their modesty was sufficiently allowed for, and we see no answer to the charge that European troops were employed instead of native. That of itself would be considered an outrage, the point not being that Tommy Atkins behaved badly or even roughly, but that he was of necessity *mlecha*, an outside barbarian who ought not to see, much less touch, secluded Indian women, whose dress is well understood by natives to be in European eyes insufficient. It is all very well to talk of the soldiers' gentleness, and we have no doubt whatever that they intended to be kind; but if English ladies in London were carried to hospital in their night-gowns by the kindest of soldiers there would be a row. We believe a blunder was made without the slightest intention of disrespect to native ideas, and that it was seized by the opponents of British rule, who always exist

throughout India, as ground for most malignant attacks. That the people were furiously angry is evident from the murders—our officers are usually as safe as London police inspectors—from the difficulty of obtaining evidence, and from their instant resort to the libellous charges which in Asia invariably accompany an outburst of popular anger. That in all this the Hindoos of Poona were utterly unreasonable is perfectly true; but when was one civilization ever reasonable when it thought itself outraged by another, particularly if the other was the higher one?

There is no reason for blaming the Government of Bombay for anything but an accidental blunder; but we deprecate strongly the tone of mind which the crimes committed at Poona, and the riots in Calcutta, have developed among the Europeans on the spot and large classes of the population at home. The Europeans on the spot are excusable, for they cannot escape from the feeling that they are but tens among unsympathetic millions, the tradition of the great Mutiny clings to their very souls, and they always, sometimes with reason, suspect the authorities of dreading Parliamentary criticism over-much. But our own people here, who are quite safe, ought to remember more persistently than they do that we do not profess to govern India on Russian principles, that the Government has a long tradition of justice to preserve, and that you cannot govern three hundred millions of people as if they formed a camp under a Provost-Marshal. We are absolutely persuaded that representative institutions are unsuited to India, that the country must be governed by a judicious and law-abiding despotism, and that armed resistance must under all circumstances be suppressed by the armed hand. If there is a collision of two civilizations, as nearly happened about Suttee and about the right of missionaries to preach, the higher civilization must triumph whatever the danger to the State or whatever the sacrifice of human life. But those principles once

accepted and habitually acted on, we are satisfied that the Indian tradition, under which an Indian is as free as a Londoner to say or print or do anything he pleases within the law, is the right one, and makes of the British "Empire" a vivifying instead of a crushing administration. For the Government to have yielded about the quarrel which was the origin of the rioting in Calcutta would have been madness; but in hesitating to order the soldiers to fire, in trying to employ the native police at first, and in avoiding a recourse to extreme measures of repression, the authorities are, we are convinced, entirely in the right. Of course, if soldiers are produced soldiers must win; but, as we understand the matter, there was no necessity even for producing them in Chitpore, the mobs melting away the moment the armed police, who stand behind the civil police, were allowed to fire. The order of the Superior Court, under which the disputed property is secular property and not *wukf* at all, will now be carried out, the ringleaders will be arrested and sufficiently punished, and Calcutta will sink back into the orderly quietude which, ever since Job Charnock founded it in 1690, has been its characteristic, and which has made it commercially and financially the capital of Southern Asia. We do trust we shall not be mistaken. If the Supreme Court gave a civil decision after a regular hearing, and if that decision was resisted by mob violence, we would lay Calcutta in ashes sooner than it should not be carried out; but we see neither sense nor Christianity in killing people merely as "a lesson" or an assertion of European ascendancy. It is the law which is to be in the ascendant, and not any class of the community. We want Calcutta to be a quiet city, not a city trembling at the idea of what Government may do. Of course it is possible to subject Calcutta to military law, to treat every riot as a rebellion, and in fact to govern on the principles of military despotism; but if we do the cost will be excessive, the uneasiness will be permanent, and the very object of our administration, which is that Calcutta shall be as safe as a drawing-room under civil govern-

ment alone, will be entirely foiled. The *Pax Britannica* must be maintained in our cities as well as in the Empire, but the *Pax Britannica* does not mean a policy of repression based upon naked force, and kept up by frequent military executions. It means a silent order maintained by inflexible adherence to law, kept up without violence, and only defended when necessary by irresistible, but usually invisible, force.

We discussed recently the question of the native Press, which we would leave free, though we would subject it to a more workable law of libel; but there is a question behind that of the Press which to our mind needs more examination than it has ever yet received. What is the reason why most Indian journalists are so savage against the European régime? Most of them have been educated in State Colleges. Almost all of them are aware that the Government means well. All of them know thoroughly that if Britain disappeared, or were superseded by another European State, their freedom would instantly become a thing of the past. Russians would put them under the censorship, Frenchmen would send them to prison, Sikhs would probably cut out their tongues to teach them to be silent. Yet man after man as he takes to the profession dips his pen in vitriol when he describes either the Government, or the Magistracy, or Europeans in general. Some advise resistance, some counsel submission, a few endeavor to keep within the limits of reasonable argument, but all are obviously at heart suspicious, irritable, and hostile to the European ascendancy. Why? It is usual to say they are all hungering for appointments which they cannot get, or that they are all vain and feel insulted by insufficient recognition, or that they all have caught up European ideas of liberty and are applying them to their own position; but though each of those explanations has force, the great puzzle remains unexplained. They can only live by finding readers, and the readers are not seeking employments, or made vain by education, or carried away by ideas belonging to a different stage of civilization. Grant that we can ex-

plain the journalists, wherefore do their readers so agree with them as to prefer all that vitriolic rubbish to coldly sensible argument and narration? The great in India are fairly loyal, the masses in India are fairly acquiescent—they pay taxes, they do not riot, and they enlist voluntarily in the Army, and indeed all services—why are the classes which read newspapers so viciously irritable and unfair? It is a very curious problem, which neither Mr. Naoroji nor Mr. Bhownagree, whom we take to be representatives of opposing results of culture, at all adequately explain, the former attributing the phenomenon to “grievances,” and the latter to a kind of cussedness in the journalists, but neither accounting for their readers. We will state our own conviction frankly. We be-

lieve that all through Asia the talk of the classes which discuss politics is of very much the same kind—acid, censorious, and indifferent to facts—and that India differs from Turkey, Persia, and even China only in the fact that in India the criticism is uttered in print instead of in the café, the caravanserai, or the tea-house. If that is the case—and that it is the case to a considerable extent we are satisfied—the true policy is to bear with the Press, to regard it as the utterance of a class whom it is injudicious or tyrannical to silence, and to pass on, doing justice and loving progress, and as regardless of comment as Pashas or Mandarins. There is plenty of courage in India, but a little more fortitude would do us endless good.—*Spectator*.

TWENTY YEARS OF CYCLING.

BY J. AND E. R. PENNELL.

WE have cycled for twenty years. How old we are, and how many adventures we have had! For fifteen years the world laughed at us. How much the world has lost—and lost it forever! Now it pretends to imitate us. For fifteen years it said, “Oh, yes, you ride cycles, don’t you?” Now there is scarce a healthy monarch in Europe with independence enough not to follow the example we set him. We hardly mentioned, if we could help it, the name of cycle. Now the talk of every prim “Mees Old Maid” at the *pension table d’hôte*, of every decorous dowager at afternoon tea, of every immaculate “masher,” is all of gears and of treads, of weights and of tires; subjects which we, in common with all real riders, had a way of treating with profound indifference. Though we have just come from a thousand miles tour, we could not tell you to what our machines are geared, what they weigh, or who made the lamps and the bells. On the other hand, we have always demonstrated practically that cycling is the most delightful manner of getting about and seeing a country, of taking a holiday. Perhaps you may

remember Stevenson’s bargee on the Seine and Oise Canal—though it is now the thing to try and forget Stevenson—the bargee who understood better than the majority of men what helps to make life worth living: “to see about one in the world, *il n’y a que ça*—there’s nothing else worth while. A man, look you, who sticks in his own village like a bear, very well, he sees nothing. And then death is the end of all. And he has seen nothing.” There spoke one who would not have had to wait for fashion to explain cycling.

But to cycle you must enjoy cycling; you must learn how to ride, and scarcely any one does nowadays! This is a detail of which the cyclist who likes to journey with a wheel in the railway train or on top of a cab is, and always must be, completely ignorant. But then, we sometimes think the cycle has only replaced the tub as an article of luggage and virtue.

Fifteen years ago, our imitators of to-day sneered, even lashed at us from drags and from dog-carts; in the meanwhile allowing us to ride as pioneers all over Europe and America—that is,

all over those parts which are beautiful and where the roads are good. We never attempted to compete with Mr. Thomas Stevens, who first went round the world on a tall bicycle, a machine now unknown, save as a curiosity, to the so-called cyclist; our ambition rather was to visit, on the wheel, places that we wished to see. We never ventured to invade unridable continents, or even counties, if we could help it; we preferred to explore countries where our machines would carry us—not where we should have to carry them—and where there were civilized beds and food and comfort. But we did this at a time when people only thought us fools for our pains. However, it was by persisting in our folly that we met with adventures and gained experiences which may never again be enjoyed by the most humble of our followers. And agitating adventures they often were. We never set out on a journey that friends did not line the way for us with brigands, and there were moments and places when we shared their fears: when night overtook us in the long lonely Tyrolean thal, and stealthy steps and whispering voices in the enclosing wood went with us all the way; when, belated in the lonelier mountain pass over the Apennines, we came upon the gypsy camp, and had no other arms of defence against the threatening figures that sprang up in front of us but our wheels and our legs; when, on the desolate Carpathian plain, the tipsy Slovak confronted us, choosing a knife from the choice collection that decorated his belt. These are the incidents we recall with the old shiver of fear. But our terror was nothing to that we inspired. The "darkey" fainted before us; to the Armenian we were the atrocity; the Italian retreated to his fastness; we routed the armies of France and of Germany; the Briton invoked the Bobby; and the horse of all nations fled at our coming. And there were, besides, the every-day happenings, as full or empty of romance as we made them—really crowded, for we were the pioneers of cycle touring in most of the countries of Europe. This, we can say without conceit, is a fact, not a boast.

Throughout the length of Italy, thirteen years ago, we took the first tandem tricycle ever seen there. Were we not acclaimed and escorted in a triumphal procession, like Cimabue, through Florence? and in Rome, like Paul, hailed to the Capitol? Ovations were tendered to us in every Tuscan town, in every Umbrian monastery. We did not ride to advertise our machine or to make a sensation. Yet we did make the sensation; we did advertise cycling more than anybody has since. True, it became a bore in the end not to be able to enter a town without the danger of popular excitement wrecking our tandem; not to eat a meal without finding ourselves a spectacle for the awestruck crowd. But still there was a pride in knowing that we were the first to cycle over the Ponte Vecchio and through the Porta del Popolo, to wheel down the lovely valley of the Arno, up to high Siena, and—in company with the monks—along the terraces of Monte Oliveto. Of course, other cyclists have ridden over the same roads in the intervening years; indeed, hundreds have asked us for our route. But ours was the task of preparing the way.

A year later the experience was repeated in France. Who again shall know the delightful misery of arriving in a French town, uncertain whether one is to be refused admission to the only inn, or put in a bedroom with six other people, or treated by the city fathers as a distinguished stranger within their gates? Popular as France now is as a touring ground—and rightly, if unfortunately so, for it possesses the best highways in the world—we can look back to the time when no one toured there but ourselves, and to whole Departments where our wheels were the first on the perfect roads. To-day, France, superficially, has become Anglicized, athleticized, despite Drumont. But the change is only superficial. The Frenchman is still a Frenchman; his roads are still the best; his inn still preserves its character and—equally important—its charges, for if a room is sometimes set apart for the superior person, as his chops and his steaks and his prices and his customs follow him into it, the rest of

the company is happily spared his presence, the rest of the inn escapes his innovations. Go a little off the beaten track—the track sacrificed to Cook and to Lunn—and France is still entirely French, as it always will be so long as there are Frenchmen in it. The Englishman and the American have invaded the country, but, much as they scorch up and down its roads, they know next to nothing of its character and its beauty. For both are blind, and see in it but a land of foreigners who are not as they are—for which, God be praised!

If they only knew, the character is worth their study, the beauty of inexhaustible variety. Even the casual wheel tripper, were he to hear of it, could not fail to be impressed by the Forest of Fontainebleau, where the cyclist may ride, without wilting his collar or soiling her spats, for days, over constantly varying and ever more beautiful roads. Nor, despite the blight that a fashionable popularity brings with it, has the charm vanished from Provence. Mr. Ruskin, when expending his best bad language upon cycles, really because they had succeeded “papa’s” carriage, forgot, as we hope we shall never forget, that others may see the Jura and the sudden splendor of his beloved view from the Col de la Faucille as he did, even though they travel in another fashion—that, though they climb on an unsightly wheel, though they have not his eloquence, they may feel the wonder of that land spread out below, with its moving or pausing waters, its sapphire lake and narcissus meads, its mountains and mountain snow melting into the sky; “all that living plain, burning with human gladness, studded with white towns, a milky way of star-dwellings cast across its sunlit blue.”

For from the cycle is possible that deliberate survey of countries through which the journey lies, not to be enjoyed, as Mr. Ruskin rightly thinks, from the window of the railway carriage. And for the cyclist, again, as for the traveller by *diligence* or coach—“in the olden days of travelling, now to return no more”—there is something better to be anticipated and remembered in the first aspect of each

successive halting-place, than the new arrangement of glass roofing and iron girders reserved for the tourist by train. Even Venice, the town Mr. Ruskin believes ruined in its approach beyond all others, has not altered in this respect for the cyclist, who, also, if he but have imagination enough, may find “muddy Brenta, vulgar villa, dusty causeway, sandy beach,” rich in rapture, and the black knot of gondolas in the canal at Mestre more beautiful than a sunset full of clouds all scarlet and gold; may wonder at the strange rising of Venetian walls and towers out of the midst, seemingly, of the deep sea. And, if a railway bridge does cross the lagoon, the hurrying train, since he is not in it, may add new beauty to Southern waters as it did to the Northern Thames in the eyes of Turner, quick to discern the harmony that is wrought of rain, steam, and speed.

But, indeed, the cyclist is far more free to make an outdoor picture than the man cooped up, wedged in the overcrowded seats of the *diligence*, or else at the mercy of the driver of his own carriage, and the unreliable horses that must be got in due time to the next stage on the route. The cyclist need think of no one but himself: he is the perfection of selfishness—the real Ruskin on tour. He can loaf by the wayside whenever he chooses, until he has all the loveliness of the land by heart. And the delight of looking back to those long, lazy halts—the hours spent on the banks of little canals among the windmills of Holland; on the green of the remote Hungarian village, while the peasants danced the wild fantastic *Czardas* in the twilight; or escaping the mid-day heat on the Loire’s poplared banks, and under the fragrant pines of the Cevennes. And as he rides on there is absolutely nothing to shut out the prospect; no fellow-passengers to dispute it with him, no carriage top to obscure it, no silly driver to intrude inane remarks. The landscape is all his alone; and his, too, the marvel of the moment when, at a turn in the road, with a dip in the hill, an opening in the wood, he sees for the first time the far-famed city toward which he travels; for the

first time, the snow-laden heights that fill him with hope of the Alps ; for the first time, the towers of the great cathedral that has always been the goal of pilgrim and tourist. For whom now does the dome of St. Peter's float, a misty shadow on the horizon above the swells of the Campagna, but the cyclist ? For whom does the mighty pile of Windsor rise with such pomp and splendor amid the groves and glades of the Great Park, or the chance village lie so peacefully and invitingly at the foot of the long hill he descends at sundown ? The fever of speed may be upon him, he may be in the humor when it makes small difference where he goes so long as he is going ; and yet, though he may not care at the time, all the while he will be storing up impressions of the scenes through which he rushes. Afterward, and often, he will see them all again, more vivid in memory than in fact. Of a sudden the little nameless town will come between him and his book, or the purple shadows of he knows not what mountain-side blot out the 'busses of the Strand, while the wail of the wind down the valley for him drowns the mighty roar of London. What if he does not recollect where it was, what if he cannot tell you its name, can show you no sketch, no photograph of the place he seems to know so well ? For the serious one, the photographer, a definite record—the fact—may be necessary, but not for him. The remembered picture is beautiful, and its beauty suffices. But then we are about the only cyclists.

And what if the tourist does not arrive at the hoped-for town in the evening ? What if he gets beyond it ? There is usually an inn at hand, even in England. And if there is not, what more delicious than the ride through the night ? Or, if he is too tired, what more convenient than the near hedge or tree, or at least the gutter, where, wrapping his mackintosh about him, and pillowing his head upon his knapsack, he can sleep an hour or two, as we have ? Shocking ? Yes, and so is cycling.

But, as we began by saying, most people who cycle are not cyclists. The proportion will always be small, for it

is not everybody who is something of a tramp by nature, as one must be before one can take to the roads on foot or with a cycle ; the many, ready at fashion's bidding to go for a morning spin in the Park, or even to brave the traffic of the London streets, would think the journey awheel set too narrow a limit to comfort and elegance. The toilet outfit to be slung from the handle-bars or within the frame disdains all luxuries, and a few days in the open air, exposed to sun and rain and wind, leaves traveller and machine weather-stained and beaten. In Hyde Park and the Bois de Boulogne cycling is a pretty game, as shepherding was in the gardens of Versailles. They only cycle in earnest who journey forth in quest of adventures by the roadside, like Borrow in his tinker's cart, like Stevenson with his donkey. When you consider how few besides those two men have been the tramps in our century's literature, you will begin to understand that it is a question of temperament, and that the cyclists who tour must ever remain in the minority. Of course, they are somewhat more numerous now than of old ; the way for the tourist is easier than it was for us, though, or rather because, it cannot bring back the pleasures of the pioneer, the delights of the discoverer. But as in alpine climbing, though you are not the first to make the ascent or to cross the *col*, the exploit has not lost all zest, so in cycling, the journey need be no less adventurous than in the old days, except, perhaps, in your own conceit.

To tour is always a joy, but the degree of joyousness depends upon the routes you follow ; and we are willing, out of our large experience, to say which are the most perfect. The cyclist can take his wheel to Spain if he would see nature, loveliness, and barbarity, such as elsewhere amazed and enchanted the ingenuous British youth from Denmark Hill. Let him follow the *diligence* road and the mule track through the Sierras of the south, if he wants, or if he can ; there, even at this late day, he may find himself unexpectedly a pioneer. It is but a year ago that we came to a whole district in Andalusia where a bicycle had never been seen and where the old sen-

sations were revived. However, unless one is prepared to travel for twenty or thirty miles without coming to an inn, or a whole day with nothing to eat; unless one's pleasure is great in the mere thought that here passed the conquering Moor, Columbus, Ferdinand and Isabella—that here the history of two worlds was made—one would be wise to leave one's machine at home. Unless one is prepared for the amusing vicissitudes in the Spanish country inn, which has not altogether lost its Quixotic character, one had better keep out of it. And besides, the roads are almost as bad as in Cornwall and Devonshire, though the inhabitants are much more civilized. Nevertheless, for people who do not mind hard work and long climbs, who can appreciate savage wildness and grand scenery, the ride, say, from Gibraltar to Seville, thence to Granada, and from Granada to Malaga, is to be recommended about Easter time; but the ability to ride, a knowledge of Spanish, and a reliable machine are indispensable. Nor do we advise any one to go who is not prepared to rough it from the British point of view, or rather to conform to Spanish customs.

The land which, for us, supplied most sensation with least discomfort was the Near East. But, somehow, we can scarcely imagine the cyclist of the present day in Transylvania and Roumania and Dalmatia. What would the neat young lady in white, with her handle-bars put on by mistake upside down, unbending—we were going to say, as the British bayonet, but perhaps the simile does not hold—do when she had to ford a stream over her shoe-tops; race with the fiery, drunken Slovak; dispute the road with the bull, not of Bashan, but of Bukovina? True, young ladies have penetrated into these regions, but never, before our time, on bicycles; and their coming on the wheel now would fall almost as flat as that of the next gypsy-loving princess. But if the chance for sensation has gone from Transylvania, the beauty and comfort are still at the service of the cyclist. True, there are hills five and ten miles long; but the roads are excellent, though with the building of more railways—and in the

wildest parts we met the engineer busy surveying—their excellence is doomed to grow less. The inns are clean, the meat and drink extremely good. There are gypsy fiddles everywhere. The country is all mountain and valley, vineyard and chestnut grove. Little old fortified towns stand on hilltops or dot the wide plains. The people wear the most wonderful clothes, and in October you may see the white-clad peasant dancing out the wine—the Promised Land for the cyclist, you would think.

If your pocket-book allows, or fate, or the desire to see the country compels you to remain in England, there are parts where you can ride with great satisfaction and at great expense. Nothing could be more beautiful than the Midlands, lovelier than the counties that surround London. But westward—go no farther than Bristol or Truro, northward than Chester, avoiding Manchester—that is, unless you mean to go still farther north, into Scotland, which, at times, will repay your enterprise. The southwest is largely to be avoided—Cornwall and Devon have the worst roads in civilized Europe; in fact, the roads and the inns explain that the country is not and never has been civilized. In the inns you are often treated as an intruder, and sometimes cheated in a fashion that would bring a blush to the cheek of a Swiss landlord; for the emptiness of the larder, the bill makes up in lavishness. There is hardly anything to eat save cream, but for that and salt bacon and ancient eggs you are asked to pay as much as for a good dinner at the Café Royal. The inn-keepers are mainly boors. As for the roads, they go straight to the top of all the hills, as uncompromisingly as the roads of Bohemia, then drop down the other side, and are unridable in both directions. When not climbing precipitately they lie buried at the bottom of a ditch. They are shadeless and uninteresting, rarely approaching the sea-coast, or passing near anything that is worth looking at. And yet we know Englishmen who are profoundly impressed with the belief that they are the best in England, and therefore in the world. The roads, inns, and inn-

keepers of Scotland are in every way better. But the fact that the average Briton spends his holiday on the Continent when he can, proves, not only that he wants to get there, but also that he is driven from his own country by the short-sightedness of the people who keep its inns and look after its roads.

We do not exaggerate. Even where, as in Holland and Austria-Hungary, the florin or gulden is the unit that takes the place of the shilling here, the franc in France, and where the scale of expense should rise in proportion, your cycling will cost you about half as much as in England. And the absurdity is that abroad you get more for less money; your daily fare is not reduced to "a chop or a steak, sir," an ancient cheese rind is not supposed to satisfy a hungry man at mid-day, nor is bacon the one and only definition of breakfast. The innkeeper has some ideas on the subject of dinner, and, more astounding, does not think because fate forces you to economy, that therefore you must not dine, but must accept in all humility the "meat tea." In a wine country an element of gaiety, of lightness, is added. The bottle of the thinnest *vin ordinaire* is more decorative on a dinner table than the English cruet.

Englishmen have to come to France to dine, we were once assured by a Frenchman fresh from the English provincial hotel and London boarding-house. This, however, is not the only reason that drives them there in hordes. They go to save money: they really hate the dinners. But whatever the inducement, the cyclist, let us repeat, could decide upon no more enchanting country. Certainly, nowhere is there such variety in scenery—now bare and sad and impressive as on the northern downs, now flat and monotonous as in the plains about Orléans, and again and oftener "incomparable for its romance and harmony;" and nowhere are there such good roads, nowhere hotels so cheerful and hospitable. But to penetrate no farther than Normandy and Brittany, which always have been more or less Cockney since the time of William the Conqueror, is to see little of the best French roads and hardly

anything of genuine French customs. For these the cyclist must travel farther afield. Hardly anything west of Paris and north of St. Malo possesses genuine character any longer. But all the east and the Midi are full of it. The district from Paris to Marseilles, or rather from Fontainebleau, is unrivalled. Luckily it is so far away that for the average cyclist it is inaccessible, and we can recommend it with a clear conscience. Touraine is a beautiful country, but the riding there is by no means the best, and the heat in summer is atrocious.

Belgium, save in the exploited Ardennes, can boast few roads worth wheeling over. Almost all are paved, and you must leave them for the side paths, where, however, you are not, as at home, pursued by policemen and fines. Holland is not half so often cycled through as it should be. It is amusing to be able to traverse a whole country from end to end in a day, and scarcely to be out of one important town before you are in the next. But you must ride better than most Englishmen, or else there will be danger of finding yourself every few minutes at the bottom of a canal, many of the roads being but towpaths and dykes—good, but exciting for the cyclist.

Germany, especially in the Rhine Valley, is much overrated. German roads, as a rule, are worse than the English: they are usually in bad repair, and vile in wet weather; but they improve vastly in the Hartz, the Black Forest, and here and there in other parts. The great pleasure of cycling in Germany to many, and probably the great drawback to a few, is the convenient frequency of the beer-houses. But then, anywhere on the Continent, the tired, thirsty tourist is sure to be supplied with the favorite national drink, which is invariably refreshing; and, what is more, he can drink it amid pleasant surroundings, at leisure, and under no necessity to swallow it abruptly and be off at once, while the after effects are not demoralizing. What have we in England to equal a *grosse* of Pilsner, icy cold, or the *helados* of Spain, or a real ice of Italy, or the *sirop* of France? Possibly shandygaff, certainly lemon squash, if

iced, would be as good. But then in England, that is, in the country, it is a criminal offence to have anything cold. This is an all-important subject, since the cycling tourist is forever thirsty. Hitherto he has been warned to go with his thirst unquenched, but now a kind French doctor has discovered that the more liquid the cyclist absorbs the better, and a new chapter will have to be written on cycling thirst and how to satisfy it.

In Austria, except over the Semmering Pass, on the highway from Amstätt to Vienna, and a few roads about Innsbrück, you will be happier without a machine. The roads are mostly abominable, though Austrians are splendid riders and go everywhere. The Dolomites and the Tyrol will please you all the more if you are not attempting to ride; this, not because of the height of the mountains and the hilliness of the way, but simply because of the same bad engineering and road making from which England suffers so grievously; and during the season the inns are crowded to suffocation. The Alps are higher, but there is hardly a place in Switzerland to which one cannot cycle with comparative ease. The roads are not only possible, but delightful over all the passes still in use, and almost universally excellent in the valleys and on the lower hills. Italian roads vary greatly—as much as the English. The best are to be found in the central provinces, especially Tuscany.

To the other countries of Europe, if you are not of a more or less adventurous spirit, it is scarcely worth while to travel with your cycle. Of course, you may ride almost wherever you please. But if roads are not good, if distances are great, if inns are bad or do not exist, the discomforts and drawbacks will exceed the pleasures of the tour, and, after all, you do not ride to be miserable—at least we do not. But surely, enough variety, enough amusement, and, at times, enough excitement, may be found upon the highways of France, Germany, Switzerland, Italy, Holland, and England, to last an ordinary mortal his lifetime.

If you mean to go abroad for your tour, and you are not familiar with the

customs and ways of the natives, a certain amount of useful information may be obtained from membership in, and the publications of, the Cyclists' Touring Club. But if you have already toured on the Continent, you will know that it is as easy to travel there with a cycle as without, and then *Murray*, *Baedeker*, and the *Géographie Joanne* will give you all the facts that are needed. The little maps of the *Géographie* indicate the roads admirably. The bugbear of the Continental Customs is greatly magnified. Duty is rarely required to be deposited, and if it is, the money is always refunded when you leave the country. The Cyclists' Touring Club, however, may help you through. It is far more necessary at present to remember to have a name plate on your machine. This is required of the natives in almost all Continental countries, and if he cannot show one, the foreigner may suddenly become an object of suspicion. To fall into the clutches of the local official, though amusing to remember, is, at the moment, always annoying and sometimes embarrassing.

After now nearly a quarter of a century of touring, we can say with authority that there are three or four things of special importance to be remembered. If you look for perfect and absolute freedom on your tour take every bit of luggage you want with you. Buy what you have not got as you go on, throw away or send home what you have. By the end you will probably be comfortable. If you are dependent on bags and boxes sent by rail or post, you will have to make your trip conform to your luggage. Often a head wind will force you to diverge from your projected route, rain will delay you, or you may make better time than you thought, and then have to kick your heels in a railway station waiting for your bag to turn up. To us such hindrances are a nuisance; to many, we believe, they are a great delight. Never block out your tour as though you were a general leading an army. Map it out roughly. Take a Continental road-book, and arrive at the place you do arrive at when you arrive, and do not bother about any other. Try to learn a few words

of the language of the country through which you are travelling ; or, because you happen to be ignorant of their speech, do not regard all the natives as fools. Save in Spain and the Near East, cycle repair shops will now be found in the tiniest village, but in those countries you must have spare parts with you. Anyway, take a few extra nuts and a pedal pin, as you are more liable to break that than anything else on the machine, and it takes some time to make a new one. Do not be foolish enough to tour without a good strong brake, or to coast hills that you know nothing about. If you are going to Switzerland, put on an extra pneumatic brake, which will enable you to descend a pass without paralyzing your arms. The ideal journey, in France, for example, would be to train to the centre of the country—the majority of Continental railroads do not charge for cycles—and start off

with the wind behind you, and change your direction with it : whether any one ever had the sense to do this we do not know. But it might be borne in mind that in Europe, save in the Rhone Valley, the prevalent winds blow from the south. It is well, too, on a long tour, especially on the Continent, to study what physical geographers call “the lay of the land,” that is, plan your tour so that you may have the hills with you and not against you ; follow the longest river valleys down and not up. A push of one day up a mountain—and you can even hire a trap to carry your machine, or take a train ; we are not above such aids—is better than a monotonous grind for two or three days on a gradual slope. Stop when you get tired ; travel by rail when it is too hard work. There is no glory to be got from hard work in cycling. You might as well amuse yourself.—*Fortnightly Review*.

ON CONVERSATION.

BY JAMES PAYN.

THE art of conversation has suffered in England from the example of its most famous professor. Dr. Johnson understood it theoretically, but even so only to a limited extent. He was supposed to form his view of it in accordance with the rule of Bacon.

In all kinds of speech, whether pleasant, grave, severe, or ordinary, it is convenient to speak leisurely, and rather drawlingly than hastily, because hasty speech confounds the memory, and oftentimes, besides the unseemliness, drives a man either to stammering, or nonplus, or harping on that which should follow ; whereas a slow speech conformeth the memory, addeth a conceit of wisdom to the hearers, besides a seemliness of speech and countenance.

This does not strike one as a model for him who would be either brilliant or agreeable, and excludes naturalness, which is one of the greatest charms of conversation.

That Johnson did not slavishly follow Bacon's precept is very certain. So far from being “leisurely,” he jumped down the throats of all who disagreed with him. “You may be

good-natured, sir,” said Boswell, with unusual spirit, “but you are not good-humored (which the Doctor had just plumed himself on being). I believe you would pardon your opponents if they had time to deprecate your vengeance ; but punishment follows so quick after sentence that they cannot escape.” The idea of his ever being at a nonplus is ridiculous indeed, though he was sometimes at a loss for a reparation from sheer indignation. The rights of his little passage of arms with Adam Smith are much disputed. That he remarked : “You are a liar,” seems tolerably certain, but whether the other philosopher did retort in the quite unprintable and by no means pertinent words that are attributed to him is doubtful. At all events, the whole affair was not a good example of polite conversation. Johnson's great mistake was in confounding it with monologue. “We had good talk this evening,” he said on one occasion, when returning from a party where scarcely any one had been able to get a word in

edgeways except himself. If he had said: "*I had good talk,*" the observation would have been faultless, but of conversation such as he sincerely believed had taken place there had been none. He could define it of course as he could everything else, and sometimes affected to despise it. When Boswell asked him, in his importunate fashion, what was the use of meeting people at dinner, where no one ever said anything worth remembering, "Why, to eat and drink together," replied the Doctor, "and to promote kindness; and, sir, this is better done when there is no solid conversation; for when there is, people differ in opinion and get into bad humor, or some of the company are left out and feel themselves uneasy; it was for this reason that Sir Robert Walpole said he always talked indecencies at his own table, because in them all could join." It is certain that this was the kind of conversation most in vogue with our ancestors, and in "the good old times," such as the days of chivalry, there was probably little else.

Later on, and even to some extent to-day, the essence of good conversation was thought to be contest. Even that graceful-minded and sweet-tempered writer, Robert Louis Stevenson, falls into the error when discoursing on this subject. With Johnson, opposition was the very salt of life, and his best sayings were evoked by it. When ill one day and unable to exert himself, on Burke's name being mentioned, he suddenly exclaimed: "That fellow calls forth all my powers. Were I to see Burke now it would kill me."

Antagonism of all kinds is, however, inimical to social enjoyment, and even argument should be employed but sparingly. The object of good conversation is not to convince—we are not pleading at the Bar, or preaching in the Pulpit—but to exchange ideas, expressed in the most attractive form, to ameliorate, to interest, or to amuse. It is a mistake to suppose that a change of society is necessary for its enjoyment. When friends are found to our mind, we do not tire of their talk. It is not likely, though it is quite possible, that a stranger may be an acquisition, and a company of intelligent per-

sons who meet one another are independent of recruits.

Goldsmith, who never wrote a foolish thing and seldom said a wise one, thought differently; he expressed a wish for some additional members to be added to the Literary Club, "For there can be now," he said, "nothing new among us; we have travelled over one another's minds;" to which Johnson calmly but confidently observed: "Sir, you have not travelled over *my* mind, I promise you." The Doctor, of course, was so exceptionally gifted that it was a treat to listen to him, if a man were content to deprive himself of the right of reply; but he had no notion of the "give and take," without which there is no social intercourse.

A good talker should be a good listener, though also capable of cutting short a bore; he should be appreciative of the remarks of others, and never influenced by that vulgar rivalry that causes some men to strive for the mastery in anecdote—the "capping" of stories, as old writers term it. Anecdotes, however apt and witty, are, after all, a form of monologue, and should be used with discretion. Even the best raconteurs are tempted to draw too largely upon their deposit accounts; a certain intoxication seems to seize those not in the very first rank when they have made a success or two in this line, and I have known one with a great reputation who could never be trusted after a capital story not to wipe out the remembrance of it by a dull one. He really did not seem to know what was good and what was indifferent; he had a large quantity of the commodity (anecdote) on his hands, and must needs get rid of it at any cost to his reputation. A high-class but still detestable talk-stopper is the man of rounded periods. Everybody knows how he is going to finish his sentences, but he will do it his own way, and it is a long way round. One is inclined to say to him what Scrooge so pathetically observed to his partner's ghost, "Don't be flowery, my friend, don't be flowery."

These are by no means the greatest obstructionists in the way of conversation. Some persons might almost be called professional talk-stoppers. They

delight in questioning the truth of a good story, or in picking some hole in it, to prove that it had a better reception than it deserved. They lay their finger on some trivial inaccuracy in a date or a name; they bring no provender to the intellectual picnic; their sole contribution to it is a senseless depreciation, which they conscientiously believe adds to the agreeableness of the evening. I wish no fellow-creature dead, but I do think this class of person should be relegated to some other sphere of usefulness, where (like Miss Snellicci's papa) he would be appreciated. It is all very well to say, "Let us have no cliques," but some precaution must be taken to keep persons of this sort out of any society which has a claim to consider itself agreeable.

In old days a very innocent but still very effectual talk-stopper was the Child. Parents used to bring their terrible infants into grown-up company, even of an intelligent kind. It was an outrage of that description which caused Charles Lamb to propose the health of Herod, King of the Jews. In scarcely a less degree (though one hesitates to acknowledge it) the presence of the Young Person of either sex is to be deprecated.

Some persons have the rudeness to go further, and assert that in the presence of the gentler sex conversation, not so much of an intellectual, but of a natural or dramatic, and especially of a humorous kind, can seldom be carried on. It has been said, indeed, that a bright and clever woman "lifts the conversation" at dinner parties, but what sort of conversation do we generally find at dinner parties? And what must the conversation be that requires "lifting"? It is quite true that the talk of a polished and educated woman, of mature years and a liberal mind, is one of the most delightful of intellectual pleasures—it has well been called a liberal education—but how rare such women are! And how terribly even *they* are handicapped. They can talk of literature, of politics, and even of religion, though in the last case seldom with any freedom; but speculations on "fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute," the subjects of

the best kind of conversation, are not to their taste, while from the discussion of some of the most interesting topics connected with human nature they are of necessity debarred. A better and wiser adviser of a young man in social matters is not to be found than in some ancient lady of wealth and position, whose very voice has persuasion in it, and who speaks from the fulness of her own knowledge. "I am an old woman, you know. Tell me your trouble." But that is only a duet, though one of exquisite sympathy; the talk of two. As a rule women's talk, like that of the aristocracy, is almost always personal.

The flippancies and cynicism of the smoking-room are very naturally in ill odor; yet the brightest conversations within my own somewhat extensive experience have been held under the benign influence of tobacco. It nourishes quiet thought and does away with ill-humor; smokers do not talk unless they have something to say, and are careful to say it not at too great length, or their pipe would go out. Thus anecdote is restrained within proper limits, and monologue is rendered impossible.

It is rather invidious to pronounce which profession produces the best conversationalists, and such a judgment must be open to many exceptions; it can be at most but a general impression; but on the whole—there is nothing like leather—I think men of letters are the best talkers. It is true they are sometimes the worst from a negative point of view, since some of them cannot talk at all. The sole channel of their intelligence is their pen. But the higher class of literary men have generally something interesting to say, because they are students of human nature, and adapt their experiences of it to their company. They never talk of their own books, nor very much even of literature. One of the many gifts of Dickens is known to be that of public speaking; but his conversation with his intimates was still more delightful; not at all witty, but intensely humorous, though combined with great earnestness, however slight might be the subject. He disliked general society, chiefly, I think, from

the fear that some foolish person would compliment him to his face, a stroke of vulgarity that requires a master of fence indeed to parry.

Lever was a raconteur of the first sparkle, but after an hour or two one had enough of him. The best conversationalist I ever knew (that is among the departed) was a man of letters, W. G. Clark; he was one of the editors of the *Cambridge Shakespeare*, and the author of *Summer Months in Spain*, but had a higher reputation as a classical scholar. He "wore his weight of learning like a flower," which is by no means usually the case with learned persons: they have no "buttonhole" themselves, but they buttonhole other people, and their perception of humor is generally confined to a false quantity. I can never understand why this error should be so mirth-provoking in a dead language, and so devoid of amusement in a living one.

Small literary folks are seldom good company; they talk literature too much, and though it is the best "shop" to talk about, "shop" is always better left alone. Observe how a soldier with a record of distinguished service avoids it; from a certain fine sense of modesty no less than good taste. He is as difficult to draw as a badger, but when drawn gives excellent sport. I am not one of those literary persons who seem to take a pleasure (for it is always affected) in contrasting to his disparagement Captain Pen with Captain Sword (for it is something, as now happens, "to have at one's back a million men"), but I must admit that there are few kinds of talk so attractive as that of the unwilling warrior making light of experiences, which if they had happened to me, I feel with a secret blush, would have formed a more constant topic of conversation.

The talk of barristers is often very clever, but too inclined to be shoppy; they remind one of public-school men, who, after they have ceased to be boys for half a century, will still retain the reminiscences of that far-back time to one another, without much consideration for that portion of the company who have neither been at Eton nor Harrow. The men of the gown are bright enough, but even when good-

natured are too apt to affect cynicism, which destroys at one blow both geniality and naturalness.

"The lower branch of the profession" are generally silent and severe (wherefore I know not, and Heaven forbid that I should draw the secret from its "dread abode"), but now and then we get an admirable specimen from this collection. There is nothing like your "family lawyer" as a receptacle of secrets, matters of real human interest, and sometimes he will open a closet without divulging its whereabouts, and show you a skeleton.

I had once a friend who had no rival as an exhibitor of this description—the happiest mixture of grave and gay conceivable, and who possessed quite an anatomical museum. Some of the heads of families he had to deal with deserved a fuller portraiture at the hands of the dramatist or the novelist, but as sketches they were faultless. I remember one of them, and wish I could reproduce the touches which gave to the original picture its life and likeness. The man was a wealthy and still young north country squire, selfish and self-indulgent; childless, which was fortunate, for he was very unfit to play a father's part; and suddenly widowed. It was to the funeral of the wife that my friend was professionally invited. It had not been a happy marriage. The man was gloomy, not because of his bereavement, but because of the solemnity and seriousness it entailed. He would have gone away, if he had dared, and left her relations to bury her; he did not like them, and swore he would not be shut up in a carriage with any one of them—he would ride alone. "No," said my friend, who had great influence over him (as indeed he had over most people with whom he was brought into contact). "You must not do that." There were good reasons why he should not have gone alone. "If you will not go with your relatives you must go with the clergyman." "The clergyman! Well, if I must, I must, but it will quite spoil my day."

Another funeral story, but against himself, he told with inimitable humor. I say "told," not "used to tell," for I never heard him repeat the

same experience. The measures he took with his clients were represented as so successful that I requested him on one occasion to tell me one of his failures. For one instant he looked confused, but immediately resumed his serenity.

Well, I have been young like everybody else. When junior partner in my firm, I went down to the funeral of a client, very rich but not respected. He had no relatives and no friends, but there were a great many mourning coaches. It was winter, and the burial-place was five miles from the Hall. I was in the last coach with the doctor, a young man like myself. We went at a good pace over the snow, and the whole proceeding was tedious and disagreeable. 'Do you think,' said the doctor, 'there would be any harm in our having a cigar?' Of course it was wrong and very unprofessional in both of us, but we lit up. It was a great relief, and, as we flattered ourselves, unaccompanied by danger. Presently, however, the whole line—about five and twenty carriages—came to a dead stop. The undertaker and one of his men ran wildly to our window. 'Gentlemen, your carriage is on fire!' It cost us a couple of sovereigns, but we escaped detection.

Taking them all round, I had rather talk with a strange doctor than a stranger of any other profession. They have generally seen a great deal of human nature, and if they have only seen a little of it, it is worth hearing about. They never talk about Art, at all events. I confess I am rather afraid of travellers, unless they are commercial travellers. They are too full of information, and are too often anxious to impart it. Sometimes it is not even true. Frederic Locker used to tell of how an unscrupulous traveller narrating his adventures among the Red Indians was cleverly stopped by Lord Barmore. "Did you ever see anything of the Chick-Chows?" "Oh! a good deal," said Sir Arthur, "a very cruel tribe, the Chick-Chows." "And the Cherry-Chows, eh?" "Oh, very much among the Cherry-Chows," continued Sir Arthur, "the Cherry-Chows

were singularly kind to my fellows." "And pray, Sir Arthur, did you see much of the Tol-de-rod-dy-bow-wows?"

This was too much for even Sir Arthur. He was rather put out, but the company was relieved. Nevertheless, there *are* modest travellers. I had once a great friend who had travelled all round the world. When almost on his death-bed, he spoke to me on the subject for the first time, with humorous pathos. "My dear fellow, you will do me the justice, when I am gone, to say that I never told you one word about it." But he was a noble exception.

As to the clergy, they are a good deal weighted as regards conversation. Coleridge once observed that Nature was the Devil in a strait-waistcoat. Clergymen are Angels similarly attired. There are, and have been, however, great exceptions: Sydney Smith, for example, whom no layman, except perhaps Douglas Jerrold, has ever excelled for brightness, and none have equalled for geniality. How much conversation has to do with manners may be gathered from the biographies of witty persons. How dull they are!

Folks talk of "the art of conversation," and of course there are some rules which need to be observed by all who would excel in it: to be brief, without curtness; to avoid any "talking to the gallery" (but indeed in the sort of company I have in my mind there is no gallery); to give and take. But the fact is conversation is a gift of nature; when artificial it is never really good. The disposition must be genial, the wit ready and keen, but of the kind that "never carries a heart stain away on its blade;" the humor abundant, but always arising from the situation; not pumped up, but a natural flow; there must be a quick sympathy, and above all the desire to please.—*Nineteenth Century*.

DUPLICATE ANECDOTES.

BY GEORGE EYRE-TODD.

NOTHING attracts attention oftener than the readiness with which one anecdote suggests another. In the smoke-room or the billiard-room, or over the walnuts after dinner, if the talk falls to anecdotes it is amazing to notice how a story can invariably be capped, the second being similar but with a difference. It may not be true, as has been said, that the world possesses only six jokes, and that upon variations of these humorists have depended for some thousands of years; but it almost appears as if it might be possible to trace all jokes to an origin in a limited number of types. Nothing more is needed, surely, to prove human nature amiable than the fact that men enjoy and laugh as heartily at each "new" story as if nothing in the least like it had ever been heard before.

In some cases it may be true that the professional humorist—the unfortunate who, like Charles Lamb at one stage of his career, is driven to produce "wit and humor" for the press at sixpence per paragraph—has set himself deliberately to manufacture new laughs out of old. Every one, for example, is familiar with a story of the Highland Railway. A traveller had left his wrap in his carriage. The guard, opening the door of a compartment inquires, "Is there a black mackintosh here?" "No," answers one of the big-bearded Highlanders inside, "there is no black Mackintosh, but there are six red Macgregors." This anecdote would almost seem to have been copied in another railway story. "Have you," inquires a clerical passenger, looking up from his book, "have you read Lamb's Tales?" "No," replies his *vis-à-vis*, who happens to be a commercial traveller, "but I have black sheepskin rugs."

In some instances such utilization of an idea has been avowedly carried on through quite a series of inventions. One need go no further than the pages of *Punch* for examples. Week after week for months in its pages the late

Mr. Du Maurier used to charm and amuse the world with such series as "Things One had rather left Unsaid." Throughout the entire range of that series and its like the germs of the anecdotes were identical, yet in each separate instance the smile was inevitable. Take two examples.

Hostess: "I hope you are enjoying your dinner, Mr. Fowler?"

Fowler: "Yes, indeed. This country air has given me such an appetite that I could eat almost anything."

Again, *Departing Guest*: "Good-by! Enjoyed myself immensely. Delightful place you've got."

Host: "Yes, if the trees were only grown a bit. However, I hope they'll be a great deal larger by the time you come back again."

These stories have obviously the same twist of thought underlying them, yet the setting makes them sufficiently different.

On this plan a whole series of popular conundrums has evidently been manufactured—the series based on a double meaning of words. A year or two ago every one was familiar with the advertising conundrum, "What is the difference between Pears' soap and an Arab steed?" To which the ingenious answer ran, "The one washes the beautiful while the other scours the plain." The same principle underlies the old parlor "guess," "Which is the most dissipated animal?" which had for answer, "The sheep, because it lives on the turf, is fond of gambolling, is frequently fleeced, and is very often a blackleg."

On the other hand there is an endless repertoire of stories obviously akin in principle which seem nevertheless without question to be of independent origin. There can be no difficulty in recognizing a likeness between the following:

Cabby (to lady who has paid him his exact fare): "Oh, step in again, mum! I could ha' druv you three yards furdur for this 'ere."

Old Gent (to beggar to whom he has

given a halfpenny): "Now, my man, what shall you do with that coin?"

Beggar: "Well, I 'ardly know, guv'nor, whether to purchase an annuity or invest in Great Northern Stock. Which do you advise?"

There is a story, again, about Grimaldi. The famous clown, it is said, was invited by a friend to a day's shooting. After walking about the fields for a long time without a glimpse of fur or feather, his host and he came upon some tame pigeons behind a hedge. "Now, then, blaze away," said the host. "But they're not game," exclaimed the guest. "Never mind," returned the other, "it's all the game you'll see." Grimaldi fired accordingly, and did considerable damage. "Now," said his host, when he had picked up the birds, "we'd better cut away." "Why?" inquired Grimaldi. "Because the pigeons weren't mine, and yonder's the farmer coming."

The story is capped by an adventure of Sheridan. That famous playwright and orator was one day returning home, it is said, with an empty bag, when he came upon a cottage where there were some ducks in a pond. "Look here," he said to the rustic at the gate, "what will you take for a shot at the ducks?" The rustic grinned. "Will half a crown do?" inquired Sheridan, and placed the coin in his hand. Then he fired at the birds on the water, and laid over half a dozen, at which he turned to the man with, "Well, my friend, I think I've got the best of the bargain." Then the rustic grinned once more, adding this time, "H'm, they're none o' moine."

The sorites of the schools is evidently responsible for an elaborate effort like, "The cotton seed becomes cotton; the cotton becomes calico; calico becomes a well-made dress; and a well-made dress becomes a beautiful woman." And there is an obvious relationship between the old sea captain's definition of land as "a tough, solid substance, often handy for sticking an anchor into," and the Aberdeen student's definition of water as "a tasteless, colorless liquid, used for washing; some persons are said to drink it."

But it is difficult to think that the

resemblance can be other than accidental between such anecdotes as the following.

On one occasion, it appears, the famous Clyde pleasure steamer *Iona* was leaving Rothesay pier, when one of the sailors, pulling the casting-rope on board, by accident struck a lady's lap-dog, which yelled and caused its owner to exclaim, "You stupid fellow!" to which the sailor, a new hand and somewhat rough-tongued, retorted rudely by desiring her to go to "a certain place."

The lady, much offended, complained to the captain, with the result that Donald was sent for and informed that he must apologize. The man accordingly returned to the scene of his rudeness, and addressed the offended dame. "Was you the lady," he inquired, "that I told to go to h——?" "I was," she replied. "Well," returned Donald with conciliatory mildness, "you needn't go now."

A similar story is told of the late Dr. Norman Macleod. One evening, in the coffee-room of a country inn, Macleod was pestered by a rude farmer or dealer who insisted on conversing with him. Presently the man started upon the subject of polite manners, and, to get rid of him, Macleod quietly remarked that he understood it to be unusual in polite society to spit into the fire. The cap apparently fitted, for the dealer at once retorted, "I didna spit in the fire." "Well," replied the Doctor, "since you make it a personal matter, I'm afraid I must say I *saw* you do it." "But, I tell ye," exclaimed the fellow with some heat, "I did *not* spit in the fire, for I missed it."

The same principle is carried further, so that the retraction proves worse than the original allegation, in a story of the law courts. Counsel, it appears, was addressing the jury, and in the course of his speech took occasion to refer to the evidence of a certain witness whom he designated "this soldier." The witness referred to at length rose and appealed against the term of reference. "My lord," he said, "the learned counsel refers to me as 'this soldier'; I beg to remind him that I am an officer." "Very well,

gentlemen of the jury," resumed the counsel, "it has been told the court by this officer, who is no soldier, that——"

A curious counterpart to this story is related by the Rev. Mr. Macrae in his catalogue of printers' errors. The reporter of an American paper, it seems, wishing to do honor to a local magnate who had opened a bazaar, had given him the title of "the battle-scarred general." But the careless printer made an error, and the paragraphist was made to say that the bazaar had been opened by "the battle-scare general." The furious magnate made a descent on the office, but was pacified by the explanation of the editor that the opprobrious word was a printer's slip, and that it would be set right in the next issue. In the next issue, however, the printer made another mistake, and the general, on opening his paper, found the statement in a conspicuous place that what the editor had meant to say was that the bazaar had been opened by the *bottle-scarred* general.

Even closer parallels are to be noticed in anecdotes based upon ignorance of some element in the situation. There is the story of a minister in the Lothians who had just returned from his annual holiday. For three or four days there had been blazing weather, and as he walked down the village street it occurred to him to ask for one of his parishioners, whose son he met driving a cart. "Good-morning, John," he said, stopping as the lad touched his cap. "How is your father standing the heat?" But John did not answer. His father had died a week before. To cap this comes the tale of the gay bachelor who had taken in to dinner the wife of an officer then in India. The conversation of his partner had proved highly entertaining, and when the gentlemen went to the drawing-room he determined to have more of it. Meanwhile, unhappily, he had drunk just one extra glass of wine, and in the drawing-room he mistook his lady, sitting down instead beside her sister, who happened to be a widow. She, probably accustomed to the mistake, endeavored to be polite, and murmured something about

the very warm weather. His answer, however, must have startled her not a little when, all unconscious of his mistake in identity, he exclaimed, "Oh, yes, but not nearly so warm as where your husband is, you know."

Another source of mistake, closely akin to this, which frequently forms the basis of anecdote, is misapprehension of the point at issue. The story is familiar of the old lady who came back to a bird shop to complain of her purchase. "That parrot I bought from you yesterday," she complains, "uses dreadful language." To which the dealer replies sympathizingly, "Ah, mum, you should be very careful what you says afore it; it's astonishing how quick them birds pick up anything." This is paralleled by the story of the Aberdeen minister under the barber's hands. The man's fingers proved to be anything but steady, and, as he cut into the minister's chin for the third time, the latter felt constrained to expostulate. "William," he said sternly, "shall I have to warn you again against the evil of intemperance? You see its effects." "Ay, sir," replied the imperturbed William, as he prepared for another essay, "there's nae dout it mak's the skin unco tender."

Exactly similar in principle is the story of a teacher and scholar, which is familiar in several forms:

Teacher: "What does S E E spell?"

Scholar: "Dunno."

Teacher: "What do I do with my eyes?"

Scholar: "Squint."

A *dénouement* in this form was once, it is said, deliberately led up to by Charles Lamb himself. In a certain company he came in contact with a pompous bore. The company had been discussing some peculiar habits of well-known men, when the bore, who had already more than once inflicted his sententiousness upon those present, took occasion at the end of a verbose harangue to announce that he himself was free from all such weaknesses. "Ah," said Lamb, turning to him attentively, with his stutter of speech, "you say, sir, that you have no p-p-peculiarity?" "No, sir," answered the other, "certainly not." "Indeed,"

said Lamb, "that is strange. Now may I ask wh-which hand you b-b-blow your nose with?" "With my right hand, of course," returned the man, a little contemptuously. "Ah," responded Lamb, "then that's your pe-pe-peculiarity. I b-blow mine with my handkerchief."

Very slightly varying in type from this is the anecdote in which the quip lies in seeing only too clearly the purport of a question, and turning its edge by a direct and unexpected answer. Of such sort is the anecdote of the Scottish scholar in London in James the First's time. It was the day of the tavern wit combats, which have remained so famous. The Scotsman's *vis-à-vis* propounded, it is said, the somewhat insulting question, "Quid distat inter Scottum atque sottom?" And the North Countryman's answer probably more than satisfied him. It was one word, "Tabula." It is easy

to perceive the correspondence between this answer and that of a certain elderly witness in a northern sheriff's court. The opposing counsel, finding himself unable to make the man contradict himself, at last became exasperated, and exclaimed, "it seems to me you are rather smart this morning, Mr. —." To which remark the witness replied, slowly but effectively enough, "Weel, sir, if I wasna on my aith I might say the same o' you."

After this fashion it is possible to discover duplicates and triplicates of any suggested anecdote. Of no anecdote, indeed, can it be safe to say that the principle is unique, and it would almost appear that, if a sufficient number of specimens were collected, it might be possible to reduce the whole matter to a science, and furnish a recipe for every existing type of humor.

—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

THE DESERTED INN.

BY BLISS CARMAN.

I CAME to a deserted inn,
Standing apart, alone ;
A place where human joy had been,
And only winds made moan.

I entered by the spacious hall,
With not a soul to see ;
The echo of my own footfall
Was ghostly there to me.

I came upon a sudden door,
Which gave me no reply ;
The more I questioned it, the more
A questioner was I.

I lingered by the mouldy stair,
And by the dusty sill ;
And when my faint heart said, "Beware !"
The silence said, "Be still !"

From room to room I caught the stir
Of garments vanishing—
The stillness trying to demur,
When one has ceased to sing.

Like shadows of the clouds which make
The loneliness of noon,
The thing I could not overtake
Was but an instant gone.

'Twas summer when I reached the inn ;
The apples were in bloom ;
Before I went, the snow drove in,
The frost was like a doom.

At last I came upon the book
Where visitors of yore
Had writ their names, ere joy forsook
The House of Rest-no-more.

Poor fellow-travellers, beset
With hungers not of earth !
Did you, too, tarry here in debt
For things of perished worth ?

Did something lure you like a strain
Of music wild and vast,
Only to freeze your blood again
With jeers when you had passed ?

Did visions of a fairer thing
Than God has ever made
Fleet through your doorways in the spring,
And would not be delayed ?

Did beauty in a half-made song,
A smile of mystery,
Departing, leave you here to long
For what could never be—

And thenceforth you were friends of peace,
Acquainted with unrest,
Whom no perfection could release
From the unworldly quest ?

I heard a sound of women's tears,
More desolate than the sea,
Sigh through the chambers of the years
Unto eternity.

And then beyond the fathom of sense
I knew, as the dead know,
My lost ideal had journeyed thence
Unnumbered years ago.

And from that dwelling of the night,
With the gray dusk astir,
I waited for the first gold light
To let me forth to Her.

WOLMER FOREST.

BY W. H. HUDSON.

THE pleasure we have in visible nature depends in a measure on contrast and novelty. Never is moist verdure so refreshing and delightful to the eye as when we come to it from brown heaths and gray barren downs and uplands. So, too, the greenness of the green earth sharpens our pleasure in all stony and waste places; flowering gardens show us the beauty of thorns and briars, and make us in love with desolation. As in light and dark, wet and dry, tempest and calm, so the peculiar attractions of each scene and aspect of nature are best "illustrated by their contraries."

I had, accordingly, the best preparation for a visit to Wolmer by a few days' ramble in the open green and wooded country round Farnham, and Alice Holt Forest with its endless oaks, and especially in the luxuriant meadows and cool shady woods of Waverley Abbey. It was a great change to Wolmer Forest. Although its soil is a "hungry, bare sand," it has long been transformed from the naked heath of Gilbert White's time to a vast unbroken plantation. Looked upon from some eminence it has a rough, dark aspect. There are no bald summits and open pleasant places; all is covered by the shaggy mantle of the pines. But it is nowhere gloomy, as pine woods so often are: the trees are not big enough, on account of that hungry sand in which they are rooted, or because they are not yet very old. The pines not being too high and shady to keep the sun and air out, the old aboriginal vegetation has not been killed: in most places the ling forms a thick undergrowth, and looks almost green, while outside of the forest, in the full glare of the sun, it has a harsh, dry, dead appearance. On account of this abundance of ling a strange and lovely appearance is produced in some favorable years, when the flowers are in great profusion and all the plants blossom at one time. That most beautiful sight of the early spring, when the bloom of the wild hyacinth is like a

sea of azure color under the woodland trees, is here repeated in July, but with a difference of hue both in the trees above and the bloom beneath.

In May, Wolmer is comparatively flowerless, and there is no bright color, except that of the earth itself in some naked spot. The water of the sluggish boggy streamlets in the forest takes a deep red or orange hue from the color of the soil it flows over. The sand abounds with ironstone, which in the mass is deep rust-red and purple colored. When crushed and pulverized by traffic and weather, on the roads it turns to a vivid chrome yellow. In the hot noonday sun the straight road that runs through the forest appeared like a yellow band or ribbon. That was a curious and novel picture, which I often had before me during the excessively dry and windy weather in May—the vast whity-blue, hot sky, without speck or stain of cloud above, and the dark forest covering the earth, cut through by that yellow zone, extending straight away until it was lost in the hazy distance. Even stranger was the appearance when the wind blew strongest and raised clouds of dust from the road, which flew like fiery yellow vapors athwart the black pines.

In a small house by the roadside in the middle of the forest I found a temporary home. My landlady proved herself a good talker, and treated me to a good deal of Hampshire dialect. Her mind was well stored with ancient memories. At first I let her ramble on without paying too much attention; but at length, while speaking of the many little ups and downs of her not uneventful life, she asked me if I knew Selborne, and then informed me that she was a native of that village, and that her family had lived there for generations. Her mother had reached the age of eighty-six years; she had married her third husband when over seventy. She had left twelve children, and my informant, now aged sixty, was the last born. This wonderful

mother of hers, who had survived three husbands, and whose memory went back several years into the eighteenth century, had remembered the Rev. Gilbert White very well. It was wonderful, she said, how many interesting things she used to tell about him; for Gilbert White, whose name was known to the great world outside of his parish, was often in her mind when she recalled her early years. Unfortunately, these interesting things had now all slipped out of my landlady's memory. Whenever I brought her to the point she would stand with eyes cast down, the fingers of her right hand on her forehead, trying—trying to recall something to tell me—a simple creature, who was without imagination, and could invent nothing! Then little by little she would drift off into something else—to recollections of people and events not so remote in time, scenes she had witnessed herself, and which had made a deeper impression on her mind. One was how her father, when an old man, had acted as horn-blower to the "Selborne mob," when the poor villagers were starving; and how, blowing on his horn, he had assembled his fellow-revolutionists, and led them to an attack on the house of some objectionable person and then on to the neighboring village of Headley to get recruits for their little army. Then the soldiery arrived on the scene, and took them prisoners and sent them to Winchester, where they were tried by some little, unremembered Judge Jeffreys, who sentenced many or most of them to transportation; but not the leader and horn-blower, who had escaped, and was in hiding among the beeches of the famous Selborne Hanger. Only at midnight he would steal down into the village to get a bite of food and hear the news from his vigorous and vigilant old wife. At length, during one of these midnight excursions he was seen and captured, and sent to Winchester. But by this time the authorities had grown sick—possibly ashamed—of dealing so harshly with a few poor peasants, whose sufferings had made them mad, and the ring-leader got off easily, and died in bed at home when his time came.

I did not cease questioning the poor

woman because she would not admit that all she had heard about Gilbert White was gone past recall. Often and often had she thought of what her mother had told her. Up to within two or three years ago she remembered it all so well. What was it now? Once more, standing dejected in the middle of the room, she would cudgel her old brains. So much had happened since she was a girl! She had been brought up to farmwork. Here would follow the names of various farms near Selborne, Newton Valance and Oakhanger, where she had worked, mostly in the fields; and of the farmers, long dead and gone most of them, who had employed her. All her life she had worked hard, struggling to live. When people complained of hard times now, of the little that was paid them for their work, she and her husband remembered what it was thirty and forty and fifty years ago, and they wondered what people wanted. Cheap food, cheap clothing, cheap education for the children—everything was cheap now, and the pay more. And she had had so many children to bring up—ten; and seven of them were married, and having so many children of their own that she could hardly keep count of them.

It was idle to listen; and at last, in desperation, I would jump up and rush out, for the wind was calling in the pines, and the birds were calling, and what they had to tell was of more interest than any human story.

Not far from my cottage there was a hill, from the summit of which the whole area of the forest was visible, and the country all round for many leagues beyond it. I did not like this hill, and refused to pay it a second visit. The extent of country it revealed made the forest appear too small; it spoilt the illusion of a practically endless wilderness, where I could stroll about all day and see no cultivated spot, and no house, and perhaps no human form. The blue outline of "that vast range of mountains called the Sussex Downs" would please me better seen from some other point. It was, moreover, positively disagreeable to be stared at across the ocean of pines by a big, brand-new, red-brick man-

sion, standing conspicuous, unashamed, affronting Nature, on some wide heath or lonely hillside.

A second hill, not far from the first, was preferable when I wished for a wide horizon, or to drink the wind and the music of the wind. Round and domelike, it stood alone; and although not nearly so high as its neighbor, it was more conspicuous, and seen from a distance appeared to be really higher. The reason of this was that it was crowned with a grove of Scotch firs with boles that rose straight and smooth and mastlike to a height of about eighty feet; thus, seen from afar, the hill looked about a hundred feet higher than it actually was, the tree-tops themselves forming a thick, round dome, conspicuous above the surrounding forest, and Wolmer's most prominent feature. These were the oldest-looking trees I saw; they must, indeed, have been planted very soon after, if not before, Gilbert White described Wolmer as a naked heath without a tree on it. Some of these hill firs were decaying, others had fallen. The green woodpecker had discovered the unsoundness of many of them; in two or three of the trunks, in their higher part, the birds had made several holes. These were in line, one above the other, like stops in a flute. Most of these far-up houses or flats were tenanted by starlings. This was only too apparent, for the starling, although neat and glossy in his dress, is an untidy tenant, and smears the trunk beneath the entrance to his nest with numberless droppings. You might fancy that he had set himself to white-wash the tree, and had carelessly cap-sized his little bucket of lime.

It was pleasant in the late afternoon to sit at the feet of these tall red columns—this brave company of trees, that were warred upon by all the winds of heaven, and looked upon the black legions of the forest that covered the earth beneath them for miles around. High up in the swaying, singing tops a kind of musical talk was audible—the starlings' medley of clinking, chattering, wood-sawing, knife-grinding, whistling and bell-like sounds. Higher still, above the tree-tops, the jackdaws were at their aerial gambols—calling

to one another, exulting in the wind. They were not breeding there, but were attracted to the spot by the height of the hill, with its crown of soaring trees. Some strong-flying birds—buzzards, kites, vultures, gulls, and many others—love to take their exercise far from earth, making a playground of the vast void heaven. The wind-loving jackdaw, even in his freest, gladdest moments, never wholly breaks away from the earth, and for a playground prefers some high, steep place—a hill, cliff, spire, or tower—where he can perch at intervals, and from which he can launch himself, as the impulse takes him, either to soar and float above, or to cast himself down into the airy gulf below.

Stray herons, too, come to the trees to roost. The great bird could be seen far off, battling with the wind, rising and falling, blown to this side and that, now displaying his pale under-surface, and now the slaty blue of his broad, slow-flapping wings.

As the sun sank nearer to the horizon the tall trunks would catch the level beams and shine like fiery pillars, and the roof thus upheld would look darker and gloomier by contrast. With the passing of that red light the lively bird-notes would cease, the trees would give forth a more solemn, sea-like sound, and the day would end.

Birds are really less abundant in Wolmer than in most places in England, wild or cultivated, favorable to bird-life. The dry, sandy soil, with its clothing of harsh ling and gloomy pine, is less attractive to a majority of the small species than the moist, green places of the earth. Thrushes, warblers, finches, tits, and other species that abound everywhere in copses, hedges, orchards, and plantations, are few; the nightingale, blackcap, and garden warbler are not heard, or are heard rarely, and it is possible to spend many hours in the forest without once hearing the familiar note of the common sparrow. On the other hand, the variety is greater, and it is therefore in a sense richer. The number of forms, and voices not commonly heard elsewhere, with something in the vegetation and scenery, produce altogether a novel and refreshing effect. One seems

all at once to have been transported to a district out of that island where uniformity, smoothness, monotony, are prized above all things, where the rare birds, with those that excel in size or beauty, are carefully weeded out.

On the skirts of the forest and the adjacent commons the bird that attracts most attention is the cuckoo. There he is very abundant, but within the forest he is but one, and by no means the most common, of a very considerable number of breeding species outside the Passerine order, ranging in size from the green woodpecker up to the heron, mallard, and pheasant. One could count on seeing or hearing a dozen or fifteen of such species in the course of a day's ramble.

The green woodpecker is quite common, and it struck me that he is seen in perfection here rather than among deciduous trees. More than once in some open glade, as I watched him going from me with laborious rising and falling flight, his sunlit green and yellow plumage looking very bright against the dark background of pines, I was tempted to say that in beauty he matched the jay and kingfisher at their best.

The turtle-dove is the most abundant species. Wolmer is its metropolis in southern England, just as Savernake Forest is that of the jackdaw and the jay. In many places their cooing monotone was heard on all sides and all day long; and as one walked small flocks of half a dozen to a dozen birds started up every few minutes with loud-flapping wings. Heard at a distance there is, perhaps, not much to choose between the coo of the turtle and the one low unchangeable note of the stock dove. Both have a rattle in their throats. Heard closer the turtle-dove's voice has a melodious quality, which makes it pleasant in spite of the rattle, and is not so monotonous, as the four notes which compose his song, although in tone alike, are unequal in length and differently inflected. In most places this is a shy dove; in Wolmer he is tamer than the wood-pigeon, and it was pleasant to observe at a distance of no more than twenty-five or thirty yards a flock quietly feeding and sunning themselves in various attitudes.

At that short distance the shadings and mottlings of their soft plumage and their various pretty gestures and motions were very plainly seen. But the bird's best aspect is when he flies from you, and drops or glides into the pines at a distance of forty or fifty yards away with the noonday sun full on him. Seen at the right angle his wings are white as silver. For a moment he shines with a strange splendor, then vanishes in the blackness of the trees. I do not know the reason of this, as his dove-colored wings are not glossed, and the same effect is not seen in other pigeons.

More to me than these, even than the laughing green yaffingale and silvery doves, were the species, such as the teal, that are rare in England in the spring and summer season. In Wolmer these pretty and entertaining little ducks have, no doubt, bred uninterruptedly for centuries; let us hope that for centuries to come they will continue to inhabit the ancient pools and boggy places in the forest. By chance I very soon discovered their choicest breeding-place, not far from that dome-shaped, fir-crowned hill which was my principal landmark. This was a boggy place, thirty or forty acres in extent, surrounded by trees and overgrown with marsh weeds and grasses, and in places with rushes. Cotton grass grew in the drier parts, and the tufts nodding in the wind looked at a distance like silvery white flowers. At one end of the marsh there were clumps of willow and alder, where the reed bunting was breeding and the grasshopper warbler uttered his continuous whirring sound, which seemed to accord with the singing of the wind in the pines. At the other end there was open water with patches of rushes growing in it; and here at the water's edge, shaded by a small fir, I composed myself on a bed of heather to watch the birds.

The inquisitive moorhens were the first to appear, uttering from time to time their sharp, loud protest. Their suspicion lessened by degrees, but was never wholly laid aside, and one bird, slyly leaving the water, made a wide circuit and approached me through the trees in order to get a better view

of me. A sudden movement on my part when he was only three yards from me gave him a terrible fright. Mallards showed themselves at intervals, swimming into the open water, or rising a few yards above the rushes, then dropping down out of sight again. Where the rushes grew thin and scattered, ducklings appeared, swimming one behind the other, busily engaged in snatching insects from the surface. By and by a pair of teal rose up, flew straight toward me, and dropped into the open water within eighteen yards of where I sat. They were greatly excited, and no sooner touched the water than they began calling loudly; then, from various points, others rose and hurried to join them, and in a few moments there were eleven, all disporting themselves on the water at that short distance. Teal are always tamer than ducks of other kinds, but the tameness of these Wolmer birds was astonishing and very delightful. For a moment or two I imagined that they were excited at my presence, but it very soon appeared that they were entirely absorbed in their own affairs, and cared nothing about me. What a wonderfully lively, passionate, variable, and even ridiculous little creature the teal is! Compared with his great relations, swans, geese, and the bigger ducks, he is like a monkey or squirrel among stately bovine animals. Now the teal has a world-wide range, being found in all climates, and is of many species; they are, moreover, variable in plumage, some species having an exceedingly rich and beautiful coloring; but wherever found, and however different in color, they are much the same in disposition—they are loquacious, excitable, and violent in their affections beyond other ducks, and, albeit highly intelligent, more fearless than other birds habitually persecuted by man. A sedate teal is as rare as a sober-colored humming-bird. The teal is also of so social a temper that even in the height of the breeding season he is accustomed to meet his fellows at little gatherings. A curious thing is that at these meetings they do not, like most social birds, fall into one mind, and comport themselves in an orderly, disciplined manner, all being moved by one contagious

impulse. On the contrary, each bird appears to have an impulse of his own and to follow it without regard to what his fellows may be doing. One must have his bath, another his frolic; one falls to courting, another to quarrelling, or even fighting, and so on, and the result is a lively splashing, confused performance, which is pretty, and amusing to see. It was an exhibition of this kind which I was so fortunate as to witness at the Wolmer pond. The body-jerking antics and rich varied plumage of the drakes gave them a singular as well as a beautiful appearance; and as they dashed and splashed about, sometimes not more than fourteen yards from me, their motions were accompanied by all the cries and calls they have—their loud call, which is a bright and lively sound; chatterings and little sharp, exclamatory notes; a long trill, somewhat metallic or bell-like; and a sharp nasal cry, rapidly reiterated several times, like a laugh.

After they had worked off their excitement and finished their fun they broke up into pairs and threes, and went off in various directions, and I saw no more of them.

It was not until the sun had set that a snipe appeared. First one rose from the marsh, and began to play over it in the usual manner; then another rose to keep him company, and finally a third. Most of the time they hovered with their breasts toward me, and seen through my glass against the pale luminous sky their round, stout bodies, long bills, and short, rapidly vibrating wings, gave them the appearance of gigantic insects rather than birds. At intervals of half a minute or so the hovering bird would dash obliquely downward a distance of twenty or thirty feet, producing in his descent the peculiar and mysterious snipe sound, like the tremulous faint bleat of a lost lamb heard at a vast distance.

At length, tired of watching the birds, I stretched myself out in the ling and continued listening to them, and while thus occupied an amusing incident occurred. A flock of eighteen mallards rose up with a startled cry from the marsh at a distance, and after flying once or twice round, dropped down again. Then the sound of crack-

ling branches and of voices talking became audible advancing round the marsh toward me. It was the first human sound I had heard that day at that spot. Then the sounds ceased, and after a couple of minutes of silence I glanced round in the direction they had proceeded from, and beheld a curious sight. Three boys, one about twelve years old, the others smaller, were grouped together on the edge of the pool, gazing fixedly across the water at me. They had taken me for a corpse, or an escaped criminal, or some such dreadful object, lying there in the depth of the forest. The biggest boy had dropped on to one knee among the rough heather, and the other two, standing on either side, were resting their hands on his shoulders. Seen thus, in their loose, threadbare gray clothes and caps, struck motionless, their white, scared faces, parted lips, and wildly staring eyes turned to me, they were like a group cut in stone. I laughed and waved my hand to them, whereupon their faces relaxed and they immediately dropped into natural attitudes. Very soon they moved away among the trees, but after eight or ten minutes they reappeared near me, and finally, from motives of curiosity, came uninvited to my side. They proved to be very good specimens of the boy naturalist; thorough little outlaws, with keen senses, and the passion for wildness strong in them. They told me that when they went birds'-nesting they made a day of it, taking bread and cheese in their pockets, and not returning till the evening. For an hour we talked in the fading light of day on the wild creatures in the forest, until we could no longer endure the cloud of gnats that had gathered round us.

After sunset the nightjar is the leading vocalist of the forest. He takes the place of the turtle-dove. One evening I heard several birds rattling in concert at one spot in the forest, while at the same spot one bird was uttering the loud, curious cry which seems not to come from the nightjar, owing to its being seldom heard, and to its shrill, piercing character, so different from the other sounds the bird emits. It reminds one of the ringing, penetrat-

ing cries of the oyster-catcher, jack-curlew, and other shore birds; but it is, perhaps, more like the short, sharp, shrill scream of some falcon. When I approached the spot the birds became silent. On the following night I was more fortunate. At the same spot and at the same hour—about half-past nine o'clock—the concert began, and, as on the previous evening, several birds rattled while one uttered the shrill cry. This cry was repeated every five or six seconds for about a dozen times, then, after an interval of two or three minutes, it would begin again. Approaching the spot very cautiously, I at length got to within twenty to twenty-five yards of the birds. There were four birds rattling; one was visible, perched on a dead twig at the summit of a young fir tree, plainly silhouetted against the sky. The others were all within a few yards. Meanwhile the loud, shrill cry was being uttered, now on this side, now on that, sometimes going away to a distance of a hundred yards or more, then returning and sounding close by. Twice I saw this bird dart past me, once within three or four feet of my face, uttering his shrill cry as he flew, his wings raised so high above his back as to give him the form of the letter V.

Whether or not it was the same bird that shot and glided about among the trees, uttering shrill cries, while the others rattled on their perches, I could not, of course, say; but after being present for a quarter of an hour at this display, and remembering that it was a repetition of what had occurred on the previous evening, I could not help thinking that it was of the nature of those meetings for play or courtship, with set performances, which are seen in so many species of birds.

I have given but a glimpse of Wolmer, with a few of the beautiful wild creatures found in it, and have now only space to add a few general remarks.

An idea of the variety of life in Wolmer may be gathered from the fact that during a few days' visit I was able to make a list of twenty-five *breeding* species, all, the crows excepted, outside the Passerine or small birds order. Probably the right number would be

thirty or more, as my list does not include several generally distributed species, some very common—rook, magpie, wryneck, both spotted woodpeckers, kingfisher, wood owl, common sandpiper, and landrail. A list of the small birds was not attempted.

In view of this somewhat exceptional character of its bird population, one is tempted to ask, with concern, what the future of this forest is to be with regard to its wild life. As things are there is the possibility that at any time it may be degraded to the level of the neighboring forest of Alice Holt. This is leased for shooting purposes to several private persons, who use their respective sections as pheasant preserves, with the result that all other winged creatures above a thrush in size are relentlessly exterminated by gamekeepers. These couple of thousand acres of oak forest have really little more to interest the student or lover of bird life than may be found in the well-guarded coppices of any London stock-jobber's "place in Surrey." Wolmer so far has not been cursed by the pheasant-coddling mania; the pheasant there is a wild bird, and takes his chance with the others, and has for neighbors the carrion crow and jay. Nature has not had quite a free hand, but has been permitted a greater freedom than in most places. Furthermore, this forest has very great possibilities: it may be made the means of restoring to Hampshire some of those noble forms of bird life that have been lost.

Some time ago Mr. C. J. Cornish, the author of *Wild England of To-Day*, suggested that this tract might be made a sanctuary for all wild creatures. It is a very general belief among naturalists that only by establishing sanctuaries, where birds would be safe from persecution all the year round, can a further diminution in the number of our species be prevented. Doubtless it is because there has been no place of refuge that Wolmer, with the surrounding country, has lost so

many important species in recent times—the great bustard, stone plover, curlew, black grouse, kite, buzzards, harriers, raven, and bittern. The blackcock could be restored by man, and the capercaillie, if introduced, would here find the conditions best suited to it. All the others, the bustard excepted, may be set down as occasional visitors to the district, and it is extremely probable that some of them would, if unmolested, breed and become permanent residents in the forest. I may mention here that Hampshire is, so far as I know, the only county in the southern half of England where a pair of ravens breed inland on a tree. The young of this protected pair, when driven from the nest, would doubtless prefer to build in trees if allowed to do so. The common buzzard is another species of which the return to this district may safely be prophesied. It is certain that one pair bred in Hampshire last summer (1896); of this year it is too soon to speak yet. But whether or not any of these vanished ones returned, it is certain that the number of interesting species the forest now counts would be increased; and that as time went by the birds would become tamer, and the pleasure of seeing them would accordingly be greater.

Probably there is not a naturalist in the kingdom, nor a sportsman worthy of the name, who would not heartily agree with Mr. Cornish in his wish, and who would not gladly unite in petitioning the Government to secure so desirable an object. It may be added, that it would be hard to find a more suitable spot than Wolmer for an inland sanctuary, or one where such a scheme could more easily be carried out, on account of the variety of birds, both land and water, already existing in it, of its large extent and position in the midst of a sparsely populated country, and of the absence of squatters and commoners with commoners' right in it.—*Longman's Magazine*.

PETER THE GREAT.

BY JAMES FITZMAURICE-KELLY.

MASTERPIECES of biography do not greatly abound, nor does M. Kazimierz Waliszewski pretend to have added to their number; but it must be admitted that in his *Peter the Great* (London: Heinemann) he has rendered the founder of the Russian Empire in terms of uncommon force and picturesque-ness. The exploit is considerable, for to give the tale of Peter's life is to trace the history of a period compact of the most intricate circumstances. Further, it involves the impartial scrutiny of a paradoxical character, which rises, dragging reluctant millions in its train, from savagery to a civilized estate: to such effect that organized administration supplants anarchy at the behest of a single man, who approves himself among the greatest rulers and among the most replenished villains in the world. To accomplish this portraiture without a flaw is more than can be asked of mortals; and, in truth, detached criticism is not precisely the distinction of the Slav genius. But to have amassed the materials which aid to the comprehension of this imperial portent—Falstaff, Sade, Napoleon, and so much more—is to have rendered excellent service. M. Waliszewski has done so well as to leave little for his successors; and, if Peter be unknown to us now, it may be feared that he will remain a puzzle to all time.

He was a puzzle to himself. The putative son of the Tsar Alexis Mihailovitch, he never knew his own father; and the same diseased curiosity which led him, in the name of chastity, to dissect his sister-in-law, teased him concerning the virtue of the mother who bore him in 1672. Once in an orgie, overtaken by wine, he abandoned his astute reserve and bade a boor who had known the Tsarina to choose—so to say—between death and an affiliation order:—"Whose son am I? Yours, Tihon Streshnief?" The candid answer put him to confusion:—"Little father, mercy! I know not what to say: I was not the only one!"

Nor is his birth-place certain. Legend presents him as a precocious infant, commanding regiments at three, studying strategy at eleven: the historic Peter is a backward boy, slow to find his feet, unweaned from his nurse's breast at four, innocent of his alphabet at eleven. Fatherless at three, proclaimed Tsar at ten, superseded as the result of the *coup d'état* organized by his half-sister Sophia and her lover Vassili Galitzin, Peter Aleksiéievitch was dragged through the blood of his uncle Ivan Naryshkin, thankful to be left alive. His youth was passed at Préobrajenskoïé with scullions, ostlers, potmen, for playfellows; and the stamp of base associations never quitted him. At sixteen he spelled like a child, and found multiplication beyond him; his intelligence manifested itself in smashing watches, in asking dull questions about the astrolabe, in lunging at his fellows with rakes and pitchforks, in playing at soldiers with the lees of the rabble; in all seriousness, he was raised from the gutter to the throne. Such training (or want of it) had ruined most lads: it made Peter's fortune, developing his unmatched physique, dowering him with stores of health that no excess could ruin, and affording him an insight into the kennel he was to rule. And he bettered his opportunities. He learned to labor, to know men for what they were, to recognize ability in rags, to appreciate the political value of envy, and to pick the instruments he needed. There was none to hinder him. His mother, Nathalia Kirillovna Naryshkin, a Tartar bred in a Scotch atmosphere, was a mere loose woman, content to satisfy her lovers as they came. And her son was verily his mother's child: hard, dissolute, drunken, brutal, with the manners of a gorilla, the heart of a tiger, and the morals of a he-goat.

So he lived till 1689, when he married Endoxia Lapouhin, from whom he parted within three months. Sophia, Vassili Galitzin, and their democratic clique, fell before the aristocrat's coun-

ter-revolution, headed by the favorite's cousin, Boris Galitzin. By a caustic stroke of irony, Peter rose upon the shoulders of the order whose privileges and authority he was to ruin. But, dissimulation apart, he bore no share in the movement that established his position; a passive instrument in the hands of a horde of turbulent Boyards, he profited by their intrepid enterprise. In the moment of danger the future hero of Poltava cut a sorry figure: he fled to the stables in his shirt, mounted, and—deserting his wife and mother—took refuge with the Archimandrite Vincent, whom he implored with tears, and sobs, and the yells of a beast in terror. So Peter enters upon the stage of history: blubbing and screaming when in peril; knouting, torturing, slaying his opponents with the frenzied cruelty of the triumphing coward. His inner mind was still set on the old English boat which he had found at Ismailof and removed to Péréaslavl, on his toy regiments, and his compasses and fireworks; and he departed, leaving the government to the hands of men like the fanatical Patriarch, Joachim; the Catholic Scotsman, Gordon; the debauched Calvinist, Lefort; and knaves like unto these. For seven years he prepared himself for the task of regenerating his people by what he called amusement: bomb-throwing, buffooneries with court-dwarfs, singing in church, working in the shipyard at Péréaslavl, incredible saturnalia. But his very idleness is energetic, save when he takes his sleep, using a lackey's stomach as a pillow. At last his passion seized upon his soul once more: that passion for the sea that dwelt with him. Lying rumor tells that, as a child, Peter blanched and shuddered at sight of a brook; the man was far other—boat-ing in midwinter on a space cut out with axes in the frozen Neva, enchanted to hit upon an unexpected pond, clapping his hands for ecstasy when the town was flooded and two feet of water poured into his private rooms. So, the first of Russian Tsars to see the ocean, he made for Archangel to await the *John Flamm* with its cargo of guns and apes and wine, to hobnob with Dutch pilots, to swagger in the dress

of a Dutch captain, to adopt the Dutch flag, and to develop that liking for all Hollandry which moved him to build St. Petersburg like a second Amsterdam. Thus matters stood when Lefort, for private motives, suggested a foreign tour. To obtain some personal distinction in the eyes of Europe, Peter proceeded to attack Azof, which was carried after repeated failures and several shameful exhibitions of the Tsar's poltroonery. And with these wan laurels the conquering hero started for Europe, as Peter Mihailoff, corporal in the Préobrajenski Regiment, in the suite of his ambassador, Lefort.

The tradition of good manners has not yet utterly perished; yet this uncouth barbarian intrudes upon the most polished company of Europe with his dirty, horny hands, his warty face, his grotesque grimaces, his vast bulk of some six feet nine inches, unwigging masters of ceremonies, hiccupping for his pipe, his grog, and a girl, chasing women in the street, priggish watches, squeezing courtiers by the windpipe till their tongues turn black, dancing and protesting—conceiving corsets to be a natural growth—that “the German ladies' backs are devilish hard!” At Amsterdam he becomes besotted with a clown, whom he would fain carry back to Russia; at Copenhagen he punches the heads of the courtiers who barred his way to the King's presence; at Dresden he wants to steal the tapestries of his room, lent by the Saxon Court; at Dantzic Cathedral, finding himself in a draught, he hauls off the burgomaster's wig and claps it on his own pate; at Berlin he pounces upon the Margravine of Baireuth and slobbers her with kisses, while the furious lady kicks his shins and slaps his face; at Magdeburg, as Pöllnitz relates, he receives a State deputation the while he “leans on two Russian women, caressing them in the freest manner.” In every detail he stands out unmistakably as the vilest savage, panic-stricken at trifles. At Königsberg, upon the chance fall of a plate, he draws and lays about him, till the culprit is thrashed before his eyes. Timidity gripped him again at the prospect of meeting the Electresses of Brandenburg and Hanover, and he

could only cover his face with both hands and stammer:—*Ich kann nicht sprechen*. As "Carpenter Peter of Zaandam," he requires the States-General at the Hague to turn their faces to the wall. At Vienna the stately ceremonial and grand air of immemorial etiquette overpower him: he sees himself for the graceless varlet that he is, loses his head, strives to kiss the Emperor's hand, dares not air his paltry stock of German, and, like an uneasy lackey, uncovers his head when Leopold addresses him. His English experiences are familiar. Orange William nearly fainted when he entered the room off the Strand which Peter shared with four servants. At Deptford, while working in Dean's shipyard, Peter lived at John Evelyn's house, Sayes Court, and left it like Hugoumont after Waterloo. In Paris, at a much later date, he took on airs of relative decency. He had insisted on his hosts at Koppenbrügge drinking for four hours on end: in Holland he was picked up in the drains, and in London, the Marquis of Caermarthen, the heaviest drinker in all England, confessed that Peter was his match. Even so, the Parisians criticised the revised edition. The Princes of the Blood refused to call upon Peter, who so comforted himself to the Duchesse de Rohan as to force her to complain to her husband. "Why, Madame," said the Duke, "why did you dream of expecting any civility from that brute?" And a brute Peter remained.

Still, his journeys were not all dedicated to coarse debauchery. They afforded him a liberal education. His curiosity almost brought about his mutilation in a sawmill, his death in a silk-factory. He dabbled in architecture, fortification, mechanics, and what not; a patent screw-jack, new methods for raising water delighted him. The Royal Printing Works, the Mint, the Observatory in Paris, were heavenly visions: best sight of all was that of the English surgeon, Woolhouse, operating for cataract. Peter piqued himself on his anatomical knowledge, and loved to practise the dentistry that he had picked up from a mountebank at a fair. A sure way to his heart was to let him wrench a grinder from your

jaw; and if he tapped an unwilling patient for dropsy, he never failed to attend the funeral. His thirst for "useful knowledge" was morbid, and he scanned all Europe for his Museum specimens. Greyhounds, a two-headed calf, chimpanzees, carpenters' tools, an "elephant man," stuffed crocodiles, the "pig-faced lady," monsters and malformations, filled him with undiscerning enthusiasm, and he insisted on others sharing his pleasure. To cure the disgust of those who revolted at a post-mortem, Peter—who fainted in presence of a cockroach—made them bite into the corpse. Years later, when his mistress, Mary Hamilton, was executed (for stealing Catherine's jewels, and—more horrible—for saying that the Tsarina's nose was red and her face pimply), Peter picked up the bloody head, gave onlookers a demonstration on the sterno-cleido-mastoid, kissed the dead woman's lips, and, tossing the head away, departed, crossing himself piously. His zest for knowledge was purely utilitarian; thinking letters and the arts "foolery," he said so with his usual clearness; and, though his agents secured him a few good paintings, he ordered them as he would nuts or apples. Leibnitz, who fawned upon him, whimpered that he hated knowledge *per se*; and doubtless it is hard to conceive him spending laborious nights and days on the polemic against Spinoza, *De Ipsa Natura sive de vi insita actionibusque creaturarum*. It is also a fact that Peter showed an icy coldness to the Polish philosopher, whom he held for an ass and a bore, and he was no less indifferent to Pososhkoff: rating the pair of them below the two Dutch carpenters at Péréaslavl, who had first taught him to sail a boat in the teeth of God's wind.

For ideas, as such, Peter had no weakness: his was a keen practical mind, which absorbed ideas from without, and judged them exactly. He allowed no fatuous patriotism to blind him to his country's defects, and he was determined to cure her ills—by the actual cautery. His virtue—his devotion to duty as he saw it—matched his vices. He took his instruments from the slums and sewers, and, if they were men, he transformed a waiter to a

Field-Marshal, a scavenger to a Chancellor. Take his favorites, omnipotent in their hour. Menchikoff was a baker's boy; Pavlovitch, a petty tradesman; Demidoff, a blacksmith; and Iagoujinski, a shoeblack. Peter honestly liked low company, and his patience with inferiors was a marvel. His body-servants adored him, and, when he bantered Catherine's cook on the poor devil's conjugal misfortunes, he smiled at the blows of the frantic cuckold. He saw things in their just perspective, and was quick to pardon a momentary excess. He was not magnanimous; he was merely indifferent to things that drive most men crazy. Thus, when Villebois ravished the Tsarina (Catherine), Peter remarked that "the fellow must have been drunk," and released the Breton after a few months' imprisonment. To him it was nothing that you were his friend or relative. He was, indeed, more than common kind to his demented half-brother, Alexis; but he saw to it that Alexis remained a disfigured figurehead. He thought Catherine's old lover, Menchikoff—with whom his personal relations were infamously Hellenic—a rascal of genius; but, when Menchikoff peculated too far, he rolled in the dust. In his own strange way, the autocrat loved his Catherine from the hour he first saw the wench cleaning windows—while she was still attached to the general camp; but she, too, knew her place, and her back often ached under Peter's rattan. Yet his love-letters to her are as pathetic as his strange gifts of trinkets, a fox, lace, a pair of doves, and—he was a charming sentimentalist—a lock of his hair! He suffered her relatives with more patience than he ever showed to kings: her brother, Féodor, the postillion, her sister, Anne, the shoemaker's wife. And, if he placed his remaining sister-in-law, the street-walker, Martha, under restraint, who shall blame him? Parsimony was second nature with him: he was frugal in his loves and fixed a tariff—a *copeck* for three kisses, a ducat for the favor. He weighed the cheese, and when he commanded his friends to picnics, charged them so much a head. A pilot who saved the Tsar's life in a White Sea hurricane

received thirty roubles, and the memory of this Neronian extravagance embittered Peter's dreams. But he could be generous in Russia's name, and, on his foreign journeys, he spent like a Nabob. Yet his awkwardness spoiled his gifts of all graciousness. He bestowed a huge diamond on Dutch William and—the trait is capital—wrapped it up in dirty paper. Another story tells that he wished to present a ruby to the Electress of Brandenburg; so he took it out of his pocket, and chucked it across the table into her capacious bosom. At Paris he spent one hundred and ten thousand *livres* in gifts, and made presents innumerable besides; but the faubourgs knew that he had a battle royal as to the price of his wig with his barber: a misunderstood genius.

What did he for Russia? He did everything. The aristocracy, the Church, the people opposed him. He held on his way unswervingly, and lent to others something of his vigilant and savage perseverance. The Boyards, by whose aid he rose, were swamped in fresh creations of buffoons, dwarfs, court fools, singers, deformities, whom he ennobled because their antics tickled him. But he used the powers of aristocrats like Tolstoi, whose skull he once tapped, saying:—"O head, head! were you not so clever, I had shorn you long ago!" The peasants feared him because of his heavy hand, his taxes in money, in kind, in blood. But he understood them from his Préobrajenskoïé days, and knew how to appeal to their lowest instincts. They rejoiced to perceive that the nobles must obey, even as themselves, and it pleased their fancy to see the Diplomatic Corps trailed through the streets in grotesque procession; the Saxon Minister, garbed as a burgomaster, turning a hurdy-gurdy; the Austrian President, as a shepherd with a bagpipe; the Chancellor, as a pigtailed Chinaman, tootling on a flute, while Peter himself gave the time on the big drum. They were enraptured, too, to know that the big-boned Tsar thrashed his wife like any *moujik* of them all, that he made her kiss the statue of Priapus in public, that he flung his plate at Princess Galitzin's head, that

his idea of hospitality was to send his guests home drunk in wheelbarrows, and that, if ladies refused a twentieth toast, he dragged them by the ear or thumped their backs and stomachs. His sense of humor was essentially popular. The story ran from Archangel to Astrakhan that jesting Peter, at a State dinner, had two pasties on the table, from one of which sallied a naked dwarf and from the other a naked woman; and every blackguard in the country guffawed at this quick venew of wit. The mob was quick to see the joke of forcing vinegar and cheese down reluctant throats, and it blessed the thrifty Tsar for wedding from the kitchen a common woman who stinted her guests in food. Who shall deny that Peter knew how to govern the Russian people, or that he was an imperial demagogue of the first magnitude, using vulgarity and excess as means of government? Himself a *moujik* of genius, he captured the people's sympathy as the incarnation of the Sausage-Seller on the throne. He was that; and he was more.

To the stealthy enmity of the Church he opposed the forces of ridicule and sacrilege. Yet was he pious in a sort, and after a night's carouse he never failed of Mass on Sundays and Feasts of Obligation. He fined those who dozed in church, and, if they lolled, he fastened them to the wall with iron collars. He massacred a Catholic monastery whose Prior had called the Orthodox "schismatics," and tortured an epileptic who durst disturb the service with unpunctual fits. He showed punctilio in confessing his sins, in kissing the pope's hand after Mass—and tweaked the holy man's nose five minutes later! He had his touch of superstition, and esteemed a magpie's entrails above all the drowsy syrups of the pharmacopœia. But he was free from puritanical cant and the grocer's prejudice. Catholics like Gordon, Calvinists like Lefort, Jews like Meyer: he used them all. He flirted impartially with Lutherans and Jesuits, and was curious concerning Quakerism and Catholic ritual. He revelled in a theological discussion, egged on the disputants to fisticuffs, and punished doctrinal slips with bumpers of brandy.

What ruined the Church with him was her championship of ignorance. He grew distracted on learning that his people were pestered with questions about the Trinity (one school holding that it consisted of *four* Persons!), and that they were perplexed concerning that first writing of Christ's "given to the Apostle Caiaphas." He shaved his chin, and was denounced for tampering with God's image: for did not all orthodox icons represent God the Father and Christ as hairy? He replied by an ukase making shaving compulsory. He seized upon his foe's church-bells and melted them for gun-metal; he named an obscene drunkard to the Patriarchate, and forced the clergy to march the streets in extravagant costumes, grimacing at the crowd the while. Even Peter shrank from adopting the Gregorian Calendar, but he caused the official year to begin on the 1st January instead of the 1st September, the presumed date of the Creation. And men murmured, asking "if it were possible that God made the world in winter?" Why not, when Peter built St. Petersburg the year round? He steadily refused to persecute for conscience sake, and contemptuously asked, when pressed to put down the *Raskolniks*:—"Why make martyrs of them? They are too absurd." Derisive tolerance is Peter's typical posture in religious matters. He never complained, good workman that he was, of his tools. He used a subservient Church, and he cut the claws and drew the fangs of any Patriarch who called his soul his own. Finally, he abolished the Patriarchate as lightly as he discharged a superfluous sweep, and made the Church a mere Government department. M. Waliszewski sums up the position thus:—"The Abbot flogged his monks, the Bishop his Abbots, the Government the Bishop." The clergy learned their lesson: that Peter was the Head of the Church as of all else in Russia, that they must render unto Cæsar the things that were Cæsar's and—that Cæsar owned everything.

Drink, superstition, and espionage did not exhaust Peter's resources. He excelled in violence and cruelty, being himself a physical coward. In the face

of peril he sprinted with the fleetness of a Greek Crown Prince on the Thesalian Plain. Before Azof he scuttled at sight of the Turkish armada. Learning that Charles XII. was within a day's march of Narva, he made over his command to the Prince de Croy, decamped in the night, and was observed by General Hallart tossing down one jorum upon another between his paroxysms of panic; and when the battle was lost, he scrambled into a peasant's clothes and wept tears of terror as he ran, and ran, and ran. At Jassy he slunk into his tent, and sobbed like a craven. Lastly, when he lay a-dying, Campredon reports to the French Foreign Office that the Tsar showed "great cowardice." Yet at Poltava he was conspicuous for reckless valor, and some thirty attempts upon his life unnerved him not a whit. He could even jest upon them. To one would-be assassin who declared himself the messenger of God, Peter dryly said:—"Be off! nobody hurts envoys." He could steel himself by force of will to do his duty at the head of his troops or in civil life; but a physical dastard he remained at bottom. It was inevitable that, with his enemy in his grasp, he should reveal himself the Asiatic despot, with an inherited belief in the efficacy of pain. His cruelties are transcendent. He had one victim worried by a mastiff; he hacked away the breasts of certain women who had chanced to see him kill a priest; a peasant whose salutation was unseemly, was tortured till his bowels gushed out; he knouted his wife, Eudoxia, with his unskilful, blistering hand; one of her relatives he burned alive; he impaled her lover, Glebof, and jeered till the dying man spat in his face; he flogged fifty nuns for connivance in her intrigue; he beheaded his second wife's lover, William Mons (brother of his own mistress), and placed the dead man's head, in spirits of wine, plain to see in Catherine's room. Doubtless, had he lived, his vengeance on Catherine had been immortal. It was death for the clerk who reached his office late; death for the soldier who "charged with cries," or who stooped to pick up a wounded comrade. But his masterpiece is his treatment of his

son, Alexis, a feeble youth, given over to fornication and a maudlin piety. The hope of the Church, Alexis proved himself his father's pallid shadow by observing fast-days and hauling at his confessor's beard. A bad husband, he was the worst of sons in the eyes of Peter, whose filial conduct is above reproach. What his real offence was is beyond guessing. It sufficed the terrible father that his son shirked work and hated soldiering. Alexis himself makes the pathetic confession of a vagrant:—"I am not a born fool, but I am incapable of exertion." There could be no deadlier sin for Peter, who never spared himself. The shirker had his property confiscated, and was forbidden to marry lest he should beget fools like himself. "The State," says an ukase, "has no need of such." Lastly, Alexis was the figurehead of the Opposition. That sufficed. He fled from his pursuer to Vienna, to Naples. His aunt's words came true:—"Where dost thou think to hide thyself? He will find thee everywhere." In less than four months the foredoomed wretch was marched back to Moscow like a heifer to the sacrifice, with Peter as high-priest. He revealed the names of his partisans, and was forced to watch them being knouted, tortured, broken on the wheel, to see their noses slit and their tongues cut out. He was betrayed by his red-headed mistress, Euphrosine, and his own turn came. Peter called in the clergy, who steered a masterly course between Isaac and the Prodigal. But did not Joab, in the wood of Ephraim, thrust three darts "through the heart of Absalom, while he was yet alive in the midst of the oak?" Peter acted on the Biblical precedent. On June 19th, 1718, Alexis was tortured, and received twenty-five strokes of the knout (most victims succumbed at fifteen); three days later the tough young pietist was again tortured, and was knouted fifteen times; and on June 26th he died, probably done to death by Peter's own too heavy hand. It is strange to read that on June 28th was launched the *Liesna*, "constructed after His Majesty's plans. His Majesty and all his Ministers were present, and there was great merrymaking." Thus the grim

humorist (doubtless Peter) who redacted an official account. These monstrous proceedings struck Peter as normal; and, when a hubbub arose among foreign busybodies, he showed his good faith by circulating the notes of the trial over Europe.

He must be judged by the standard of his time and country. So judged his defence was valid. How were you to deal with a Russian Opposition? Was Peter to stand by, and see his life's work undone by a common dullard? And that such was Alexis's purpose admits of no doubt. He had vowed that the fleet should be burned, and that St. Petersburg should sink into its marshes. He had desired his father's death, perhaps plotted for it. Being deep in the Deity's confidence, he had sneeringly said:—"My father does as he pleases, and God does as he wills." Peter had warned him repeatedly:—"Thou wilt do nothing and learn nothing; I spare not my own life nor the lives of my subjects; I make no exception for thee." And this witness was true. Peter did his duty unfalteringly; and it is a fact that he met his death through saving the lives of some Finnish sailors. Alexis was deaf to all remonstrances: rather than work he fired a pistol into his right hand. That was the end. If God cursed Peter with such a son, that son must die. He was no common enemy; for he was the rallying point of all reactionaries, and the fact that he was Peter's son was an additional reason for exemplary punishment. His powers of future mischief were like to be unbounded. He must be crushed in the torture-chamber, as Charles XII. had been annihilated at Poltava. Peter's work must be preserved.

As for that work, it overshadows all other exploits in the kind. Peter began official life as little more than a mere Khan of Muscovy; he quitted it as Emperor of All the Russias. He did more than "open a window on to Europe:" he placed his country on a level with the proudest kingdoms of the Continent. He found an assembly of ragamuffins wearing cuirasses and carrying cudgels; he laid hands upon a Court groom, and enlisted him as the first soldier in the renowned Préobra-

jenski Guards. He labored, drilled, and manœuvred for years till he converted his motley into a disciplined force, a match for any enemy; he was rewarded at Poltava. The first Tsar to reach the sea, he realized the national aspiration by opening it to Russian traffic. His own hands caulked the ships which he taught his subjects to build, and he endowed Russia with a navy. A Saxon military *attaché* had reported of the Russians that they had "no more courage than a frog has hair on his belly." That reproach also Peter removed. He learned to school himself, and he schooled his people in small things as in great. He reformed the land laws, and sought to better the serfs' estate. The first military hospital in Moscow was his doing; he set up schools, dispensaries, and foundling homes. He stayed corruption at its worst, and made over to the State the vast fortunes of his father and his grandfather. He revolutionized the position of Russian women, and brought them from the *terem* to society (not even he could hinder them from blacking their teeth). He reformed the courts of justice, and his is the famous aphorism:—"Better that six guilty men go free than that one innocent suffer." He covered the land with factories, and was the first to welcome the foreigner. As Russia is to-day, as she may be in the future, she springs direct from Peter's brain. She marches in the path he hewed for her. Upon millions of savages, upon an ancient nobility and a venerable Church, he imposed his will, and transformed a nation in its own despite. His perseverance and determination survived all shocks and disasters. He matched himself against the greatest captain of his age, and, though his ally, Mazepa, failed him, he shattered the finest army in Europe. (Therefore on Anathema Sunday, the first in Lent, Mazepa is solemnly cursed in all Orthodox Churches, while countless generations call Peter blessed.) His fleets rode the Baltic, and his warships anchored off the Golden Horn. He opened up the East, and penetrated as far as Khiva; his envoys met Hajji Baba in Ispahan; he dreamed of making Madagascar a Russian possession.

He broke the might of Sweden, he checked Turkey, he humbled Poland, he was feared by Austria, his alliance was courted by England, France, Holland, and Denmark. He shed blood in torrents, as Cromwell and as Robespierre shed it; and his country has grown great by his methods. She has never paused to count the cost in labor, money, and life. With Peter, she has

thought it better to rank the race above the individual. What he accomplished might well have taken three hundred years; and he took but twenty! He redeemed his people by his sole endeavor. He was a ruffian, no doubt: but a supremely great one. His work endures and—one must repeat it—alone he did it.—*New Review*.

MR. BARNATO.

BY HARRY RAYMOND.

FROM the outer courts of general business, from the inner temple of finance, and from participation in South African affairs there has now disappeared, in the person of the late Mr. Barnato, a man who was more noteworthy for his individualism than even for his rapidly acquired and securely held millions. The feverish days of the old Kimberley Camp seem to be already long past, when the horrible coach with its sixteen inside passengers or the costly post cart were the only competitors with the leisurely ox wagon for the conveyance of all sorts and conditions of men, women, and goods to the Diamond Fields from the rail terminus hundreds of miles distant. Yet twenty-five years ago, where the town of Kimberley now stands was the open, boundless, and apparently valueless veld; and where now yawns the great hole of the Kimberley mine, a small kopje or isolated hill reared its modest head. This twenty-five years has witnessed the growth of a great mining industry to which there is as yet no apparent end, and the evolution of several millionaires, of whom the one who loomed largest in the public view, the most representative of his class, was Mr. B. I. Barnato, the familiar, genial "Barney," of the old camp days. Yet he was not one of the earliest arrivals on the Diamond Fields, and it was not until the first rush there had subsided, and it had become evident that diamonds were there in plenty for years to come, that Barnett Isaac Barnato went from London to join his brother Henry, who had already estab-

lished a sufficiently profitable business as diamond buyer, broker, and dealer, or, as it was termed in the camp slang, a "kopje wallopper." The diamond mining was then carried on by individuals working singly or in small associations, and the Barnato brothers, with many others, laid the foundation of their wealth by travelling round daily from claim to claim purchasing the finds. It was a very profitable if risky business, but in the hands of the astute brothers, by unwearying toil and incessant vigilance it prospered. Already those early Kimberley days are shrouded by myths sufficient to justify antiquity; but although the brothers were at first in a very small way of business they were never reduced to any great straits, nor was Barney ever dependent upon his abilities as a showman, circus clown, or professional pugilist. So good a business man would undoubtedly have made a good showman; and possessed of great physical strength, dexterity, and an excellent boxer, with a never failing fund of animal spirits, he has on more than one occasion contributed turns to benefit and charitable performances. The last public appearance he made on the boards was in November, 1893, when, at the Standard Theatre, Johannesburg, he played Matthias in "The Bells" at a benefit to Miss Helen Rous. From such seed a whole crop of yarns have sprung up in which Barney himself found far too much amusement ever to desire their correction.

When, in course of time, the original Kimberley claim workings began

to deepen, so far as to render individual efforts and small capital of no avail, hundreds of diggers abandoned their claims and cleared out with what they had made, while still greater numbers worked on, struggling with ever-increasing difficulties, until their resources were exhausted. This gave the Barnatos the opportunity for their first great *coup*, for convinced, as it were by instinct, that the diamonds were still richer deeper, they resolved upon the flotation of companies with large working capitals, and to achieve this bought up every claim they could secure. Every pound of their own money and all that their credit could raise was embarked in this enterprise, which, ultimately successful, for a time promised ruin only. This first consolidation of claims into companies paved the way for the ultimate Rhodes amalgamation, whereby the several large companies were formed into one for the express purpose of regulating the output of diamonds and forming a monopoly.

While, however, so much of the history of old Kimberley in broad outline is necessary to clear the ground of unauthorized yarns, the Barnato power, fame and millions had increased far more outside the sphere of Kimberley work. When the first rumors of the gold discoveries on the Witwatersrand (literally White Waters Range) of the Transvaal reached Kimberley, Henry Barnato remained in charge of the business there while Barney went up to spy out the land. At that time the possibility of gold being found in such a conglomerate formation was decried as an impossibility by scientists, who, in some cases, did not hesitate to declare that specimens produced were from salted ground. Barney, on the spot, satisfied himself that there were the outcrops of a series of gold-bearing reefs, all payable, and quietly bought up all the likely ground he could obtain, until the holdings of his firm were, as they still are, far and away the largest on the Rand. As it had been at Kimberley so it was at Johannesburg, as the central township was called—the great majority of the early arrivals had no idea of the permanence or value of the gold deposits. There was, however, available from the first, for working

and exploitation, far more capital than ever Kimberley had enjoyed, and, considerable as the Barnato resources had become, they were unequal to the realization of Barney's pet scheme first formed—which was to acquire such a preponderating interest in every mining proposition and every industrial undertaking that he would have had control of the whole. It was a great scheme, worthy of his business instinct and financial genius, and it failed of accomplishment but narrowly. While, however, his schemes were then secrets shared with no one, his faith in the future of the Rand was demonstrated in a most emphatic manner at the time by his purchases of real estate, both in the centre of the proposed township and in the outskirts for residential purposes. He bought several blocks of ground conveniently near to the line of reef, and on one of these he erected a commodious stock-exchange, thereby determining the business centre of the new town, and afterward, of course, forming a limited company, which has paid excellent dividends from the first. Then, on another block of ground close at hand, he erected long corridors of two-storied offices, which were at once occupied at large rentals. In the centre of the public market-square he acquired ground and built a huge Market Hall, at which others then scoffed—it should have been four times larger even for present business. When the great depression came in Kaffirs, and in 1888 and 1889, every one predicted for the Rand utter failure; when the promising young millionaires of a few months earlier found their projects reduced to naught and their scrip of no value even as waste paper, Barney gave his final demonstration of confidence in the future. Among the earliest arrivals on the Witwatersrand was Sir James, then plain Mr., Sivewright from Capetown. He saw that, whether there was gold or not, there would for some time be a large population to feed and support, and only a very small natural water supply. He therefore organized the first Water-works Company, and himself sketched out the plans for the collection into small reservoirs of the water from some springs in the Doornfontein valley at the upper end of the rising

township. When the slump came the works were unfinished, there was no money available for their continuance, and of the other mercantile and moneyed men then on the Rand not one felt sufficiently secure of the future of the gold industry to furnish further capital. Mr. Barnato had at first a nominal interest only in Mr. Sivewright's company, and he purposely waited until a writ had been issued against the company and the sheriff's officer, or rather the Dutch equivalent for that functionary, was about to take possession. He then bought up the whole concern, lock, stock and barrel, and carried out the original plans, but on a much larger scale. Even as an act advisedly calculated to restore public confidence in the future of the gold-fields, this had a great immediate effect; but, in spite of every difficulty, the undertaking has paid well. It was, indeed, one of Mr. Barnato's business principles through his career that every enterprise in which he engaged should stand by itself and be made to produce a profit. He would never consent to set off the loss on one undertaking against the gain on another. The profit was, he held, the right and natural thing, but a loss was a thing utterly abhorrent, and if it could not be converted into a profit must be stopped. It is not intended now to in any way deal with Mr. Barnato's financial schemes, other than as they throw a light upon his personality and methods of work; but the waterworks was always one of his most favorite enterprises, and the various attempts made by men powerful with the Transvaal Government to obtain concessions for other sources of water supply kept him continually on the alert until he finally crushed all opposition less than two years ago.

The Barnato millions were not however entirely derived from the buying and selling, and general trading operations, of the most important member of the firm. Mr. B. I. Barnato added to his marvellous business instinct and capacity for figures a genius for Stock Exchange manipulations which made him the most important operator in Kaffirs, until no one could bring out a new venture, no matter how good it might be, without his help to make the

market. In every good thing that was floated he had therefore to be consulted and considered, and let in to secure his help. The result has been, as he himself frankly admitted, that he made more money by aiding or frustrating the plans of others, operations in which he never appeared at all, than by the long years of unremitting attention to his own projects. In this connection he achieved some remarkable deals, and the scale and apparent recklessness of his operations were such as struck awe into more ordinary men. Yet having once planned out his course of action, he never after swerved from it, and less than twelve months ago he declared to the writer, "Worry! nonsense, I have never had a business worry since we began the Kimberley amalgamation when I had to plunge, win or lose all." It has before been said of men that all they touched turned to gold, and here was a man who for seventeen years had never had a plan miscarry. It was to no fabled converting touch of gold that he owed this success, nor, as others phrased it, to "Barney's luck," but to the unsparing, unceasing toil he devoted to every detail of his business; to his power of concentration, and to his marvellous grasp of detail. In all his mining and industrial operations there was not a single feature of the working, a single apparatus or process used, with which he was not perfectly familiar. In all his company undertakings, such a thing as a speech prepared by others for him to read was absolutely unknown, and no man ever labored more patiently or with more uniform success to convert the refractory when it was advisable. Both at Johannesburg and in London, the latter especially on an occasion fresh in all memories, he has had to confront angry critics, who, smarting under apparent loss, were not careful either as to the terms in which they denounced him, or the epithets they employed. But the results were invariably the same, withdrawal of all charges and renewed votes of confidence passed by acclamation without a dissentient. While, however, no one could be more conciliatory, more pleasingly explanatory than he, when it was advisable, he could take it fighting too,

when his judgment approved, and then his attack was irresistible. "If you are going to fight," he said, "always get in first blow. If a man is going to hit you, hit him first and say, 'If you try that I'll hit you again.' It is of no use you're standing off and saying, 'If you hit me I'll hit you back.' D'ye understand?" "Yes, I understand," I answered; "but you are quoting Kingsley in 'Westward Ho?'" "Who was Kingsley and 'Westward Ho!'" he sharply queried. After I had explained and quoted the passage from Drake's letter to Amyas Leigh, he said, "Ah! I did not know anything of Kingsley, but when he wrote that he knew what life was and he was right and I am right, though it is queer for me to get a supporter in one of your parsons. If he was a true man he would also have to agree with our law of 'an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth,' but being a Christian of course he couldn't do that. Pah! never let a man wrong you without getting square, no matter how long you wait, and never wrong a man if you can help it, because he will wait his time to get back on you and at the worst possible moment. I don't care whether it is Jew or Gentile, it is all the same." This conversation occurred during an early morning drive about two years ago, when he had just arranged his scheme for the flotation of the Barnato Consolidated Mines, and was already laying off the lines on which the Barnato Banks were to be constructed and floated.

Only a week later he gave to me a very ominous signification of his own condition. It was after the Sunday morning breakfast, which I remember included on that occasion among other guests Baron Charnacé, representing large French financial interests, and Mr. J. W. Leonard, Q.C. During the meal Mr. Barnato had borne even more than his usual full share of the conversation, and in a hasty, impetuous manner more marked than usual, which caused many anxious glances to be cast at him by the presiding genius of that most hospitable board, his clever, amiable, and most beautiful wife. The meal ended, he drew me into a small, very bare study, opening from the breakfast

room, and for two hours paced incessantly up and down, talking of his work and schemes for the future, sedulously imbibing all the time very stiff long whiskies and sodas. The interview ended, so far as related to the business part of it, he began to talk generally, and eventually the conversation drifted round to boxing and the merits of Bat Mullins as an instructor. Suddenly Mr. Barnato turned to me and, gripping my arm fiercely, said, "D'ye know what would do me good? Twenty minutes with the gloves every morning. But I can't do it now. I have hardly time to live." A few days later, and with as sudden an interruption, he said, "D'ye know, there is one thing I don't like? I never felt my work too much for me before. I could come home, leave it all behind me, go to bed and forget it. I can't now. I go to bed with it, sleep with it, dream of it, and wake up with it. I don't like it, I tell you." Of a truth, from his work he never rested, and it was unfortunate for his own life that his only relaxations were the pursuit of the lighter pleasures, but always with the same fierce energy that marked his business. Of a constitution to which the ordinary weaknesses of mankind were strange, he added a physical strength well-nigh impervious to fatigue. From feverish work to feverish pleasure was his only change. Early married to a charming, clever wife, to whom he was devoted, and who accompanied him everywhere in all his journeyings to and fro, his habits of work and life had yet been formed in the five years of the hardest Kimberley struggle that had preceded it; when the most important work was not that done in the narrow streets of wooden office huts near to the great mine, but consisted of studying men in their hours of relaxation, and knowing what every one else was doing. He never met a man without performing a mental analysis of his abilities, as to how they might be utilized for the advancement of Barnato Brothers, and never forgot a face or anything else he desired to remember. But in all this, in his office hours and in the extra office hours of various reputed pleasures, all made by him subservient to his work—himself

the gayest of every party, the genial companion, the witty host—he lived a life of appalling solitude and loneliness. As in his scheme of life every man was a possible contributor to his projects, so every one who approached him did so for the furtherance of their own interests only. That any one should ever desire his friendship or be interested in his personality as a man was to him inexplicable, and therefore incredible. To him all mankind were at once chessmen for his game of life, and leeches who would suck what they could from him, and hang wherever possible. Had he lived longer, this awful frozen solitude of the heart would have melted away, and the thaw had already commenced with the first clinging finger touches of the two children, by whom the later years of his married life had been brightened. His nephews, too, his sister's sons, Woolfe and S. B. Joel, had been carefully trained and introduced into his business for their relationship alone; but they had manifested such great ability, and were so evidently attached to him personally that their influence would have aided that of wife and children in accelerating the thaw. But it was not to be, and, by reason of his awful loneliness and lack of humanity, B. I. Barnato missed greatness, and is no more. Dead, and by his own hand, for the mainspring of that magnificent human machine, never relaxed, snapped. He who at forty-five years of age had the world at his feet, and might have been numbered among its great ones, ended his career a mere financier and nothing more.

It might have been all so different. The better one was suffered to know him the more his capacity for really great things became evident. His benevolence, so far as the general public was suffered to know it, was apparently largely subservient to purposes of advertisement, but his private charities will never be known, enormous as have been their extent. He was most solicitous, too, that his gifts should not be known, a very typical instance of which came under my own observation. I happened to mention to him that a certain well-known public entertainer had fallen upon evil days in Johannesburg,

and was suffering from an affection for which it was imperative that he should have the best European surgical advice. Mr. Barnato merely said, "Ah, poor chap, he was always good, and led the best show we ever had in the old camp days" (Kimberley). "Go round with the hat and put me down for whatever you can get four or five others to do." A week later he asked what had been done, and I showed him a list of promised subscriptions. "That will never do," he said; and after calculating the amount likely to be still obtainable gave me a check for the difference between that and the amount we jointly considered was necessary. I was, however, myself to cash the bearer check and pay the amount to the fund to prevent identification. The beneficiary was gratefully astonished at the amount realized, but was much grieved that he could not remember the names of so many who appeared on the list as having substantially remembered him. Of a certainty Mr. Barnato was not one to do good by stealth and blush to find it known, for in this, as in his business, what he desired to be secret was so. Very considerable time, to him a commodity more valuable than money, was spent by him in personal investigation of appeals; and on one occasion he even, to his intense disgust, found himself taking part in a public meeting for the purpose of forming a £3000 syndicate, merely because it was the last chance in life of a sick, fragile man who claimed former acquaintance and had been of some service to him. "Here," he said, after the meeting, "is a pretty state of affairs; something for you newspaper men. Me! Barnato! reduced to touting for shareholders in a £3000 syndicate! Why, it would have been cheaper for me to have given the money right out to X instead of coming. But there, he wouldn't have taken it; and if I had refused to come would have coughed his soul up on the spot. You see, I had to come." I do not think Mr. Barnato was often victimized—he knew too much. Any attempt to extract money from him unjustifiably was sure to recoil on those who tried. A notable instance occurred less than two years ago, when the leaders of his own faith

in Kimberley endeavored to enlist his aid for the erection of a more magnificent and much larger synagogue. He curtly reminded them that the Kimberley synagogue had served the needs of the Jews there in the greatest boom times, when wealth was most widely scattered, and it must, so far as he was concerned, still suffice now that the Jews did not amount to a fourth of their former number. He said he did not spend his money for the glorification of building committees.

Mr. Barnato was a very keen critic of both the Transvaal Government and the Uitlanders, as was inevitable in view of his large interests so bound up with the welfare of the State and the whole community. He was satisfied with the Transvaal Gold Law, "one of the best in the world," but the dynamite and other monopolies were not merely unjust, they were stupid, as preventing the working of many low-grade mining propositions which would otherwise be affording employment to black and white, and thus increasing the resources of the State. The constant use of the Netherlands Railway Company, too, to foster other than English trade and English ports, was a cause of great irritation to him; and he could never understand why the Government did not strictly maintain both letter and spirit of the London Convention. The agitation of the Uitlanders with regard to the Education and Franchise questions he ridiculed. "If people wanted a complete system of English schools, let them pay for it and he would do his part; but they could not expect a Dutch Government to treat its own language as a foreign one." Again: "Men did not come to the Transvaal to vote, they came to earn money. The franchise would cost money and blood to obtain, and would never add 6*d.* a month to any one's wages." He always kept on fairly good terms with the President of the Transvaal and the Executive Council, but did not hesitate to express himself vigorously and in idiomatic English when they favored an attempt to push a rival water scheme for Johannesburg. With the events of December, 1895, and January, 1896, he had no sympathy at all. He considered that

what was done then spoiled the near chances for obtaining much-needed reforms, and that there was besides unpardonable bungling. Also his pride was deeply wounded that such action should have been taken and he not in the know. He complained bitterly of the way in which his nephew, Mr. S. B. Joel, had been forced into apparent complicity in the revolutionary measures. When the Transvaal Executive specially imported a judge to try the Reform prisoners for their lives, because the Transvaal judicial bench considered that the milder Gold Law fully and properly dealt with the offences alleged, he became very anxious; and when the sentences were delivered he furiously denounced the President for having broken a solemn pledge, while, he said, the Executive and the specially hired judge had conspired together for deliberate treachery. Not content with fearlessly dining these charges into the ears of Mr. Krüger himself, he publicly repeated them to the crowd at the railway station as he was leaving for Johannesburg. Words were to him, however, always subordinate, and he at once ordered the shutting down of every mine, and closing of every workshop of which he had control, if the prisoners were not released within a fortnight. Before the expiration of this period he had an interview with Mr. Krüger, and the following day the period of notice was extended, but before it had elapsed the commutation of sentences was announced, and all fines, except for A. Woolls Sampson and Karri Davies, had been paid. He regarded this as a direct tribute to his power. "No one else could have done," he said, "what I have done. If all the men (financial houses) here had combined, they might in two months' time have been stronger than me, but no one but Barnato could say in a moment off his own bat, 'If you don't release these men I will shut up half the mines and throw more white men idle than you have burghers in the State.'" During the anxious time that elapsed between the sentence and commutation the Barnato breakfast-table was almost deserted and sad, the only topic of conversation being the latest news from Pretoria.

Another very great difference that he had with the Pretoria Government was caused by the determination of the Executive Council to control the Judges by declaring that resolutions by the Raad should have at once the force of law. This was directly opposed to the constitution of the State, but to Mr. Barnato it meant one thing only, and that was interference with vested interests—a thing regarded with the greatest dismay. He greatly rejoiced, too, at aiding in the frustration of a most glaring attempt to direct the courts. An important patent case involving some millions of money was pending, and an attempt was made in the Raad to add to a Patent Law Amendment Act a retrospective clause, making all patents which had stood for three years unassailable. Notwithstanding the strong feeling and remonstrances which this scandalous attempt to influence the course of justice called forth, the adoption of the amendment was only negated by a casting vote, a circumstance which Mr. Barnato averred rendered all Transvaal business uncertain and unsafe.

His early education in the Aldgate Jewish Free School was most elementary; and there for his life his book-learning ended. He never read books, and only occasionally skimmed newspapers. Speaking of the South African papers, he said he knew all he wanted to know before the papers were published, and as for books, "It is cheaper for me to pay a man to pick out what I want than to waste time myself in looking for it." For art he cared nothing, and his only criticism

of pictures was from the story-telling point of view. A newly arrived illustrated paper, the *Graphic*, I think, was handed to him one day in a moment of waiting. "Is there anything by that chap, Wain—any of his wonderful cats?" he asked. There was not, and he would not look at other good work. Among black-and-white artists Louis Wain and Maurice Greiffenhagen were to him first of all. Absolutely careless of appearances, he did concede to London a black coat and silk hat, but elsewhere checked tweed and felt were the only wear, and all display was most distasteful unless undertaken for a definite purpose. He had to the full the old prejudice against house building, and if he indeed had any superstition it was in this. He yet made many announcements of building of palaces from motives of policy. At Johannesburg many plans were prepared and sites selected, but it was only within the last two years that work was really commenced in laying out thirteen acres of gardens. Even this was solely for the purpose of booming the villa lots he owned in the vicinity. When he was in Johannesburg a little more than a year ago, I showed him a print of the elevation of his Park Lane house, which had been issued with, I think, the *Building News*.

"I shall have the finest entrance-hall, stairs, and dining-room in London," he said.

"So you are really building at last?"

"Building?" he queried, sharply.

"Oh, yes, I am building. I must."—*Contemporary Review*.

ADELSBERG AND ITS CAVE.

BY CHARLES EDWARDES.

THE visitor to Venice of but ordinary energies, and with but a fair amount of time at his disposal, must reproach himself if he fails to cross the Adriatic, and take the railway from Trieste to Adelsberg. It is not often in the course of one's peregrinations about this little world that one comes well within reach of such a natural

marvel as Adelsberg. The memory of it, once seen, is ineffaceable.

The best time of the year for the excursion is the summer. It is possible, however, at all times. The cave is always accessible, though it costs much more for the winter tourist to see it than for the summer traveller, who finds it then daily lit by electricity

with as much method as that bestowed upon the lamps of Piccadilly after nightfall. Of course it is easy enough to traverse the Adriatic to Trieste—that place of olive oil made from cotton seed and much else of the kind. You go on board the steamer late one evening, and after a more or less comfortable night among the red velvet cushions of a spacious saloon, you are landed in Trieste at about six o'clock in the morning, just in time to see the markets in the full swing of activity.

I for my part made the trip in the spring, late in March, when the fruit-trees had got well into blossom, and the weather portents seemed fairly settled. But you never know in March and April what meteorological luck or ill-luck is in store for you. They are just as badly off in this respect at the head of the Adriatic as are we in Great Britain. In fact, though I left Venice after a day of sunshine and sweetness, when we set foot in Trieste a thorough "bora" was blowing. If you do not know from experience what a "bora" is, I think you may be congratulated. It was enough to look at the faces of the people who had to turn their noses in its direction. They were blue with cold, and if they were of the fair sex these had the greatest difficulty in the world to control their petticoats. The wind is a notorious periodical infliction. It rages from the north-east, getting well iced on the tops of the Carpathians *en route*, and picking up a whirlwind of limestone dust from the stony plateaus it sweeps across ere it gets a satisfactory outlet upon the open sea at Trieste. It is in short an abominable feature of this part of southern Austria.

The "bora," as much as anything else, made me hurry direct from the steamer to the railway station. I knew there would be no joy in Trieste while it lasted, and methought in the highlands of Adelsberg (some fifty miles inland) I might find it spent after a railway journey. But I was doomed to be disappointed. All along the line of the rails the "bora" screeched and roared, and at the cave town it seemed to have made its headquarters. I could not help laughing to see how the wind caught the various passengers and rail-

way officials at certain of the more exposed stations, such as Nabresina. It did not favor the stout at the expense of the lean. Not at all. But when its gusts were mightiest it took every man, woman, and child on the platform and swept them along irresistibly until they could get hold of something sustaining. Once or twice it looked as if there might be an accident. There were shrieks from the weaker victims. But they were evidently used to the curse in those parts of Austria, and matters duly composed themselves. The "bora" tried what it could do in fair fight with our train. We had two engines on our side, and the rolling-stock was of the very ponderous kind. Once or twice, however, it made us stagger, and all down the valley of the Reka and up that of the Poik it had a perceptible effect upon us. It may have slackened our pace about twenty-five per cent.

The country between Trieste and Adelsberg is quite curious once the Adriatic coast is left. For bleakness and forbidding aridity it would be hard to match. We were ascending the whole way, with bare limestone hills on both sides, though not close to the line. And the uneven land between the railway and the hills was studded almost everywhere with masses of rock which completely put any plough at defiance. Only rarely were the heavy-browed houses of the district to be seen. Their dull red roofs went well with the blackness of the stormy skies and the dark clouds which pressed the hill-tops. Throughout the last twenty miles of the journey we were in a land of caverns and streams with long underground courses. A man might, I will not say enjoy, but certainly experience a very adventurous week or two among these wilds, with a capable guide and a few hundred weight of candles. The caves of the Reka are reputed, for example, to outdo those of Adelsberg in the magnificence of their stalactites and their extent. But they have not been taken in hand, civilized, and advertised as a world's wonder like those of the latter place. A fortune would have to be spent in rendering them even tolerably approachable. And even then they would not be dangerous rivals of Adelsberg until a village had

grown up in their neighborhood, with hotels and lodging-houses for visitors.

At length the train drew up in the Adelsberg station. A furious howl of the "bora" greeted us the moment we set foot on the platform, and the kindly phenomenon hustled us brutally while we walked the half-mile or so into the town. Dull and gloomy though the day was, and piercingly cold at this elevation of eighteen hundred feet above sea-level in the teeth of the freezing and merciless wind, something of Adelsberg's attractions, the grotto apart, was immediately made plain. The town lies in a basin of land girdled with hills. Its buildings are of the solid, massy-roofed kind so much in vogue in southern Germany. They suggest opulence as well as warmth. There is a large hotel in the outskirts, with a hydropathic establishment; and there is a castle on a cliff just within the town's precincts, a few hundred feet above the nether houses which once upon a time it so effectively controlled. The castle rock gives the name to the place. It was known of old as the *Arisperch* or *Arenasperch*, though the modern name seems more explicitly to indicate it as the eagle's rock. The caverns burrow in the mountain mass beneath the castle. This imposing superstructure of mighty crags and masonry seems to give added majesty to the subterranean chambers of the great grotto.

Now I did not display my Anglo-Saxon energy by going at once to the cave. That were a needless and futile feat of impetuosity. It was the dead season. The caverns were wrapped in primæval gloom. A certain amount of notice is required to get them into visiting gear—and this notice I gave formally at the snug Croat inn into which I made my way, and where I ordered dinner. I forget exactly how thick were the walls of this inn; but they impressed me at once. You would have supposed they were part of a mediæval fortress. In truth, however, they were designed merely to make the best fight possible against the insidious and yet sufficiently overt attacks of such foes as the "bora." There was a good deal of snow in Adelsberg, and

the streets, with the quaint mercantile tokens over the doors of the shops, were as empty as the caverns themselves.

And so I ate my soup and beefsteak in the large warm room of the inn, and afterward smoked a cigar. And while I smoked, a burly citizen from Laybach came in, swathed with furs, and said he also desired to see the grotto and would be charmed to share with me in the expense of its illumination. His German was too good or too provincial for me, even as mine was too much of an exotic for him. But we managed to join in amicable execration of the weather over our coffee and cigars, and in due time we went arm in arm under domestic guidance in the direction of the cavern. The mutual support we derived from each other was really a most serviceable aid in our struggle with the gale.

A walk, or rather stagger, of ten minutes brought us to the iron gates of the cavern. These were thrown open with all the parade so dearly loved by the representatives of a Teutonic society, and we were respectively invited to sign our names in a book. The cavern, be it said, is managed by a committee who spend upon embellishing and maintaining it all the profits derived from it. The committee carries a very long corporate name, which it applies in full to the notices and manifestoes with which it adorns the wall. All honor to it, however, for its good works. As the author of a diverting little local handbook observes: "Whereas in other caverns you have to go carefully hand in hand, knee-deep in mud and in peril from falling water, here the paths are all levelled, made quite smooth, and even bespread with sand." Moreover, there is a tram-line, so that ladies and others who shirk the exertion of a four-mile prowl under ground on foot may see most of the cavern's glories as much at their ease as if they were in a railway carriage.

At the outset we were not surrounded by sensational spectacles. We walked in a neat subterranean passage, gently rising, with the noise of running water gradually intensifying, as an orchestra of encouragement.

But soon this corridor ended, and from a height of some sixty feet we looked down upon and across the great Cave of Neptune—the first of Adelsberg's grotto apartments. The cave is, roughly, a circle about a hundred and fifty feet in diameter, and with a vaulting some seventy feet high. The River Poik roars in its bed, and there are staircases here and there, and a stout stone bridge spanning the river. Staircases, bridge, and the various thoroughfares were all lit by scores of candles, and the sparkle of the lights shone fitfully in the turbid speeding stream. The roof of the cave is of the conventional stalactitic kind. Such, in dry detail, are the attributes of the Cave of Neptune, or, as it is more picturesquely called, the Cathedral Cave. From our lofty perch we gazed at the surprising scene, murmured some of those adjectives of delight and admiration with which the German language abounds, and then prepared to descend to the lower levels and cross the bridge. I think the finest thrill in Adelsberg is to be had on this bridge when the river is in full spate, as it was with us, and especially when the place is not searched in its every nook and corner by the electric light. The candles were a humble enough illuminant, but they left the imagination in strong possession of its powers; and it was impressive to look hither and thither in the echoing semi-darkness, and to see no forms except those of the prattling guide and the stout Laybach merchant, whose fat hands were forever rising to give greater emphasis to his ejaculations of awe and amazement.

For those who like such things, there is a conspicuous memorial tablet in this cave telling in fulsome terms of the visit hither in 1816 of "Francis the First, the just, the good, and the wise." But it seems out of place. We are here in the realms of the gnomes. Human potentates are of no account in these depths, any more than in the air five or ten thousand feet above their kingdoms of earth.

Before passing to the next chamber, "the name place," a convenient slab of stalactite, may be noticed. Five hundred years ago Austrian tourists scratched their initials here. Posterity

has vastly increased the number of these tokens of the dead.

The Emperor Ferdinand's Grotto, which adjoins the huge vestibule of the cave, is more than half a mile long. It is not broad in proportion to its length, being really in places a mere corridor; but it is interesting throughout. Our methodical cicerone never paused in the claims he made on our attention. The walls on either hand are wrought into an infinite variety of stalagmitic freaks. The names of a few of them will be as good as a minute description—the Butcher's Shop, the Elephant's Head, the Font, the Crinoline, the Opera Box, the Bacon Rind, the Handkerchief, the Leaning Tower of Pisa, the Nunnery, the Wax Candle, and so forth. The Butcher's Shop, for instance, is an odd agglomeration of pendent stalactites of many shapes, in which the gross fancy of the committee (we will assume) have seen legs of mutton, ribs of beef, and the like. Our guide held his light behind many of these diverting excrescences, and it was at least instructive to see the delicacy of their organization and the beauty of their translucent framework.

The most remarkable part of the Emperor Ferdinand's Grotto is the Ballroom, a chamber broadened in its midst. This apartment is well named, for annually on Whitsunday a great dance is given here. As many as five thousand persons have polka'd and waltzed in it in a day. There is a suitable natural nook among the stalactites for the musicians, and a pure spring of fresh water to aid in refreshing the dancers. Conceive the scene when this ballroom (one hundred feet by ninety, and forty-five feet high) is filled with lusty Croats and visitors of all kinds, and the whole is lighted as the committee well know how to light the caverns on particular occasions!

In 1856 conjecture and gunpowder extended the grotto from this last chamber into the Francis Joseph and Elizabeth Cave—also traversed by the tram-line. A tunnel nearly forty feet long opened up the Belvedere, an apartment about a hundred feet high, which lends itself excellently to illumination. A somewhat repellent chamber to the left is called Tartarus (echo-

ing with the voices of the river far down its black depths), and on the right extends the most astounding of Adelsberg's features, the Calvary Cave.

Our guide made himself a little hoarse in trying to make me understand how many thousand years it took a common Adelsberg stalactite to grow a yard. He had in the *Sword of Damocles* a capital text for his dissertation. This is a pendent stalactite which, in 3000 A.D. or thereabouts (according to his theories), will have joined a neighbor gradually rising to it from the level. Hereabouts, too, my Laybach friend had a fit of ecstasy over the Laundry, an arrangement of dainty transparencies which the Teutonic or Slavonic fancy interprets as pocket-handkerchiefs, sheets, and more recondite objects known only to washerwomen.

The Calvary Grotto has left the strongest impression on my mind. It is adjacent to the Belvedere, and is reached by a staircase zigzagged up the limestone. The height of this chamber is one hundred and seventy-two feet, and a mass of rock springs from its midst to within fifty feet of the dome. When, not without some panting, we had reached the level of this grotto, and marked our shadows writ gigantic against the walls and the vaulting, and beheld also the radiant confusion all about us, it was impossible not to agree with our guide that this is Adelsberg's glory. We were a mile and a half or more from the entrance, and it was as if we were on the site of some wrecked acropolis, with the pillars and pediments of downfallen temples littering the ground. The stalactites here were of different colors—yellow, crimson, white, and lemon—and dazzling with diamond-like laminæ. Milan Cathedral gives its name to one mass of pinnacled rock. Here, too, is the Curtain, though there is another cur-

tain lower down much more enchanting. The latter is perhaps the finest stalactite in the caves. It has grown from the wall like a fungus; is nine feet long by three broad, and is little more than a quarter of an inch in thickness. A candle behind it shows its amber and roseate hues and crystalline beauty to perfection.

After the Calvary, our finite powers of admiration failed to hold out. The voluble guide continued his narratives most conscientiously, but I yawned, and the Laybach citizen complained of weariness in quite an irreverent manner. However, there was no help for it. We were far in the bowels of the earth, and we had perforce to grope back the two miles we had come.

In all, we were under ground three hours. I hailed the daylight and the "bora" with comparative relief when we renewed acquaintance with them. They told us at the inn that the cavern committee have still most ambitious designs in the matter of the grotto. They believe it may be extended indefinitely, and they mean to continue blasting their way from chamber to chamber. But really, upon the whole, these gentlemen may be advised to be contented with Adelsberg as it is. No ordinary mortal will be able to endure with comfort the strain upon body and mind involved in more than four or five hours' life under ground, every minute of which is devoted, of necessity, to the contrivance of a new compliment to Dame Nature for her ingenuity and grace. As it was, after supper at the Crown, I recalled with a certain horror the number of times I had uttered the word "Extraordinary!" during the afternoon. One may save time and effort by pronouncing Adelsberg's caverns, once and for all, sublime.—*Chambers's Journal*.

ANTARCTIC EXPLORATION.

BY FRANK T. BULLEN.

SOME six years ago, when the question of Antarctic research was sleeping peacefully, the present writer, in the columns of an influential Scotch newspaper, strongly advocated the establishment of a sperm-whale fishery in the far southern seas, to be conducted on systematic modern lines in steam vessels. The Arctic whale fishery was almost moribund, the painful spectacle being witnessed of sound, staunch steam-whalers lying rotting in their berths for lack of lucrative employment.

The conclusions previously arrived at and set forth in the article were based upon personal experience, and backed by a perfect assurance of their feasibility and of their adoption being crowned with abundant success. But with the exception of one timid and half-hearted inquiry from a gentleman interested in some small steamers engaged in the Bay fishery of the blue whale (*Balænoptera*) on the Norwegian coast, no notice was apparently taken of the matter by those who might reasonably have been expected to manifest a desire for further information on the subject, viz., the owners of Greenlandmen unemployed by reason of the failure of the Arctic fisheries.

Not long afterward, however, the news began to circulate that an expedition to the Southern Seas was being prepared, to consist of two steam whalships, and to be commanded by the late Captain David Gray. This gentleman was by common consent acknowledged to be *facile princeps* among Arctic whaling commanders, both in experience and ability.

Time went on, and the projected expedition became an accomplished fact, sailing fully equipped with everything necessary for the successful prosecution of a whaling voyage except local knowledge. That great want no attempt was made to supply, and it is only just to assume that the subsequent failure of the venture was largely, if not entirely, due to this grave omission. But at present there is no need to recapitu-

late the painful details of that abortive expedition. It is sufficient for the present purpose to note that from the date of its inception an increasing interest in Antarctic research has been manifested among scientific men generally.

And now that the great question of Antarctic exploration is being pressed in influential quarters with a vigor and determination that promises well for its early resumption, it may be considered opportune to call attention in a general and popular way to what has been attempted in that direction in the past, by whom, and with what results.

Public opinion, that elusive and amorphous thing, which is so mighty a force when roused, but so hard to keep to the point, is especially difficult to move about Antarctic matters. Nor can this lethargy be wondered at. Of those dim distant regions so far down the southern slope of this planet of ours, so little known and so greatly dreaded by all navigators, few indeed are the people that have a nebulous idea. Were it possible by some heroic deed, such as that accomplished by the crew of the *Fram*, or by some terrible national disaster, like that of the loss of Sir John Franklin's expedition (which may God avert!), no doubt the man in the street would soon become as familiar with the names of Mount Erebus, Cape Adair, and Victoria Land as he now is with those of Greenland, Jan Mayen, and Spitzbergen. Besides, we grow more mercenary. Unless we can "see a profit" we do not take nearly as much interest in an exploring expedition as we do in the flotation of a new company; and it must be admitted that, except to the cause of science, gain is likely to be entirely absent from the results of Antarctic exploration.

But the great scientific problems that there await solution are loudly calling for attention. The giant strides which knowledge is making from more to more are sorely impeded in this one direction, and it is impossible to suppose that much more time will pass

before a determined attempt will again be made to wrest from the mysterious South the secrets it has held so long.

To Captain James Cook, the ex-collier boy of Whitby, belongs the imposing honor of being the first to essay the exploration of the dreaded regions beyond the parallel of 60° S. There is, indeed, on record a somewhat hazy account of an involuntary incursion made by Captain Dirk Gerritz, a Dutch navigator, who by stress of weather was driven from the Straits of Magellan as far south as the sixty-fourth degree 170 years before Cook's voyage. Land was reported by Gerritz which may have been the South Shetlands, discovered and surveyed two centuries after. But Captain Cook was the first to deliberately steer directly for the South Pole in the endeavor to dispel the mystery which reigned over the whole of that immense area. That he did so much to prepare the way for those who, *longo intervallo*, followed in his wake is truly marvellous when his limitations are considered. Even had he done more, it is doubtful whether any great use would have been made of his discoveries, remembering how vast were the other additions he made in those years to our knowledge of the world we live in.

But bearing in mind that he actually reached the latitude of $71^{\circ} 10'$ S., over 400 miles nearer the Pole than the position said to have been attained by Gerritz, and equal, as far as severity of surroundings went, to an Arctic parallel of 10° higher, and that two well-equipped expeditions from France and America sixty-four years later only succeeded in getting as far south as 66° and 67° respectively, the brilliancy of his achievement becomes at once apparent.

The principal result of his labors was the assurance that in a very high latitude one unbroken ocean sweeps right round the globe, which great fact he proved by its circumnavigation between the parallels of 60° and 70° S., although at one part of his journey he must have passed within a comparatively short distance of the supposed Antarctic continent discovered by Biscoe nearly seventy years afterward.

Whales, seals, birds, and penguins, which seem a sort of compromise be-

tween the two latter, were seen in vast quantities. The ice mountains, of such a hardness that Captain Cook calls them "floating rocks," were found to be fresh water, proving their terrestrial origin, and the weather was continually of that miserable character concisely summed up by sailors in the single word "dirty." The massive and apparently eternal ice-cliffs, which so forcibly arrested the attention and excited the awe of subsequent observers, effectually barred the closer approach of the voyagers to the Pole, and mindful of the more onerous duties which imperatively demanded his attention, the great navigator hauled to the northward again, heartily tired of the incessant dirty weather which had so sorely tried him and his brave crew.

He found also what has since been abundantly confirmed by the experience of his successors, that the difficulty of reaching a high latitude varied so greatly in different years as to make it a matter of pure speculation whether a point attained with comparative ease one season would be approachable within several degrees the next. This is very noticeable from the accounts recorded by him of his two attempts. For the vast extent of stormy ocean, which is the chief feature of Antarctic latitudes, renders the conditions of an Antarctic voyage entirely different from those obtaining in the Arctic. To quote only one factor, nothing remotely approaching the awful swell of that great southern sea, which hurls immense islands of ice hither and thither like chips in a mill-race, is ever experienced in the comparatively narrow waters of the far North. To be "nipped" in the resistless clutch of the ice-pack is an experience the intensity of whose terrors is never to be forgotten by those who have experienced it; but to be tossed amid innumerable mountainous masses of granite-like ice, each rolling with fearful momentum upon the tempest-riven bosom of the globe-encircling ocean, while the hurricane raging around fills the bitter air with crystal needles of frozen snow, is to feel that the quiet of death itself would be almost welcome as a relief from such indescribable elemental strife.

Nevertheless, so dauntless is the heart of man that even such majestic manifestations of the awful forces with which he is contending have not prevented, neither will they prevent, him from daring to cope with them in the pursuit of either glory or gain. There is an attraction, a fascination, in such contests not to be understood by any but those who have experienced it, which draws them again and again from secure shelters to the rush and roar of the tremendous conflict, so that it is seldom recorded that such explorers have been content with one voyage.

From the termination of Captain Cook's visit a long spell of rest was given to Antarctic research. That is, *qua* research, although those hardy wanderers, whalers and sealers, left very few of the grim islands fringing the Antarctic circle unvisited in their tireless pursuit of the valuable mammals which abounded on all their barren shores. But these intrepid hunters have ever been a voiceless class, as well as more than ordinarily careless of anything around not bearing directly upon their immediate business. Had the whalers of the world but seen fit or been able to record their experiences, what a vast fund of the most valuable information would have been thus accumulated! One thing we certainly know, that in the early years of this century a great and lucrative trade was established, mostly by Americans, in sealskins and oil from the bleak and desolate islands studding the illimitable Southern Ocean to China, Russia, and most parts of the civilized world.

But for a long time after Cook's voyages no further attempt was made to penetrate those tempestuous seas in the interests of science. It is true that in those days the world was very busy with recent geographical discoveries of a far different kind. It can hardly, therefore, be wondered at that for nearly half a century those gloomy regions beyond the whaler's ken retained their primæval solitude, no inquisitive keel furrowing their troubled waves.

The next valiant visitor, however, who dared their dangers is probably the most deserving of our admiration of all the noble band. In 1822 Captain James Weddell sailed from Eng-

land in command of the brig *Jane* of Leith, 160 tons, accompanied by the cutter *Beaufoy*, 65 tons (about the size of a Thames dumb-barge), bound for the southern seal fisheries. His voyage was a purely commercial one, but, being a clever and intellectual man as well as principal owner of the vessels, he determined to aid the cause of science by some unusual exploration if it should lie in his power. It is much to be regretted that sufficient scientific interest was not manifested in his venture to get him supplied with the necessary scientific instruments which ordinarily would form no part of his outfit, and which he was apparently unable to procure. Still, the vessels being so small and his duties so extremely arduous, it was not probable that he would be able to devote much time to scientific observations, although he does on one occasion express his great regret that he had not even a thermometer to take the sea surface temperature with.

But, in spite of all drawbacks, at great personal loss to himself and his crew, notwithstanding the puny size of his vessels, he succeeded in reaching the latitude of $74^{\circ} 15' S.$ in longitude $34^{\circ} 17' W.$, 72° further east than the meridian on which his great predecessor Cook attained his highest southern point. He has recorded his adventures in a small volume which is remarkable for the modesty and brevity with which he describes the most tremendous perils to which he was subjected, so that unless one has some personal acquaintance with the matters in question, it is hard to realize how great were the risks he overcame. And it is also evident that, but for the pressure brought to bear upon him by friends at home, he would not have published his adventures at all.

His experiences at his highest recorded latitude were unique among the annals of these seas. The weather was remarkably fine, a balmy feeling in the air, a blue sky above, and not a particle of ice to be seen. No land was in sight from the masthead, and had he been possessed of steam power there can be no doubt that he would have attained a much higher latitude. This was on February 18, 1823. But the

wind was S.E., a thousand miles of iceberg-infested and stormy sea lay between him and safety, and his crew, co-partners in the profits of the voyage, had to be considered. So with extreme reluctance the ships were headed northward again for the sphere of their proper labors, which it is refreshing to know were entirely remunerative.

Captain Weddell is noticeable also from his extreme solicitude that all under his command should receive fitting recognition of the important part they played, as well as being most careful for their welfare. Otherwise he would hardly have been able to do so much with so small a company, and return home with them all well after an absence of two years.

Eight years more elapsed before anything further was done in the way of Antarctic discovery, when the brig *Tula*, 148 tons, Captain John Biscoe, accompanied by the cutter *Lively*, left London on a whaling voyage to the South Seas, with special instructions from his owners, the great whaling firm of Messrs. Enderby Brothers, to devote a considerable time to exploring the Antarctic seas. He met with terrible weather—indeed, the usual weather of those regions—which dealt with him and his people in a dreadful manner. Consequently he did not reach a very high southern latitude; in fact, he never entered the Antarctic Circle at all, although he discovered in latitude 65° 57' S., longitude 47° 20' E., what is now known as Enderby's Land, but whether an island or part of a continent has not yet been determined. He was almost immediately compelled to return to Tasmania, having most of his crew sick and two dead. It certainly seems like tempting Providence to venture into those regions with such small frail vessels, and the wonder is not that some were injured and others killed, but that the cockleshells ever returned at all.

But, not content with their previous experience, the *Tula* and her tiny consort again started for the south in the following summer (1832), during which the parallel of 66° S. was reached. Several islands were discovered and named. On February 21 Captain Biscoe succeeded in landing on what he

believed to be the mainland, and took possession of it, calling two mountains conspicuously near Mount William and Mount Moresby, in honor of the king and Captain Moresby, R.N. Here was a deep bay in which the water was so still that the vessels might have been moored to the rocks. No place that might be used as winter quarters was seen by him, this bay being totally unfit for such a purpose, the steep inaccessible cliffs rising sheer from deep water like those of the Norwegian fjords, but without any landing facilities whatever except a precarious footing upon some outstretched ledge, such as Captain Biscoe managed to step upon for the purpose of taking formal possession.

Stress of weather again compelled him to return to the northward, but his voyage nearly came to a disastrous end at the South Shetlands, where he was driven ashore, losing his rudder and sustaining much serious damage. His little consort the *Lively* never reached home, being totally wrecked on Mackay's Island in the Falklands. Happily no lives were lost.

After a splendid encomium upon the great services rendered to science by Captain Biscoe, the Council of the Royal Geographical Society awarded him their royal premium. Messrs. Enderby, his employers, were so greatly impressed by the value of the work done that, undeterred by the heavy loss they had sustained on the commercial side of the voyage account, they again sent Captain Biscoe to the southward on a similar errand. But this second venture was a total failure. Almost at the first contact with the ice the vessels received such damage as necessitated their immediate return.

Eight years passed away, when Captain Balleny in another of Messrs. Enderby's whaling vessels, the *Eliza Scott*, discovered land in 66° 44' S., 165° 45' E. It consisted of a group of mountainous islands of great height and the same stern inaccessible character as all the other land seen in those latitudes. On one of these islands an officer succeeded in landing by jumping into the sea up to his middle, finding foothold upon a tiny shelving beach three or four feet wide at the most. No other

landing-place could be found, the towering cliffs as usual rising sheer from the turbulent waves. These islands were actively volcanic, Captain Balleny plainly perceiving much smoke drifting from their summits. Thenceforward for a fortnight many entries of "land seen" were made in the *Eliza Scott's* log, but none further south than the first observed.

So many times was it noted as to preclude all possibility of the observers being the victims of those optical illusions so common in these high latitudes.

This particular portion of the Antarctic seas seems to have exercised quite a magnetic influence upon exploring vessels. A French expedition under Captain Dumont d'Urville, consisting of two vessels, *L'Astrolabe* and *Zélée*, which at that time was battling with the ice on the other side of the Pole, rediscovering and naming several places well known before, retired before the approach of winter with a scurvy-stricken crew to recruit at Hobart Town.

On January 1, 1840, the expedition sailed again, and, after meeting with an enormous number of huge icebergs and great floes, made the land, undoubtedly the same discovered by Balleny in the previous year. Captain d'Urville did not know of this, and proceeded to name the coast, managing after very great difficulty to effect a landing upon a projecting ledge and plant the tricolor in token of his having taken possession of the country in the name of France! Shortly afterward, confronted by the unchanging icy barrier before mentioned, the gallant Frenchman deemed it prudent to retire finally from the unequal contest, not having during either of his attempts discovered any new land. This want of success was certainly not due to any lack of courage or enterprise, but partly to adverse weather and partly to want of proper previous training and experience.

At the same time the United States exploring expedition under Commander Wilkes, consisting of the *Vincennes*, *Peacock*, and *Porpoise*, with two schooners, was making a determined effort to accomplish something

noteworthy in Antarctic research. They did not, however, succeed any better than the French had done, which goes far to prove that the time must have been unfavorable, since it is unfair to suppose that they were not able, competent, and brave men. Captain Sir J. C. Ross, when subsequently writing of their proceedings, expresses his wonder that vessels so obviously unfit for such severe work were able to remain as long as they did in those regions, though that is hardly sufficient to account for their ill-success when the work done by Weddell, Biscoe, and Balleny is remembered.

Commander Wilkes speaks very confidently of land discovered by him in latitude $64^{\circ} 49' S$, and longitude $131^{\circ} 40' E$, which he named after himself. Many details of the configuration of this supposed Antarctic continent appear in his report, with the usual regrets at the impossibility of landing.

Unfortunately for his reputation as a careful navigator, Captain Ross subsequently ascertained that in the positions given as the boundaries of Wilkes Land not only did no vestige of land exist, but no sign of it could be found within an immense radius. Experience has proved that nothing but the most minute acquaintance with the atmospheric conditions of those latitudes can enable an observer to speak with any degree of confidence as to the presence of land. Even the most careful of navigators have been frequently misled by the apparent proximity of islands, capes, mountains, which have subsequently vanished like "the baseless fabric of a vision, leaving not a wrack behind."

So great were the sufferings of Commander Wilkes's crew during these southern cruises that the medical officers of the *Vincennes* drew up an urgent remonstrance against prolonging the voyage any further under the miserable conditions then obtaining, stating their belief that a few days more would so reduce the number of men available for duty as to seriously imperil the lives of all on board. This statement, backed by the opinion of the ship's officers, effectually terminated the Antarctic work of the expedition. It is noteworthy as being, with

a similar remonstrance made by the crew of the *Flying Fish*, a schooner attached to the same squadron, the only recorded instance of the kind in the history of Antarctic exploration, but whether due to inferiority of crew or greater humanity of officers it would be invidious to inquire.

As if to emphasize the difference between the results achieved by the various expeditions at this period of exploring activity, the memorable voyage of Captain Sir James Clark Ross and Captain Crozier in H.M.S. *Erebus* and *Terror* now began. These two vessels, afterward to become the objects of never failing interest from their being under the command of Sir John Franklin on his last cruise, were specially selected for the service by the Admiralty, furnished with the most complete equipment that could then be obtained, and fully provided with all that experience could suggest for the comfort and health of the crews. The commander was an eminent Arctic explorer, the discoverer of the north magnetic pole, and withal a man of inflexible purpose joined to simple unaffected piety. The officers were all selected men of the highest ability, and the crew the best that could be obtained out of a body of men that have ever been famous for courage and endurance. All the leading learned societies of Great Britain sent their quota of advice and recommendation.

Setting out under such favorable auspices, great doings were of course expected of them, nor can it be denied that the results accomplished, although leaving the mystery of the Pole as far from unravelment as ever, fairly justified such hopes. The commander of the American expedition with great courtesy furnished Captain Ross with details of such of his experiences as he considered would be helpful, but that gentleman, somewhat surprised that the Americans should have anticipated his plans by cruising on the same course which had been publicly laid down as that which the British expedition was going to take, refused to avail himself of the proffered assistance. He decided so far to alter his programme as to make for the south on a totally different meridian, so as to be free from any

suspicion of having reaped where the Americans had sown. The change thus made was abundantly justified by the event, although there can be little doubt but that the seasons during which the *Erebus* and *Terror* were in the Antarctic were, like that of Weddell's famous trip, abnormally fine. Comparatively little ice, temperature often up to freezing-point, and few gales—everything was favorable to the objects of the voyage. A vast abundance of animal life was continually noted, especially of whales. These were said to embrace a goodly number of merchantable specimens, not only of "right" whales but also of cachalots, although, judging from all experience of these latter valuable cetaceans, it seems highly probable that some other kind of whale, worthless to commerce, was mistaken for them. At any rate, it is an article of faith with whalers that the sperm whale is essentially a denizen of warmer waters, and never found far above the limits of the temperate zones.

Land was sighted just above the seventy-first parallel, a mountainous, rugged, and inaccessible coast, to whose principal peaks the names of Mounts Sabina and Herschel were given. An outlying island, upon which with the usual difficulty a landing was effected, was called Possession Island, situated in $71^{\circ} 56' S.$ It was, in the words of Dr. McCormick, the abode of millions of penguins and of their guano, deposited there for ages. Cargoes could be obtained for whole fleets of ships for years to come. This estimate may perhaps be somewhat overdrawn, but it is interesting as being the first occasion upon which the idea of profit from the Antarctic shores, other than that furnished by the sea, is suggested.

From thence the vessels ran along the coast with tolerably fine weather and variable winds, but little or no hindrance from ice, until a fortnight later, in $75^{\circ} 48' S., 168^{\circ} 10' E.$, another island, purely volcanic, was sighted and called Franklin Island. The commander landed somewhat easily, and formally took possession. The next morning, Thursday, January 28, 1841, to the unutterable amazement of all on board, a stupendous volcano in active

eruption was seen. Such a sight, amid such surroundings, for sublimity and awful interest has probably never been surpassed on this globe of ours. Certainly its discovery dwarfed every other event of the voyage, however novel and interesting. Another mighty peak rose majestically no great distance away, whose fires were effectually quenched and overlaid with massive ice. The highly appropriate (in a double sense) names of Mounts Erebus and Terror were given to these gigantic sentinels, which rise in solitary state forever guarding the mysterious nadir of the world. Bold and fortunate indeed will be the man who shall succeed in passing their solemn portals. Methinks the discoverers themselves were in no wise astonished to find that further progress south was stopped by the barrier of frowning ice-cliffs rising sheer from the waves for hundreds of feet, with never a suggestion of shelter or nook wherein a vessel might hide herself for a winter, so as to be ready for the earliest opportunity of further discovery on the return of the conquering sun.

After cruising along the great barrier for over a hundred miles the pack began to close in upon them, while the temperature, at a time of year corresponding to our August, was only 12° . The outlook was sufficiently threatening to urge them to retrace their course before they should be crushed between those two irresistible masses. Accordingly they worked painfully back again, getting a most magnificent view of Mount Erebus in full eruption, after which they made the best of their way through the fast accumulating ice to the northward. The state of the sea rendered this a task of appalling danger, and the record of their experiences is a marvellous series of hairbreadth escapes from utter destruction. The land reported by Balleny in February, 1839, was seen, but not examined closely on account of the bad weather. Shortly afterward, while struggling with a heavy gale not far to windward of the position given by Wilkes as the centre of a mountainous range extending for sixty miles N.E. and S.W., very great anxiety was felt for the safety of the ship.

But on March 6, with sky and horizon clear, they were in the middle of the supposed land, for which under the most favorable conditions they searched in vain.

A further record of the return passage is needless. Suffice it to say that both ships arrived safely at Hobart Town on April 7.

In December, 1841, the expedition sailed again for the south from New Zealand. A terribly rough time was experienced, and by a serious collision with each other amid tumbling icebergs both ships narrowly escaped destruction. The conditions were so utterly unfavorable that nothing could be done; so, after a period of stress greater than they had yet endured, the vessels returned northward to the Falkland Islands.

The ensuing summer yet another attempt was made, this time on the route pursued by Weddell nineteen years before, and in this season, although by no means as fine as that during which that brave but humble seaman got so far south, a fair measure of success was obtained, many islands and mountains which may have formed part of a continent being observed, and their positions accurately laid down. Their utmost efforts, however, could not prevail against the immense accumulation of floes and bergs, which prevented them from reaching a higher latitude than $71^{\circ} 30' S.$, in longitude $14^{\circ} 51' W.$

It was then determined to finally relinquish the struggle and return to Capetown, which was entered on April 4, with the intense satisfaction that not a single individual on board either of the ships was on the sick list. Of the scientific results of those earnest efforts this is no place to speak; are they not written in "proceedings" and memoirs past numbering?

Since that time nothing of any importance has been done in the path of Antarctic research. The abortive expedition from Dundee, mentioned in the beginning of this article, was avowedly commercial in its aim, and scientific observations could only be looked for as incidental and subordinate to the real business of the voyage. But, as before observed, neither commercially nor scientifically was any-

thing accomplished to merit further attention.

Far greater public interest has been manifested in the cruise of the *Antarctic* fresh in the minds of most magazine readers through the industry of Mr. C. E. Borchgrevink, who sailed in her as a seaman. This was also a commercial venture, but to a whaler the reports of such doings in that direction as have been provided by those engaged are exceedingly funny reading. Comment upon them is hardly possible without appearing unkind, and as such matters are perhaps beyond the scope of this article they may be allowed to drop.

The ease with which the ancient *Antarctic* got to Cape Adair and returned satisfactorily demonstrates two things:

First, the necessity for steam power (which she possessed), insisted upon by Dr. McCormick at the close of his first volume on the *Erebus* and *Terror* voyages.

Second, that given a fine season the run south from Tasmania or New Zealand to the Antarctic continent (if it be a continent) is but a small matter for a steamer of even low power, so that whatever difficulties an expedition may encounter will begin after the landing has been accomplished. As yet no harbor has been found wherein a vessel may successfully brave the rigors of the winter, so that unless such a haven is discovered the explor-

ing party must be left to winter ashore while the vessel returns. For a comprehensive plan of an Antarctic campaign it would be hard to improve upon Dr. McCormick's, mentioned above, which seems to cover all the ground, and is the outcome of the best experience.

As to the prospects of whaling in these seas, it may be taken for granted, from the testimony of those best qualified to give an opinion, that, in spite of much that has lately been said on the subject by amateurs, they are not worthy a moment's consideration. The seals, which for years were pursued with such exterminating ferocity as to entirely close the fishery, may have had time to renew their numbers sufficiently to make it worth while to re-establish the trade. But it is doubtful. It were better to admit at once that Antarctic exploration is of scientific interest alone and unlikely to be pecuniarily profitable, so that no subsequent misunderstandings may arise.

What may be done in the South Seas is the rehabilitation of the sperm-whale fishery between the parallels of 50° and 60° S., where those gigantic and valuable mammals are to be found in vast numbers and of the largest size. With steam, modern weapons, and shore stations, there is a certainty of very large gains. The wonder is that the opportunity goes a-begging so long.
—*Cornhill Magazine*.

THE DEMERARA BOATMAN.

BY J. RODWAY.

THE Demerara boatman has great powers of endurance. He can paddle for hour after hour, often against the stream, until you wonder how he bears such a strain. But when his work is done he falls asleep in almost any position. Under the burning rays of a cloudless sun which would blister your face he sprawls down in the bateau and sleeps like a dog. I have even had my steersman dozing with the paddle in his hand on the open river when the glare was so intense that I hardly dared look from under my umbrella. He

had been to a wake the night before, but did not hesitate to undertake an eight hours' journey in the morning. I have often had to deplore this tendency to fall asleep at unsuitable times, and on one or two occasions have narrowly escaped great inconvenience at least from the practice. For example, I once stopped for a time at a police station on the Demerara river to hear the magistrate's decision in a rather curious double action. Manny Prince went into the forest one morning with his dog to hunt a deer, which they

found and drove into the river. Cuffy Hercules, passing in his bateau, saw the animal swimming, knocked it on the head with his paddle, cut its throat, and drew it into his craft, without taking any notice of Manny, who was shouting on the bank. The hunter said the deer was his, but having no craft at hand he was furious with rage when he saw Cuffy paddling away and congratulating himself on the prospects of a good dinner. However, not satisfied to lose the results of several hours' work, Manny went off to the police station, charged Hercules with stealing his deer, and by the aid of a constable recovered the meat and had the so-called thief arrested. Now that the magistrate had come on his periodical visit he had to try one man for theft and the other for illegal arrest. The great question was, did the animal ever belong to Manny Prince? True, he and his dog had driven it into the river, but then he had never actually got possession. At the same time Hercules could not have caught it without the assistance of the huntsman and his dog. Ultimately, the magistrate advised them to settle the matter out of court, to which they at last agreed. However, I did not wait for the decision, for while listening to the evidence some one whispered that my bateau was adrift. Hurrying out to the end of the wharf, sure enough I saw the craft floating down stream a quarter of a mile away, with the men lying fast asleep on the baggage. The river glittered in the sunlight, with hardly a ripple on the smooth surface, and there, without the least protection, lay the three negroes. I bawled out at the top of my voice and joined with several loungers in the bush cry "Hoo-oo-oo," but they still slept on, and the bateau floated lazily along with the current, taking all my camping materials and provisions toward Georgetown. Something had to be done or I should be stranded. Tied to the wharf was an Indian canoe, and it did not take long to arrange with its owner to go off and wake the sleepers. No doubt they were surprised when he roused them, but they hardly troubled even to make an excuse when they again reached the wharf. Scolding

them was quite useless, and this the European has to learn very quickly in a tropical climate. It would be only wasting energy to no good purpose.

Sometimes this habit of falling asleep under any and all circumstances leads to serious results. On one occasion, in coming down the river at night I saw the crew of a timber punt with a lantern peering over the side into the water as if in search of something. On inquiry I found one of their men had fallen overboard through sleeping on the flush deck. He had simply rolled off the platform into the water and woke the others with the splash. The current was running swiftly, and although we searched the neighborhood in our bateau no sign of the body could be found.

On some of the creeks which drain the great swamps it is hard to find a dry spot for a camping ground. As far as the eye can reach extends what looks like a grassy plain, but what is really a shallow lake. The creeks are choked with vegetation, mostly water-lilies, with great masses of the buttercup-like *Cabomba aquatica* and yellow and violet *Utricularias*. The flexible stems and leaves of the water-lilies twine round the paddles with every stroke as the bateau is pushed through them, and they also cling to the bottom of the craft. The boatmen find the work very hard as hour after hour passes without a rest, and the white men suffer from the steamy heat and exposure to the sun. Night comes with the camping-ground still a long way off, and the boatmen refuse to go any further without a rest. They say, and we are obliged to agree with them, that we shall be lost in the savannah if we attempt to go on in the darkness.

All want rest, but how can white men sleep under such conditions? The negroes sit down, lean their heads forward, and are off while you are thinking of a sleepless night, and of the utter weariness to come. The mosquitoes come out in myriads and you can make no fire to drive them away. A candle is lit, and in the stillness hardly flickers, so you prepare to read for a few hours. But the back of the hand holding the book is immediately blackened with the vampires, and you

feel their needle-like pricks all over your face. One hand is continually at work until it becomes black with corpses and clammy with the blood they have sucked. But what is the use of killing? This is perhaps the only opportunity for a feast that these voracious creatures will have for several generations, and they intend to make the best of it. Yet the negroes sleep through all this!

The negro has undoubtedly a very strong inclination to sleep in the day and to spend the night in gossip, dancing, or singing. On this account he is often a nuisance to his neighbors, especially when he has a wake. As his home is often nothing more than a single room about eight feet square, the funeral party is conducted in the open yard. Here congregate fifty to a hundred people, who begin the *entertainment* with hymns, going on after midnight to songs and games, and often winding up toward morning with a free fight. Then there is the Cumfoo dance, one of the finest institutions in the world for producing nightmare. Two men beat drums with their hands, the one instrument producing a tum-tum and the other a rattle-rattle, almost

without intermission during the whole night. At intervals of about a minute the party utters a weird cry in some African language which startles you as you lie in bed vainly trying to sleep. As hour after hour passes your house appears to vibrate, the bed shakes, and your spine feels as if made up of loose segments. How can the drummers keep this up for ten hours? And the dancers? With the latter exhaustion alternates with the renewal of the orgie: one set falls down and another takes its place. This and other dances are connected with Obeah, the witch cult of the African. Every negro and most of the colored people have an innate fear of the Obeah man, however they may deny it to the whites. One of the latest developments of this superstition was brought to my notice a short time ago in connection with a cricket-match. The East Coast Invincibles and the Admirable Creolians were to play a match, and from a few words dropped by the captain of the latter, it appears that he was sure of victory to his side because a notable Obeah man had oiled their bat.—*Saturday Review*.

THE SUBMERGED FOREST AT LEASOWE.

MIDWAY between the Mersey and the Dee, on that bare and unlovely shore which is the only frontage to the sea possessed by the county of Cheshire, lies a spot of ground which teems with curious interest. It is not well known, for it lies in a lonely situation, and has no striking outward features to arrest the attention of the few who pass that way. The coast-line is low and insignificant. A sandstone cliff of no great altitude which juts out on the north corner of the promontory dies away into a range of sandhills, by which the land is so ill defended from encroachment of the sea that a long embankment has been built protecting that portion of the meadow-flats which was in most danger from the scour of the tide.

At the south end of this sea-wall the smooth expanse of sand is broken by a mass of what looks like black mud,

stretching for perhaps half a mile along the shore, and washed into pools by the action of the tide, which covers it twice a day. It is only at low water that this black mass can be examined; but when the sea has retreated, as it does for a great distance on this flat coast, a very small amount of attention reveals the fact that it is not mud but peat which lies here underneath the water—green leaves, brown twigs, ferns, moss and lichen, all the lush growth of a noble forest overthrown and rotting together in one indistinguishable ruin, among which a few shattered stumps and roots of trees still remain in witness of what the forest was before the ocean burst in and overwhelmed it.

It is a curious and rather melancholy sight to see the débris of this great forest lying prone on the waste sea coast.

Such a scheme, however, can be witnessed in many places round the shores of Great Britain, and the Leasowe forest would deserve no particular description were there not other circumstances of interest connected with it. What renders it remarkable is, that on this spot the most bewildering finds of antiquities have been made that ever perplexed an archæologist.

Many years ago the present writer, then a boy, was spending a few days at a little watering-place three or four miles distant from the Leasowe forest. A great storm had recently blown itself out, and the shore was littered with an unusual number of fragments of peat torn away from Leasowe and cast up along the water-line. For the most part these blocks must have lain washing about in the sea for a long time, since they were rounded by the action of the water, like flattened pebbles. One rather larger than the rest was lying by itself. A kick broke it open; and there, lying embedded in the soft black earth, was a Roman coin. It was only slightly defaced; the head was that of the Emperor Constantine, and the inscription was easily legible.

It was not then generally known—possibly it is not now—that the submerged forest is a treasure-house of antiquities. Stories were occasionally in circulation respecting wonderful things which had been found there; but they were very generally set down as romances, or, at the best, as quite exceptional and isolated pieces of good fortune. The rather remarkable incident just mentioned, however, naturally stimulated a boy's desire to search farther for himself; and the result of an afternoon spent in groping among the pools on the surface of the peat was the discovery of three coins—namely, two Roman ones and a silver penny of Edward III., together with a curious amber amulet. A second expedition produced two Roman coins and a bronze brooch, or fibula, with an ingenious fastening; a third was rewarded by more coins and a silver brooch of very ancient pattern. In fact, out of some dozen expeditions, not one was barren of results.

Now there are two curious observations to be made in regard to these relics of the past: firstly, that they

have been found in most astonishing numbers; and secondly, that they are not confined to any one age, but range from almost the earliest days of the Roman conquest of these islands down to a period within the last two centuries.

Canon Hume, who in the year 1863 published a careful and interesting work upon the Leasowe forest, had before him from various collections no less than three thousand articles which had been recovered from the peat within twenty years. At the same time he obtained information which led him to conclude that at least as many more had been found, but lost again through carelessness or want of comprehension of their intrinsic interest. Large as these numbers are, the storehouse shows few signs of exhaustion. It rarely happens that a careful searcher returns empty-handed; and, as has just been shown, it was within the capacity of a schoolboy, possessing no antiquarian knowledge, to discover a considerable number of articles of value to an archæologist.

Nothing more is necessary than a careful search among the stones at the bottom of the pools, or a slight disturbance of the surface of the peat with a stick. On one or two occasions a rare coin was discovered sticking up erect in the bog earth, and some are found simply lying on it as if they had but just been dropped.

It is obviously very difficult to account for the presence of antiquities in such vast numbers in this submerged forest; and the difficulty becomes bewildering when it is noticed that Roman remains are scarcely more numerous than British or later English. Seventeen hundred years at least divide the earliest from the latest finds. Such a series of objects one might expect to disinter from the foundations of some ancient city which had been powerful and populous for two thousand years. Had these coins, these battered ornaments of cunning workmanship, these spears once worn by knights in panoply—had all these relics been dug up in London or York, there would have been no ground for surprise. But here, on this desolate sea-coast, where not a house or a living creature is in sight, one looks round in vain for any

traces of even an ancient settlement, but finds absolutely none. There is nothing but the open sea-shore, and the water lapping over the black earth which was once a forest.

Many archæologists have been baffled by the problem; and since attention was first drawn to the antiquities some seventy years ago, many solutions more or less improbable have been suggested. One sapient thinker invents the wreck of an imaginary ship stored with a museum of antiquities collected in other places, and now restored by the ocean which swallowed them. This is the mere wildness of conjecture, and serves only to show the greatness of the difficulty which drives calm observers to such desperate explanations. Another and far more reasonable suggestion is that these articles may have been lost in the forest by travellers; and though at first sight it may appear that casual accidents of this nature could never account for the huge number of objects which have been found, leaving out of question all those which are doubtless lying still embedded in the peat, yet this theory probably advances us some distance toward the truth, and is by no means to be lightly dismissed.

There were, indeed, well-travelled paths through that great forest which formerly covered the whole of the Cheshire peninsula so densely that, in the words of an ancient rhyming couplet, "From Woodside (more commonly known as Birkenhead) to Hilbree, the squirrels leap from tree to tree." Hilbree is an island off the mouth of the river Dee. It is in full sight from Leasowe, and from very early ages other folk than squirrels made their way continuously in that direction. For a very large part of the traffic between northern England and Ireland passed this way to take ship at one point or another in the neighborhood of Hilbree; sometimes, indeed, at Chester, but more often at the river's mouth, in order to escape the shifting sands and the shallows which impede the navigation of the Dee. Thus, for example, the Duke of Schomberg with a large army embarked here in 1689, after having lain encamped several days near the shore waiting for a wind; and shortly afterward, King William III. rode down from Chester with his staff,

took command of another army which was drawn up on the same ground, and with it passed over to Carrickfergus.

Now it is true that such objects as Roman and early English coins or ornaments cannot well have been lost by Dutch or English soldiers of the seventeenth century. But the routes carved out for traffic are very ancient, and when great expeditions in one age are found selecting a certain point of embarkation, it may safely be inferred that other military leaders, in earlier years, have found the same spot suitable. This, at any rate, is true of Leasowe, and it is not open to doubt that from the earliest times of which we have any record Roman soldiers, Norman knights, English spearmen, monks seeking the higher culture of the Irish monasteries, statesmen with their train of followers, travellers of every kind and of all degrees, came riding along the forest paths toward the sea in a continuous stream of traffic, lasting through the centuries.

Where travellers in such numbers passed by year after year, it is conceivable that many things may have been lost. Even highways in the open country were difficult enough in old times, and the forest tracks were doubtless such as to cause frequent accidents and confusion among the travellers who frequented them. In sixteen centuries what vast numbers of persons must have trodden the paths beneath those trees which were long since overthrown! How many of their personal possessions may have dropped from them into the rustling leaves which strewed the ground in autumn!

It would naturally be supposed that so great a multitude of travellers were not making for a desolate piece of uninhabited shore such as we now see at Leasowe. If the place was in some degree a port, as has been shown, there must have been cottages for the mariners, and lodgings of some sort to accommodate the travellers, who might often have to wait many days before the wind was suitable for sailing. There must also have been artificers able to repair any damage which arms or accoutrements had suffered during the journey, as well as merchants to provide whatever supplies were needed for the voyage. Here was the material

for a considerable village, or a small town, the existence of which may be presumed as certainly as if its walls were visible still; yet one stands on the shore at Leasowe and sees nothing but a dangerous and lonely shore on which no sailors would think of dwelling, and to which no travellers ever come.

The truth is that the sea has here swallowed up a town, and with it so many acres of the flat surrounding land as to alter completely the line of the coast, converting a prosperous little harbor or roadstead into a line of shoals or shifting sands avoided by all mariners. On old maps a town is marked, named Great Meols, far to seaward of the existing forest remains. Some sixty or seventy years ago, when the channel was being surveyed, the dredgers cut right through the burial ground of the place, and discovered many skeletons laid side by side. Singularly little is known of this submerged township, the very existence of which is so far forgotten that the shreds of evidence here brought together are all that can be found in proof of the assertion that men and women during many ages lived and worked and died on those flats over which the sea now washes. History is silent about their doings. Of their town which now lies buried under the sea nothing is known, save that we may conjecture from the fact of its absolute disappearance that it passed through a period of gradual and slow decay, so that before the sea tore away the last acres of the ground on which it stood, the little place had doubtless lost already whatever consequence it once possessed, and had nothing worth defending against the ravages of the ocean.

Yet it must have been a prosperous community which peopled Great Meols through many ages. Poor people, struggling for existence under hard conditions, do not use such articles as are found so plentifully in the peat. There are brooches of bronze and silver, finely wrought by workmen cunning enough to be called artists, sometimes ornamented with enamels which, after so many years' immersion in the corroding moisture of the peat waters, have not wholly lost their colors yet, or studded with precious stones such as

were most easily procured in old times in England.

There are spurs such as knights wore, with studs and buckles such as rich men decked their harness with, finger-rings, crucifixes, and seals, all of workmanship which must have been costly in its day, quite beyond the reach of cottagers or even of any but gentlemen or wealthy merchants. With these are quantities of household implements, keys, locks, bolts, pottery of every kind, combs, beads, swords and daggers. Yet it is strange that among this medley of articles none appear to have been found which are especially associated with ships or sailors. Possibly the little place had a sailors' quarter; and, indeed, the greater portion of the town lies so far below the line of low water that the existing relics are clearly gathered up only from its landward fringe, where doubtless the more wealthy inhabitants lived, while the sailors dwelt nearer to their ships.

With all this mingled fact and speculation, one is still a long way from a satisfactory explanation of the presence of these antiquities upon the Cheshire shore. For if the objects were found washed up on the sand and left there by the retreating tide, the matter would be simple. But they are not so found. Coins, brooches, spurs, all the relics of every kind are found singly in the peat. How they came there is for the present a mystery, at most no more than half-solved, as is also the astounding number of ancient coins recovered from what was, as explained, only a very small part of the ancient settlement. Were there Roman coins to be found in equal numbers when the town was still peopled? By what series of events did they come to be sown in the forests as thickly almost as the acorns fell in autumn, yet never in heaps, or in groups of two and three, but always singly? These are questions which may perhaps be solved in the future, for hardly a year goes by without making plain some matter which our fathers gave up as unintelligible. For the present, however, they are mysteries which cannot fail to pique our curiosity, and maintain a constant interest in the little town which so long ago slipped and slid away beneath the ocean.—*Chambers's Journal.*